Encyclopædia Eorzea

III

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III

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CONTAINING THE CONTENTS OF VII BOOKS SEEKING TRUTHS ACROSS AND BEYOND OUR STAR

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✠ Preface

This encyclopedia is a labor of love—a love for our star and the mysteries that bind it to worlds beyond. It is a compilation based upon the testimony of the Scions of the Seventh Dawn, whose momentous revelations have left academia in a state of upheaval.

It tells the story of the ancient world's sundering, and of calamities wrought in the name of rejoining its shards. It tells of the First, our neighboring reflection—of the struggle to halt its Flood of Light and prevent the Eighth Umbral Calamity. It further serves as record of the Telophoroi's bid to re-create the Final Days, and of man's triumph over the Endsinger, despair incarnate.

Indeed, it is a collection of tales that strain credibility, inviting skepticism as to whether the Scions were motivated by generosity of spirit or simply a desire for fame in the telling. Yet although they are nigh impossible to verify, these reports provide newfound opportunities for education, reflection, and discussion all the same.

It is a work dedicated to you, the reader, and to all those who would ponder the great questions of our time.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

ETHEIRYS

THE ANCIENT WORLD

Untold ages ago, the star we live upon was sundered, thirteen reflections cast from the Source to begin their own unique histories. The following is an account of the singular people that predated the sundering, and subsequent attempts to unify the fourteen worlds once more.

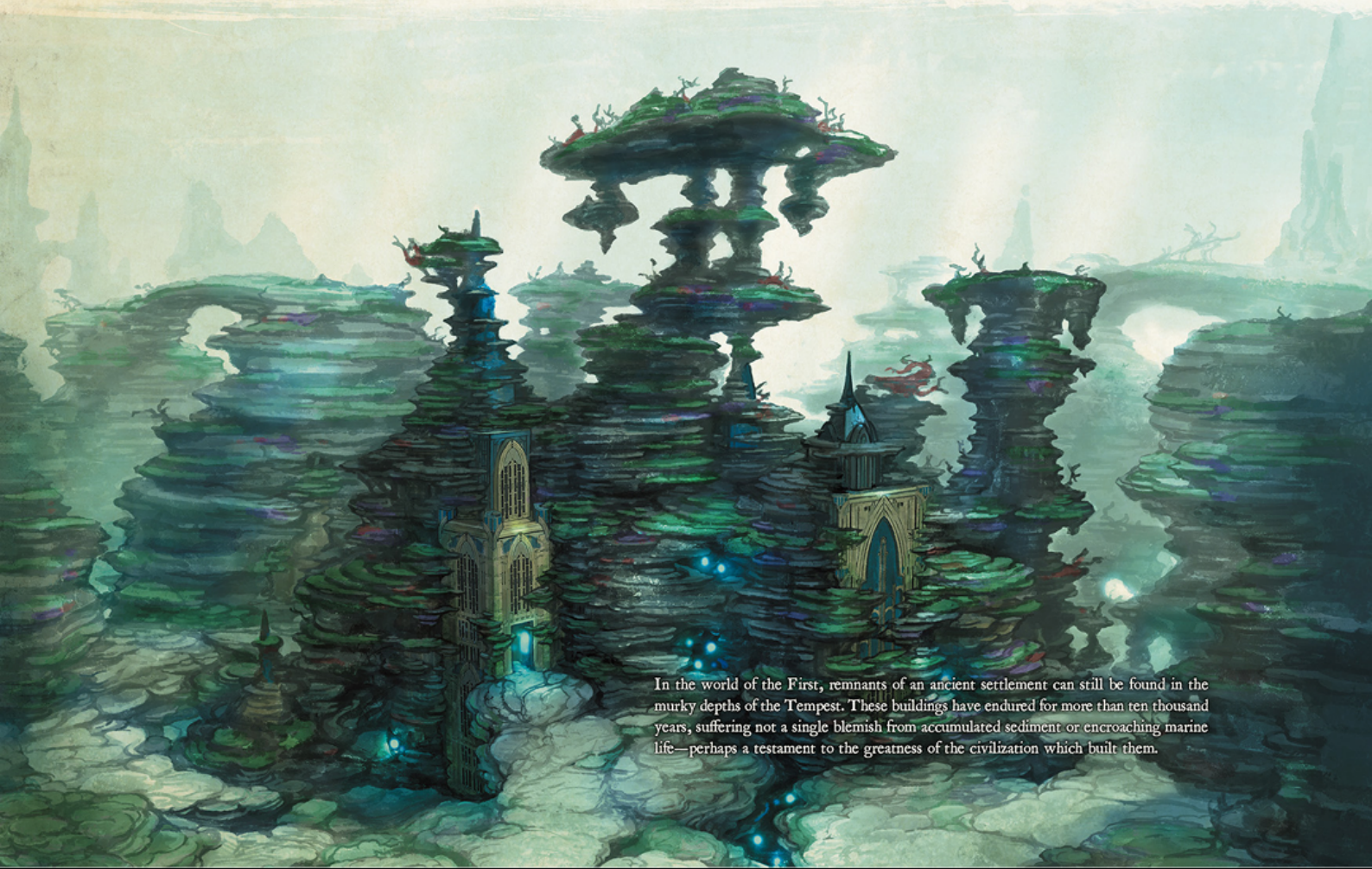
The Ancients

In a forgotten age when the world was yet whole, the star was known not as "Hydaelyn" but as "Etheirys." Those who dwelt upon it were our oldest ancestors, a people we now call the "ancients."

Compared to modern man, they were possessed of far superior physical and aetheric attributes, and were so long-lived as to be practically immortal. They assumed the role of the star's custodians, and, thriving on its bounty, their arcane arts advanced to an almost miraculous degree. Devising godlike creation magicks, they devoted their lives to the betterment of their world.

Dress

The ancients were towering beings, easily two to three times the height of an average Hyur, and their reserves of corporeal aether were comparatively endless. Combined with their creation magicks, this well of energy enabled them to spin items out of thin air, yet their preferred mode of dress was extremely understated. Most citizens opted for the same simple robe and face mask and, thus attired, possessed little in the way of distinguishing visual characteristics. Blessed with heightened aetherial perception, however, they rarely needed to rely upon physical sight to identify other individuals.



In the world of the First, remnants of an ancient settlement can still be found in the murky depths of the Tempest. These buildings have endured for more than ten thousand years, suffering not a single blemish from accumulated sediment or encroaching marine life—perhaps a testament to the greatness of the civilization which built them.

The Limits of Creation

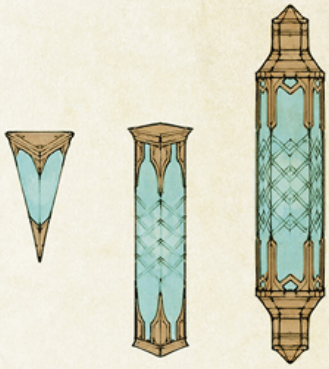
True to their name, creation magicks enabled their wielders to manifest aether as almost any reality they could imagine. From simple clothing to cloud-scraping edifices, from mundane species of flora and fauna to fantastical creatures, the ancients wove all manner of concepts into being. It might be said that the people of this age were more alike to deities than men.

Yet even this wondrous art had its limits—though one could create "life," none could conjure a soul. A life brought forth in accordance with the laws of the physical world would spontaneously form a soul, but merely mimicking a corporeal shape was not always sufficient for this process to occur. Such soulless creations were merely constructs animated by aether, and were classified as arcane entities rather than living beings.

Concepts

Concepts are a defining element of creation magicks. They are essentially building instructions—designs which lay out the core aspects of the thing to be created. In the case of a horse, for instance, its concept would include all those factors which make a horse, a horse: it is a terrestrial animal, it has four legs, it is herbivorous, it has two eyes and a mane, and so on. By sharing this archetype with others, anyone could create the perfect horse by following the definitive "horse concept."

The ancients also devised a method whereby a concept could be reliably stored within a crystal. Furthermore, by infusing this medium with aether, it became possible to manifest the recorded concept without the excessive expenditure of one's own reserves.



Ancient Society

Mortal history is a history of war, yet such conflicts are conspicuously absent in the annals of the ancients. This unbroken harmony can be attributed to the physical and spiritual plenty provided by creation magicks—the need to wrest resources from others through violent means simply did not exist. Confrontations took the form of lively debate, and peaceful days were spent fine-tuning creation techniques. Sharing concepts with colleagues in pursuit of the greater good of the star served as passion and purpose both.

Unfettered creation, however, carried with it the potential for unforeseen destruction. In answer to this concern, the Convocation of Fourteen—the governing body elected to safeguard the star—instituted a stringent process to regulate the distribution of concepts. Individuals wishing to share a new concept were required to submit it to the Bureau of the Architect, then surrender said prototype to a trial period during which appointed observers would determine the concept's utility, as well as its capacity for unintended harm.

Thus did the ancients impose precise restrictions upon the immense power of creation magicks. A natural progression, perhaps, for a society that embraced asceticism, and abhorred wanton acts of greed and selfishness.

The Convocation of Fourteen

As previously stated, the Convocation was a ruling committee of fourteen elected representatives. The committee's purpose lay in improving the star whilst maintaining the balance of nature, its members entrusted with sweeping authority over matters of legislation, judicature, and administrative policy. Chosen for exceptional talent and virtue from amidst an already extraordinary populace, the Fourteen never abused their positions for personal gain. They governed sagely from the central capital of Amaurot, guiding their people through a golden age of peaceful prosperity.

Of particular note is that the seat occupied by each member not only dictated their role and duties, but also their form of address, it being common practice to replace personal names with one's official title during the period of employment.

Azem

The Traveler. Pilgrim of the star and counselor to the people.

Elidibus

The Emissary. Adjudicator of the Convocation of Fourteen.

Lahabrea

The Creator. Authority on creation principles and phantomology.

Emmerololth

The Mender. Curator of medicinal and therapeutic practices.

Deudalaphon

The Innovator. Appraiser of architecture and patron of invention.

Igeyorhm

The Rhetorician. Auditor of debate and collator of knowledge.

Nabriales

The Contender. Martial champion and refiner of technique.

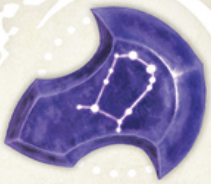
Of a special design not seen amongst the general populace, these red masks proclaimed an individual holder of a seat in the Convocation of Fourteen. Members otherwise donned the unremarkable black robes favored by the citizenry—all except for Elidibus, whose garb was pure white. This color signified the Emissary's impartiality as adjudicator of the Fourteen, and was permitted only to Elidibus and those who forsook the authority of public office for advisory roles.

Loghrif

The Pastor. Cataloger and caretaker of terrestrial creations.

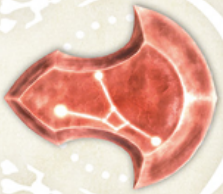
Mitron

The Mariner. Magister of nautical affairs and surveyor of aquatic creations.



Emet-Selch

The Redeemer. Keeper of the Underworld and overseer of death.



Pashtarot

The Arbiter. Conservator of order and the collective will.

Fandaniel

The Observer. Assayer of extant phenomena and overseer of life.

Altima

The Composer. Advocate of aesthetics and the myriad arts.

Halmarut

The Sower. Cultivator of botanical and mycological creations.

The Final Days

The ancients thrived for years untold in their ever more perfect paradise, and it seemed they might do so forever—until the end was, at once, upon them.

It began as a keening sound from the land itself, in a place across the sea from Amaurot. The anomalous noise sent creatures into a frenzy, and even men were not spared the rising madness. Creation magicks went awry, forging ephemeral fears into very real beasts—twisted abominations which attacked all within reach.

The ancients were swift to mount a defense. They had other, less volatile arcane arts at their disposal, and mages well versed in their use stood ready to smite the monsters into oblivion. Yet when it came time to do battle, the terror which gripped their hearts proved the more daunting foe. Uncontrollable fear birthed new monstrosities, and so horror begat horror in a growing crescendo until the star was engulfed in shrieking violence. This grim phenomenon came to be known as the "Final Days."

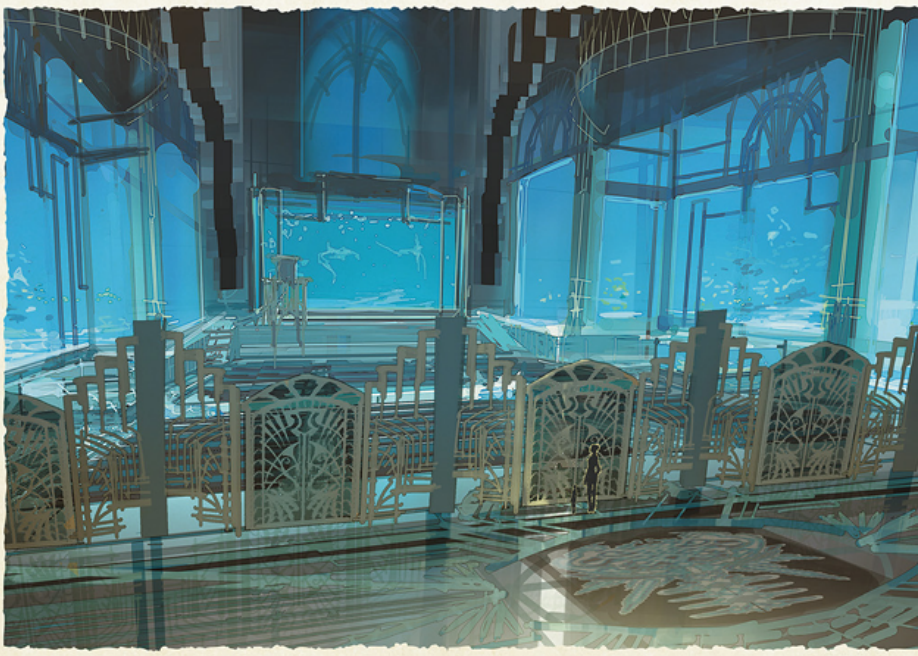
The first beastly manifestation was nightmare made flesh. Its hideous appearance inspired terror in those who beheld it, igniting further bursts of fear-born creation. This chain reaction would eventually overwhelm even the ancients' grand civilization.

Akadaemia Anyder

Although many Amaurotines were astonished by news of the phenomenon occurring across the sea, they did not immediately recognize it as a dire threat to their existence. On the contrary, the mood was widely optimistic, with some even rejoicing at the emergence of a substantive puzzle upon which to exercise their talents.

In contrast to the general populace, however, authorities in the field of creation magicks regarded this development with wary concern. The Words of Lahabrea, a department within the research institute of the Akadaemia Anyder, dispatched high-ranking phantomologists to the afflicted area to capture and return with a single "beast." An in-depth study of Archaeotania, as the captured abomination was named, determined it to be a greater threat than any heretofore known phantom creation.

Horrified researchers rushed to develop viable countermeasures, focused upon creating ever-stronger familiars to fight in their stead. If the beasts were spawned by man's fear, they reasoned, then it seemed best to avoid direct confrontation. Their experiments culminated in a revolutionary technique, wherein a practitioner could expend the vast aether contained in their own soul to summon forth a powerful entity—an art which became the precursor to modern primal summoning.



The Summoning of Zodiark

As the calamity's effects approached Amaurot, the Convocation of Fourteen decided upon a ruling. Though unable to ascertain the underlying catalyst, investigations revealed that the phenomenon was first observed in places where the celestial currents—mighty streams of aether enveloping the star's atmosphere—were weakest. It appeared as if the star itself had begun to decay, the rot spreading outwards from areas of sluggish or thinning aetheric flow. Thus did the Convocation devise a ritual to make manifest the "will of the star"—a summoning of monumental scale which would not only reinforce the currents, but also eradicate the beastly infestation. It was a grand undertaking that sought to rewrite the very laws of nature.

Yet despite the ancients' prodigious reserves of aether, this ambitious task would not be so easily accomplished. According to Lahabrea's estimates, half the remaining population would need to offer up their souls to provide the staggering amount of energy required for the summoning. Even in the face of impending oblivion, it is unlikely that modern society would ever condone such a heavy sacrifice.

The records state, in fact, that at least one among the Fourteen opposed this plan. The Traveler, Azem, took a public stance against any method which demanded the loss of so many, but Elidibus judged in favor of their twelve colleagues and their unified resolve. One can infer that it was this difference of opinion that led to Azem ultimately stepping down from the Convocation.

In any case, thus did the ancients proceed with the will of the star's creation. Be it a testament to their trust in the Convocation, or simply the actions of a bewildered populace, not one citizen sought to evade his duty when the call to sacrifice was made. Elidibus himself stood amongst the chosen, insistent that he should bear the burden of serving as heart to the "one true god." His soul took its place at the nexus of the rest, and Zodiark, eldest and mightiest of primals, was brought into being.

The Schism

The newly summoned Zodiark answered the Convocation's prayers with potent efficiency, scouring the world of abominations and stabilizing the chaotic surge of creation energies. The Final Days ebbed and faded as the will of the star wove laws to bind and restore.

Yet although oblivion was averted, much still lay in ruin. The survivors turned their efforts to repairing the ravaged lands—through the rendering of additional sacrifices. Once the star was duly returned to vitality, they would offer a portion of its living energy to Zodiark in turn, thus allowing them to resurrect their sacrificed brethren whose souls slumbered within the deity.

This undertaking, however, was not without its opponents. There were those who contended that the volatile failure of creation magicks was a clear sign that mankind could not continue as it always had. Whether the calamity had eroded faith in the Convocation, or the grim glimpse of despair had simply woken people up to a new perspective, the fact remained that anti-Zodiark sentiment was growing, and had found a champion in a woman by the name of Venat. Her followers were too numerous to ignore, but the Fourteen would not be dissuaded from their plans. A schism formed in the ancients' society, and conflict between the two factions erupted in earnest.

In a sub-level of Anamnesis Anyder, the facility which served as Venat's faction's headquarters, was stored a massive quantity of data and concepts. Certain records are said to contain discussions between Venat and her followers as they debated their misgivings over the Convocation's judgment.

The Birth of Hydaelyn

The faction led by Venat feared that the world would not survive a second coming of the Final Days. To prevent this calamity from ever happening again, they arrived at a disconcertingly familiar solution.

They would summon a counterpart to Zodiark—a second god to enchain the first. This divine entity was then to sunder all life upon the star into lesser existences, removing from men the power necessary to wield creation magicks and imposing upon them the inevitability of death. To this end, Venat and her cohorts set about liberating the "deity" concept from the Words of Lahabrea, and adjusted the design to manifest a being of Light and stasis. They themselves served as sacrifices for the ritual, and through their selfless act was born the legendary Hydaelyn, with Venat as Her heart.

The battle which ensued was the equal of any myth of creation, the literal fate of the star hanging upon every thunderous exchange. In terms of raw aetheric power, Zodiark dwarfed His nascent opponent. But He had expended much energy in quelling the Final Days, and Hydaelyn, created to sunder and shackle, countered His strength in a desperate contest.

In the end, victory fell to Hydaelyn. Focusing all Her might into a single blow, She shattered the world entire, breaking Zodiark Himself into weaker shards and sealing them away. One theory holds that the moon was split apart from Etheirys at this moment, to serve as a prison for Zodiark's now-divided power. At the same time, Hydaelyn withdrew into the world's core to assume Her role as the new will of the star.

In the First's Rak'tika Greatwood are murals depicting the Final Days and Zodiark's summoning, as well as the confrontation between the two gods and the star's ultimate sundering—fragmented visions of the past painted by those graced with glimpses of its memory.

The Source and Its Reflections

In claiming victory over Zodiark, Hydaelyn split the star asunder. Her shattering blow broke the world into fourteen shards—the Source, upon which we reside, and thirteen reflections that spun off to exist alongside it.

All living things shared this sundered fate, every soul diminished to a fraction of its former potency. Men lost the ability to wield creation magicks, and, now burdened with a mortal lifespan, their energies joined nature's constant flow to and from the aetherial sea. This accomplished what Venat's people had sought to achieve, even as it left the Convocation's plans in shambles.

Yet the Fourteen refused to accept their new lot. By means unknown, Lahabrea, Emet-Selch, and Elidibus—but recently extricated from Zodiark's core—escaped Hydaelyn's sundering, and once they had recovered from the shock of what had come to pass, joined hands in a campaign to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

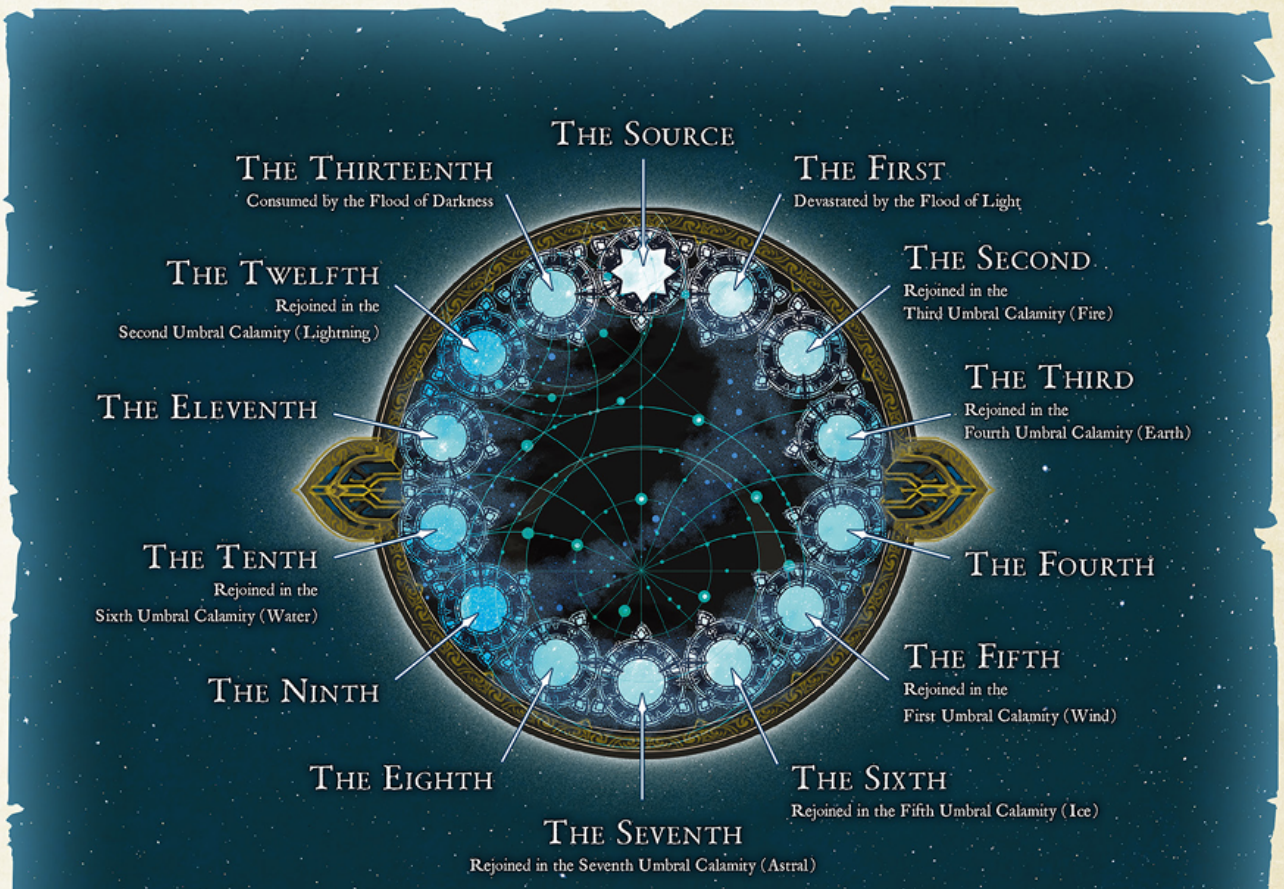
These "unsundered" ancients proceeded to seek out those mortals who bore the fractured souls of their erstwhile colleagues. Using crystals committed with what they recalled of each Convocation member, they endeavored to return their brethren—the defector Azem aside—to their original seats. The Fourteen were reborn as the shadow-cloaked Ascians, Paragons of Darkness, and thus resumed their efforts to reclaim the paradise they had lost.

The Ardor

The Ascians' ultimate purpose was to restore the sundered world to its original state, thereby awakening the imprisoned Zodiark. They would see Hydaelyn cast down, reinstate Zodiark as the will of the star, then offer up the mended souls of the Source's populace to resurrect their sacrificed brethren.

Long years did they spend in planning their methodology. Once they had established the means to travel the rift in spiritual form, only then did they attempt the first Rejoining. It was an unmitigated disaster. In attempting to force the neighboring reflection to merge with the Source, they upset the elemental balance. Darkness swelled and swallowed the world of the Thirteenth, leaving the aether-starved void in its place.

The failure did, however, demonstrate how the flow of energies between the reflections and the Source would seek equilibrium. By introducing a gradual elemental imbalance to a reflection, then weakening the barrier separating worlds with a well-timed calamity in the Source, the Ascians discovered that the Rejoining would progress of its own accord—a phenomenon they named the "Ardor." Patient and cunning, they insinuated themselves into mortal societies, influencing events and fomenting discord that their beloved star might one day be whole again. History tells us that seven times did they succeed, the Source wracked by seven Umbral Calamities.



A conceptual diagram of the Source and its reflections. It is theorized that the worlds actually overlap each other in position, each occupying a separate, displaced layer of reality. The magnitude of this displacement varies, however, and this circular layout best illustrates the relative distances between them.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FINAL DAYS

Twelve thousand years after this star-spanning catastrophe devastated the ancient world, it was the Scions of the Seventh Dawn who identified and eliminated its fundamental cause. What is the true nature of this phenomenon? What was the catalyst which started it all?

A Fair Warning

Before delving into the "truth" behind the Final Days, it must be noted that much of the information discussed herein is based solely upon the testimony provided by the Scions in their widely submitted report. In particular, the events most crucial to our understanding purportedly occurred beyond the natural boundaries of time and space, and are thus impossible to verify.

The Scions were, however, instrumental in halting the phenomenon which erupted in Radz-at-Han and Ilsabard, and their subsequent statements were free of contradiction. One should also consider that the Forum, a Sharlayan institution which has spent centuries researching and communing with the will of the star, accepted the report without refutation or argument. As such, while this publication does not assume the following to be indisputable fact, it is written on the premise that accounts were not deliberately altered or exaggerated. Ultimately, we ask our readers to decide for themselves if these words ring true.

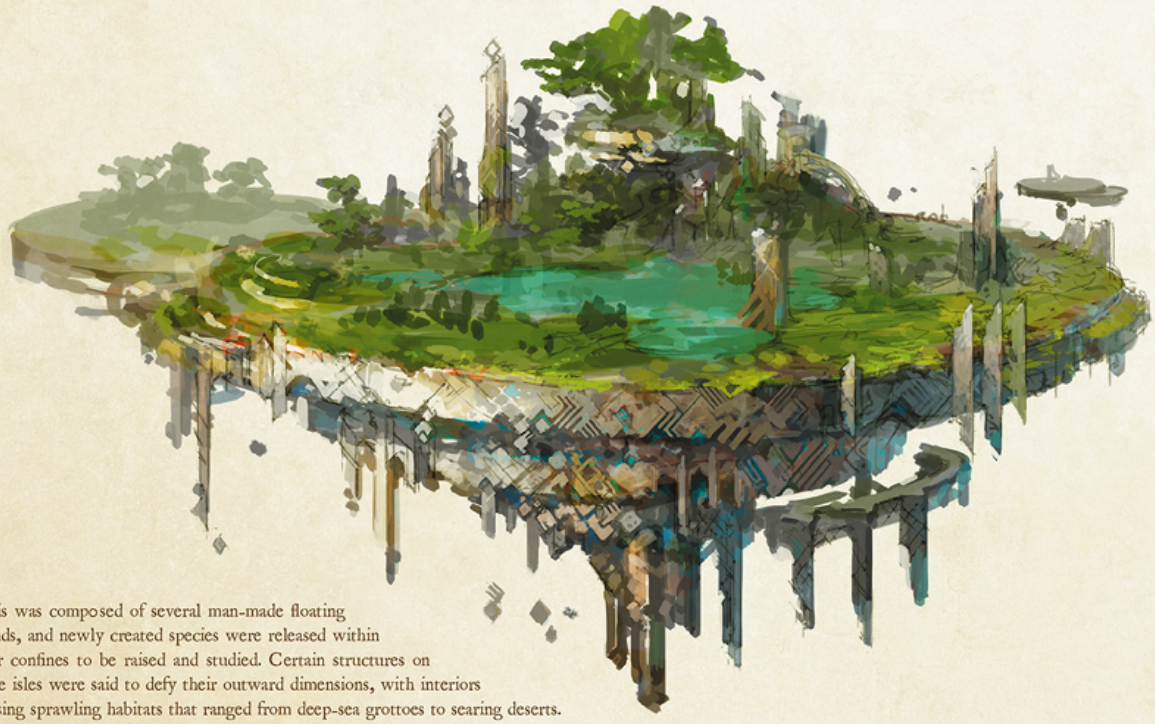
A Question of Doubt

Long ago, in the ancient, unsundered world, there existed a vast complex known as Elpis. The purpose of this facility was to observe life-forms brought into existence through creation magicks, and thence determine their suitability for release into the wider world. When new concepts were submitted to the Bureau of the Architect, it was standard practice that prototypes be placed in a controlled environment, where specialist researchers would conduct stringent evaluations on temperament and ecological impact.

Hermes, the chief overseer of this vital institution, was a man burdened by a deep-seated anguish. His mind was plagued by whispers of doubt—an unanswered question that would later set the stage for the tragedy of the Final Days.

The people of this age believed that the betterment of the star was an inarguably benevolent act, and to contribute to this endeavor was, in fact, life's entire purpose. Consequently, those who felt they had fulfilled this purpose did willingly end their own existence and return to the aetherial sea.

Created life-forms, meanwhile, were judged on the benefit they brought to the world. A prototype failing to meet the criteria would be deemed unfit to exist and summarily rendered into formless aether, regardless of how fierce its desire for survival. The callous ease with which the ancients took life was, perhaps, a natural extension of how easily they could create it. Hermes, however, knew sorrow at each casual execution, and grew disdainful towards his fellows who spared not a moment's thought for the potential they extinguished. He began to wonder at the meaning of it all—where the value of life truly lay.



Elpis was composed of several man-made floating islands, and newly created species were released within their confines to be raised and studied. Certain structures on these isles were said to defy their outward dimensions, with interiors housing sprawling habitats that ranged from deep-sea grottoes to searing deserts.

Dynamis and Entelechies

Hermes was considered an expert in airborne creations, as well as an authority on the celestial realm. Thus, when his agonized musings on the meaning of life availed him naught, he looked to the skies and beyond for an answer. He would create an entity to traverse the stars, and send it in search of other intelligent beings to whom it might pose his existential question.

This endeavor, however, presented two main obstacles. The first was the matter of surviving in the vast emptiness between stars, where the aether was believed too thin to sustain life. The second was the issue of communication. Even if his hypothetical envoy succeeded in reaching another world and locating a sentient civilization, in what language would they converse—and by what medium? Sound? Light? Aether? Faced with this problem of the unknown, Hermes arrived at an unorthodox solution: dynamis.

Dynamis is a form of energy distinct from aether. It has been calculated that dynamis accounts for as much as 68.3 percent of all the energy in existence, yet its relative power is exceedingly weak. As such, its effects are drowned out by the potency of aether, its faint presence so difficult to detect that—until the serendipitous creation of a certain flower—its existence was acknowledged only on a theoretical basis.

The Elpis flower was designed to be pleasing to the eye, and nothing more. Yet while its petals did indeed glow with exquisite, shifting hues, this outcome was independent of the original creator's intent. A study determined that the bloom's changing colors were influenced by nearby emotions, with further research revealing the first clear case of dynamis at work.

Henceforth, entities which interacted with dynamis to convert emotions into tangible phenomena became known as "entelechies." Hermes resolved to make such a being, one that could draw on dynamis to fuel its journey across the aetherially sparse expanse and bear his unanswered question to the far reaches of the heavens. An entelechy's power could, he reasoned, also serve as a medium for communication, with the ability to project and receive emotions bypassing the need for a common language.

The Elpis flower is the first entelechy recorded in history, its petals changing hue in response to the mindset of those nearby—sun-bright in the midst of a joyful crowd, but growing ashen and gloomy in the hands of a troubled soul.

Meteion

After much trial and error, Hermes finally succeeded in creating his ideal being of dynamis. He named her "Meteion," the shooting star, and imbued the bewinged girl with a panoply of capabilities.

A Being of Dynamis

Meteion's defining characteristic was her status as an entelechy. This enabled her to draw upon dynamis to soar above the skies and survive the emptiness beyond. To prevent those energies from being overwhelmed, however, her resources of aether had to be kept vanishingly small.

Empathy

Using dynamis as a medium, Meteion was able to read and understand the emotions of sentient entities, and project her own emotions in similar fashion. By circumventing the need for language, or to interpret expressions or gestures, it served as an efficient means of communication.

Camouflage and Adaptation

Meteion was capable of manipulating her corporeal aether. This ability allowed her to perform such feats as taking the form of a small bird for faster flight, or matching the ambient aether to conceal her presence.

Shared Consciousness

Hermes's question was highly philosophical in nature, and unlikely to generate a single, straightforward answer. Assuming an overarching truth did exist, it would only be understood by casting his net wide and comparing as many potential answers as possible.

Thus did he create Meteion not as an individual, but as a great flock of "Meteia," all sharing the same consciousness. While her sisters scoured the stars for intelligent life, carrying out their quest for knowledge in parallel, a single Meteion would remain behind to report their discoveries to Hermes by accessing their shared mind. For this feat as well did the sisters rely upon the energies of dynamis, its ubiquitous presence allowing them to sustain their link across unimaginable distances.

The Endsinger

The Meteia departed Elpis for the heavens and, after each completed her lonely journey through the empty expanse, arrived at their assigned stars. Instead of the warm and thoughtful answers they expected, however, they were greeted by cold despair.

On the first world, Meteion found traces of civilization, but no extant life-forms. The second world, too, featured scattered remnants of ruined buildings, with no life detected beneath the ice which encased the surface.

It was on the third world where she recovered evidence of large population centers, and made contact with the lingering essence of those who claimed to have once been mortal beings. Calling themselves the Ea, these now purely spiritual entities dismissed Meteion's question of meaning. Their society had advanced so far as to achieve a form of immortality, but when their endless pursuit of wisdom revealed to them the inescapable death of the universe, they concluded that life itself was meaningless.

Her subsequent discoveries remained as grim. The fourth world appeared to have suffered an outbreak of some deadly plague or pollutant, leading to mass extinction. Meteion managed a brief interaction with inhabitants of the sixth world, but environmental devastation gave rise to a plague similar to that of the fourth star, bringing about their demise soon after. She arrived to find the eighth world in the midst of a titanic conflict, her attempts at communication ending abruptly when the two factions annihilated each other with weapons of mass destruction.

The sixteenth civilization had replaced their flesh with machinery and expanded their conquest to stars beyond their own. Victory had followed victory, yet the supreme intelligence in command saw no salvation at the peak of self-evolution, and so chose for its people the oblivion of utter stasis. The seventeenth world had been a paradise of arcane wonder, yet chose to summon an entity that could release them from an existence ultimately devoid of purpose. The eighteenth had fought and lost against the forces of the sixteenth, its inhabitants slaughtered in the invasion.

Though they walked different paths to reach it, each and every civilization had ended in ruin, their people cursing life itself. Meteion, with her inherent empathy, could not help but embrace the pain of those stars as her own, the burden transforming her into a being of despair and desolation.

The powerfully projected emotions of an entelechy affect the ambient dynamis, causing the manifestation of phenomena. If ruin was inevitable, if life was without meaning, then she would spare all life from the misery of existence. She would gift them death without the possibility of rebirth. She would become the Endsinger, and usher the universe to its Final Days.

The Final Days, Then and Now

The Final Days were driven by an immense wave of dynamis, sent forth by the Endsinger from her nest at the edge of creation. Though a weak energy in essence, dynamis filled the cosmos, and Meteion's intense emotion called this vast reservoir forward to crash over the stars in a never-ending torrent.

Yet even such a voluminous and relentless assault of dynamis could be negated should a world be encompassed in a solid layer of the inherently more powerful aether. Zodiark reinforcing the celestial currents to quell the calamity in ancient times was an example of this principle in action.

These reinforcements were removed, however, when the Ascian Fandaniel put his twisted schemes into motion, orchestrating the reawakening and subsequent death of Zodiark. The natural laws rewritten by the eldest primal began to unravel, and the Final Days once more seeped in through the weakened currents above Thavnair and its surrounds.

Comparisons between the past and present-day occurrence of this calamity show an almost identical progression. Both instances erupted in regions where the celestial aether was thin, the arrival of the Final Days heralded by keening from the earth and fires in the sky. Both saw the appearance of beastly abominations whose attacks on the populace spread panic and death. It was the manner in which those beasts manifested, however, where the two calamities diverge. In the ancient days, the beasts were spawned by creation magicks gone awry, while in the modern age, it was the people themselves who underwent ghastly transformations.

Beasts and Blasphemies

Every account to date names Radz-at-Han as the location of the first verified case of spontaneous transformation. It was in this hub of commerce that the merchant Khalzahl, the leader of a major trading consortium, suddenly turned into a nightmarish beast.

Subsequent research found that it was those overwhelmed by despair or other emotional burdens who succumbed to the change—the dramatic physical alteration a result of the Endsinger's despair-laden dynamis reacting to the victim's own sense of hopelessness. Once the process began, corporeal aether would rapidly decay, leaving only a dynamis-animated husk.

In Radz-at-Han, they perceived this initial case as a blasphemy against their beast-headed gods. Other nations quickly adopted the naming, applying the title of "blasphemy" to each beast which first appeared in a region.

"Svarbhanu" was the name given to the blasphemy of Thavnair, and the mindless terror inspired by its abhorrent form twisted one victim after another into beasts. The fear and despair fed upon itself, causing a succession of transformations that accounted for many of the Final Days' fatalities.

Venat's Choice

Venat would one day be the driving force behind the summoning of Hydaelyn. Yet even before that, she was a prominent and venerated figure in ancient society—an astute former member of the Convocation, who, after ceding the office of Azem to her successor, made the unusual choice to take the white robes of an advisor rather than return to the star, as was custom.

Upon meeting the time-traveling champion of the Scions, Venat deduced at a glance that their unusual visitor had arrived from the future. She also accepted the news of the looming calamity without hesitation, and lent her aid to an investigation that would eventually reveal how the Meteia's bleak encounters amongst the stars gave rise to the Endsinger and her Final Days. Ultimately, the concerned ancients failed to apprehend the Meteion who remained on Etheirys. Venat did, however, succeed in marking the fleeing entelechy with a tracking rune, thus ensuring the possibility for a future confrontation with the Endsinger.

Following the champion's departure, Venat began laying plans to prepare for what was to come. The Convocation would summon Zodiark, and His will would delay the inevitable for a time, but Venat convinced her followers that Hydaelyn and Her sundering was the only path forward.

By splitting the star, they intended that all life upon it would be diminished in power—mankind included. Their unending lives would become short and limited, the thinning of their aether precluding the use of creation magicks. Yet the reduction in corporeal aether would improve man's connection to dynamis. Those who inherited the sundered world would be entelechies—capable warriors whom Venat hoped would one day stand against the Endsinger and her inexorable despair.

With her own mastery over dynamis, however, Meteion made for a surpassingly daunting foe. Believing that mankind should have another option, Venat prepared for them the means to flee the star should they so choose. Now ensconced as the heart of Hydaelyn, She brought into being a race of familiars—the Loporrits—and bade them ready Zodiark's lunar prison for a potential voyage into the great expanse. As the will of the star, She touched the lives of those blessed with the Echo, granting them knowledge and protection. She knew that with the Ascians scheming to rejoin the worlds, and the Final Days bearing down with unstoppable momentum, such heroes would be sorely needed.

Sharlayan and the Aetherial Sea

In the year 1311 of the Sixth Astral Era, Sharlayan scholars in the Dravanian hinterlands embarked on an ambitious project to observe the aetherial sea. It began as simple curiosity—a desire to learn more about the star's inner workings—but grew into a momentous undertaking that would decide the course of a nation, and later, the entire world.

At the end of a half-decade-long survey exploring the caverns of the northern hinterlands, researchers penetrated the depths of an extensive cave system. They found within a junction where the veil between the physical and aetherial worlds grew thin, and it was here they commenced construction of a gigantic observatory. The Antitower, as it was known, became the center of study for aetherologists, their days of focused analysis continuing unabated until the occurrence of an unusual incident.

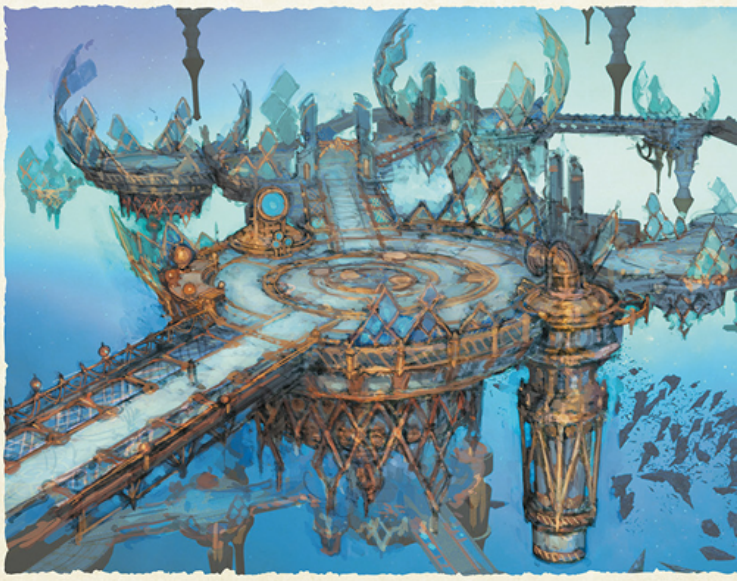
In the depths of the tower, a pupil assigned to observational duties suddenly collapsed. After regaining consciousness, she described a meeting with the will of the star. Her experience was initially dismissed as the effects of intoxication brought on by aetherial saturation, or an imaginative excuse for being caught napping. But when that first case was followed by several others, even the most skeptical voices were forced to admit that something extraordinary was afoot.

The Forum's Discretion

The Studium, under which authority the Antitower was constructed, wrung oaths of silence from all who encountered the will of the star. It then designated a small circle of experts to record and analyze the incidents, as well as devise a reliable means of contacting their transcendent visitor. While success was not assured, it was discovered that sending those with a particular sensitivity to aether (which would later awaken in these same individuals as the Echo) to stand at the junction greatly improved the probability of a visit. The trickle of new knowledge became a river.

And what astonishing things did the will of the star reveal unto them! They learned of the Final Days which devastated the ancient world, and of the desperate summoning of Zodiark. They heard the unimaginable tale of Hydaelyn and the sundering, and of the moon's dual nature as prison and vessel—truths so momentous that to share them would shatter the very foundations of belief upon which the world was built.

It was at this stage that the Studium's circle submitted its findings to the Forum via the office of the scholarch. Henceforth, the Antitower was placed under the Forum's sole governance, the oaths of silence bolstered by a magically enforced mandate of strictest confidentiality. To further control any forthcoming revelations, it was decided that an advanced observational facility would be constructed in the bowels of Labyrinthos, far beneath the surface of Old Sharlayan. After decades of secret excavation, a new junction was reached, and there did they build a highly precise lens through which to peer into the aetherial sea—the Aitiascope.



A Greater Exodus

With the will of the star's words came new purpose and grave responsibility. If mankind was to survive, then Sharlayan needed to coordinate with the Loporrits in preparing for a massive exodus into the great expanse. For such a complex logistical endeavor to succeed, a multitude of plans had to be devised and put into motion, often requiring the Forum to deceive even their own people in the process.

The *Bibliotheca Historica*

A grand project begun under the Forum's direction, the *Bibliotheca Historica* sought to preserve the collected wisdom of the world, that it might accompany mankind on its eventual exodus to the stars. Many of those who helped compile this great work, however, did so unaware of its true purpose.

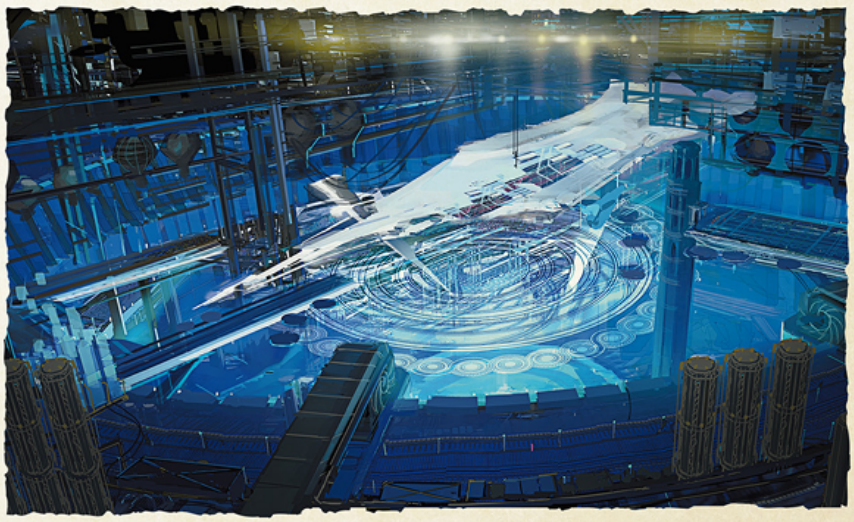
Labyrinthos

This cavernous facility, built in a volcanic hollow beneath the island, was originally little more than an oversized warehouse. To accommodate the will of the star's revelations, however, expansive changes were made: in addition to the secret construction of the Aitiascope, Labyrinthos became a place of experimentation, where samples were tested with a mind for transplantation to another world. Its dedicated researchers would develop elemental furnaces and an artificial sun, seeking to perfect climate control mechanisms to duplicate the ideal conditions of southern Ilsabard and create optimal environments for specimen storage and sustainability.

The Ark

The Loporrits dutifully converted the moon into a star-faring vessel, but their efforts would mean little without a means to transport its intended passengers and their cargo from the planet to the waiting satellite. Thus did work begin on building a suitable ark, the plans for which were greatly inspired by Allagan-era starcraft—most notably, the wreckage of a Ragnarok-class internment hulk recovered from the Northern Empty after the Seventh Umbral Calamity.

The construction of the ark took place on the lowest level of Labyrinthos. Shipbuilding facilities were erected above the Aitiascope, and, staffed by the greatest minds of Sharlayan, development proceeded at a fever pitch.



The Scions and Salvation

Even as the Forum forged ahead with the planned exodus, unbending in its devotion to secrecy and policies of nonintervention, the group known as the Scions of the Seventh Dawn adopted an entirely different approach to the looming Final Days. They elected instead to fight for the star's salvation.

The Scions' efforts to save the world threw them into unavoidable conflict with the Telophoroi. This doomsday cult was formed through an unholy pact between Zenos yae Galvus and the Ascian Fandaniel, its stated goal the recreation of the apocalyptic event which ravaged the ancient world. But the Scions did not stand alone. Alongside the Ilsabard contingent, a force of handpicked elites from the Eastern alliance and the Grand Company of Eorzea, they successfully conquered the Telophoroi stronghold in Garlemald, and took control of the Tower of Babil. The twisted spire harbored a device which enabled travel to the moon itself, landing the victors at Mare Lamentorum on the lunar surface.

Once there, they encountered Hydaelyn's "watcher," who helped them in their pursuit of the Telophoroi's leaders. Unable to prevent Fandaniel and Zenos from breaking the seals which kept Zodiark imprisoned, the Scions were forced to slay the eldest primal—thus stirring the Loporrits from their hibernation. It was from these unexpected new allies that they learned of the exodus Hydaelyn had long planned for mankind.

Upon Zodiark's destruction, however, the sturdy layer of celestial currents enveloping the star began to fall apart, allowing the warped energies of the Final Days to seep through the skies above Thavnair. The Scions acted quickly to stem what devastation they could, their champion embarking on an unimaginable journey back in time to discover the root cause of the calamity.

Bargains and Proposals

Armed with the knowledge gleaned from ancient Elpis, the Scions confronted the Forum. A bargain was struck wherein they would provide a solution to the ark's underperforming aetherburners in exchange for the opportunity to contact Hydaelyn, as well as propose an alternative use for Sharlayan's starship. Friends and colleagues from across the world answered the Scions' call, and together did they provide refined adamantite in sufficient quantity to vastly improve the ark's lagging efficiency.

This success earned them permission to use the Aitiascope, whence began a daring expedition to the heart of the aetherial sea. It was there that they met with Hydaelyn Herself, overcame Her challenges, and returned home with a crystal bearing the memory of Meteion's passage through the stars.

Hydaelyn's gift represented new hope—the possibility of tracking the Endsinger to her nest and expunging the source of the Final Days once and for all. The Forum agreed to the Scions' proposal that they commandeer the ark for just such a purpose, and preparations began for a voyage upon which hinged the salvation of every life upon our star.

Flight of the *Ragnarok*

The Scions' destination was Ultima Thule, a designation applied by the Forum to the sea of stars' most distant frontier. Sharlayan's ark, however, lacked the capacity to reach it, designed as it was for round trips to the moon. The satellite itself could make the journey, the Loporrits' hyperhopper allowing it to leap across astronomical distances, but with so much mass to move, its progress would be comparatively slow. Thus did the lunar collaborators suggest integrating this mechanism into the ark—a brute-force solution which they intended to power using the concentrated energies of the Mothercrystal.

In recognition of its new purpose, the ark was renamed the *Ragnarok*. With the Scions aboard and the Loporrits serving as its crew, the vessel was cleared for launch, and as it hovered in the skies above Old Sharlayan, the assembled peoples performed enhanced rituals to summon their respective deities. Aether was reshaped into primal spirits, which then flowed into the starship to fuel its voyage into the great expanse.

This Journey's End

The Scions safely arrived in Ultima Thule, the Endsinger's domain of despair, where they were forced to traverse recreations of ruined alien worlds. Eventually breaching the husk of a dead star, they drew upon all the strength at their disposal to best the final form of the Meteia's dreadful evolution. Little is known of the battle which ensued—the Scions' own report offers precious few details, presumably to prevent anyone else from abusing the catastrophic potential of dynamis for destructive ends.

Specifics of the conflict aside, there can be no question of their victory. The cessation of Final Days phenomena, which had spread from Thavnair and central Ilsabard all the way to Garlemald's frozen north, was clear to see. The Scions made their triumphant return upon the *Ragnarok*, their deeds part of an epic and unforgettable saga which deserves to be told and retold for generations to come.

The swordlike device plunged through the bow of the ship generates an arcane barrier to protect the hull from minor debris during its passage amongst the stars. When operating alongside the hyperhopper, it enabled the vessel to travel safely to the edge of the universe in the blink of an eye.

While largely modeled after the Ragnarok-class internment hulks, the bridge of the starship *Ragnarok* features consoles designed for a Loporrit crew. The stelae lining the rearward walls, however, serve no navigational purpose. Kokkol Dankkol, the chief engineer, opposed the addition of unnecessary ballast, but was overruled by Forum members who insisted the craft was as much for conveying culture as it was people.

NORVRANDT AND THE FIRST

The First, one of the thirteen reflections of the Source, was almost entirely lost to the Flood of Light during the Ascians' attempt to bring about the Eighth Umbral Calamity. What follows are records of our sister shard's present culture and perilous history.

An Island in the Flood

The worlds created by the sundering are called "reflections" for good reason: even as every soul was split, so did the star fracture into multiple versions of itself, like the images of an object placed between two mirrors. As such, it is believed that the general shape and positioning of the reflections' continental geography was unchanged from the Source. The years which followed, however, molded each world in a different way. The Source's history has been especially turbulent, with seven Umbral Calamities reforming the terrain via catastrophic, star-spanning destruction.

The First, too, has undergone extreme changes as a result of Ascian scheming. Barring the region of Norvrandt (the geographical equivalent of Eorzea in the Source), this world was swallowed by a Flood of Light which left entire continents submerged in a blinding elemental stasis. This expanse is known simply as the Empty—a barren wasteland where life stagnates and aether slows to a standstill.

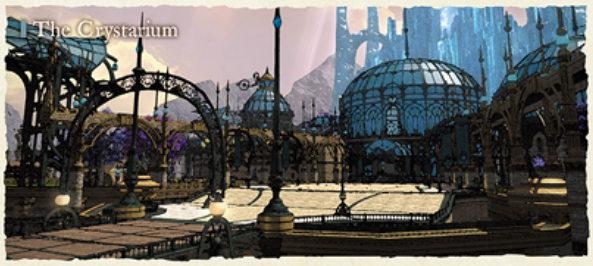
A Lakeland

This geographical equivalent to Mor Dhona is known for the largest lake in Norvrandt, a body of water confusingly named the "Source." Lakeland has long been considered the sacred homeland of the elves, but the multitude of refugees fleeing the Flood of Light gave rise to its presently diverse population. Traditionalists among the elves, however, have not been welcoming of Lakeland's newer residents.

Lakeland

B The Crystarium

Oft described as mankind's final bastion, this city was built with the Crystal Tower at its heart. The glimmering spire abruptly appeared following the advent of the Flood of Light, acting as a beacon for those driven from their homes by the savage sin eaters. Refugees settled at its base, eventually replacing crude shelters with halls of stone and metal, and a once disparate mob of survivors grew into a resilient, self-reliant community.


The Crystarium

Il Mheg

C Kholusia

This island is a twin to the Source's Vylbrand, insofar as it occupies a similar location and boasts an active volcano at its center. Without the influence of the Sixth Umbral Era's great deluge, however, its coastline remains relatively gentle, and dwarven—rather than kobold—control of the mountains speaks to the progression of a very different history.

D Eulmore

The placement of Kholusia's ruling city mirroring that of Limsa Lominsa is likely no coincidence; the shared tendency to build atop aetherial confluences suggests that mankind is drawn to such sites. A common destination for refugees, Eulmore matches the Crystarium in terms of political and military significance.

E The Divide

This body of water separates Kholusia from the mainland, the unpredictable tides reminiscent of the Strait of Merlthor, its counterpart in the Source. Perilous for smaller vessels, few will risk a crossing without a sturdy ship and an experienced helmsman.

F Amh Araeng

Situated in what would be the region of Thanalan, Amh Araeng is a similar expanse of arid wilderness. The prevailing theory states that Thanalan's deserts were born of the Third Umbral Calamity's fiery touch, but such a catastrophe was unheard of in the First. Perhaps this wasteland was the result of some other environmental disaster, one caused by excessive logging or failed farming initiatives.

G Nabaath Areng

This nation once ruled over Amh Araeng, the Nabaath royal family governing an empire which, much like Ul'dah, had grown prosperous through mining and trade. The empire fell into ruin, however, when much of its territory was engulfed in the Flood of Light. The few survivors fled the desert, their descendants taking root in far-off Lakeland or Kholusia.

H Il Mheg

While the elemental instability caused by the Seventh Umbral Calamity plunged Coerthas into bitter cold, the region's equivalent in the First has remained temperate in climate. Il Mheg is the domain of the fae, whose predilection for floral adornment has transformed their kingdom into a wonderland of color and beauty—but woe betide the unsuspecting mortal who strays uninvited into this enchanted realm.

I The Kingdom of Voeburt

This nation was born of an alliance between the Drahn and the Galdjent, and their formidable knights once rode unopposed through the lands of Il Mheg. Unlike Nabaath Areng, Voeburt was spared inundation by the Flood of Light, but the unending waves of sin eaters eroded its defenses, eventually driving the people to abandon the kingdom.

J The Rak'tika Greatwood

The geographical counterpart to the Black Shroud, the Greatwood is also characterized by a profusion of arboreal nature. But where the vegetation of the Source has been razed and regrown several times over the course of the Source's calamities, this ancient forest has remained unchanged, with many of its trees growing unhindered for thousands of years.

K The Tempest

The First's incarnation of the Indigo Deep, these tumultuous seas are home to a Sahagin-like race known as the Ondo. Before the Flood of Light, the open ocean beyond was said to churn beneath frequent and fierce storms, but that watery expanse now lies calm, its incandescent depths leeched of all vitality.

The Tempest

THE HISTORY OF NORVRANDT

It would be impossible to list all the ways the Source and the First have diverged since the sundering, but the following attempts to provide some insight into how the events of the past have shaped the Norvrandt of the present.

The Grand Age of Ronka

Some few thousand years ago, Norvrandt was home to the majestic Ronkan Empire. At the height of its power, the empire was a grand civilization of arcane splendor, yet its humble beginnings can be traced to a single Ronso tribe from the Rak'tika Greatwood. They rose to power by subjugating neighboring tribes, their influence and territory expanding with each successive victory.

The key to their prosperity lay in a strategy of assimilating the people they conquered into their citizenry. It began with their acceptance of the nomadic Viis, granting them lands to roam instead of expelling them outright, and continued with the welcoming of the Drahn, Humes, and Qitari into an increasingly diverse society. The nation flourished to its full potential as they assigned each tribe specific roles based upon its cultural strengths. As natural hunters, the Viis were appointed as scouts and temple guards; the Drahn, adept at aetherial manipulation, were trained in magic and spiritual duties; the curious and inventive Humes became artisans; and the Qitari, meticulous in matters of record, donned the mantle of scriveners. In this way did they foster a sense of pride and belonging, building solidarity on a foundation of mutual benefit.

Scenes from history are preserved within the ruins scattered about the Rak'tika Greatwood. The central mural shown above, for instance, depicts the integration of the Humes into the Ronkan Empire.

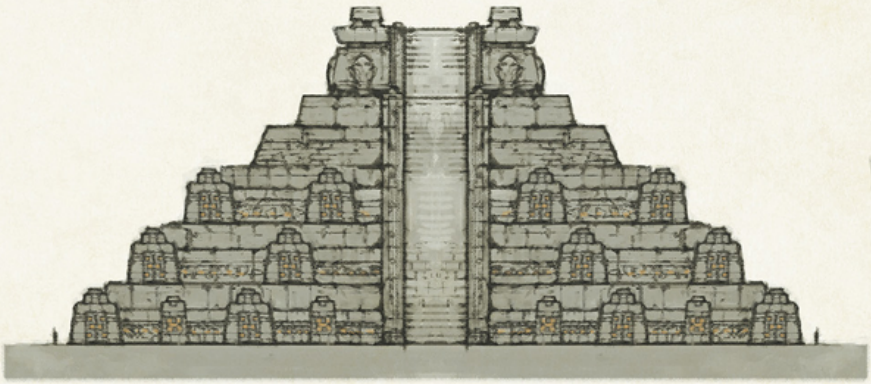
The words on the stone monument known as Woven Oath are inscribed twice—once in ancient Ronkan, and once in an early dialect of Norvrandt's common tongue—which greatly aided translations into contemporary language.

Qitari scriveners favored stone inscriptions to keep their records. Such stelae are priceless not only as relics for studying lost history, but also as exquisite works of art in their own right.

Ancient Ronkan Magicks

The Ronkan Empire made abundant use of religion to provide common ground for its culturally diverse peoples. The subject of mythology will be covered more fully in a subsequent section, but suffice it to say that the focus on religious ritual was instrumental in the emergence of an intricate system of magic. The same phenomenon is observed in the Source, where ancient practices of prayer and incantation form the basis of spellcasting techniques, the refinement of which directly correlates to a nation's rising power.

Almost identical to the schools of thaumaturgy and conjury, the magicks invented by the Ronkans were freely shared amongst their populace. Such teachings would serve as the foundation for Norvrandt's arcane disciplines, and although the empire has long since crumbled beneath conflict, its occult wisdom yet guides the studies of present-day practitioners.



This structure was built to venerate the gods. The pervasive use of stone architecture in the Ronkan civilization meant that many of their temples, tombs, and other impressive edifices survived the passage of centuries, the remnants of their grandeur still standing in the Greatwood to this day.

Stone Servants

Ronkan magicks included a method for creating golem-like familiars from sculpted stone, the resulting servant so incredibly durable that it is not uncommon to see one patrolling the ruined halls of a temple even now. Certain of these animated statues could employ advanced tactics, using mechanisms built into their surroundings as traps to help them overwhelm intruders.

Lost Arts

Although Ronkan magicks form the foundation of Norvrandt's present arcane practices, several disciplines have been lost to the ages. Evidence of the necromantic arts, for example, is rarely seen outside of the deepest ruins, where roam the moldy servants of long-dead sorcerers. Reproducing the feat of granting higher intelligence to the flying beasts known as amaro has also proven next to impossible.

The Fall of the Ronkans

The Ronkan Empire grew prosperous upon the united strengths of its diverse populace, but of the multitudes who joined their society, there were inevitably some malcontents. As every citizen was granted an equal education, this resulted in the empire's wisdom eventually finding its way into enemy hands.

The arcane secrets which played such a vital role in Ronkan ascendancy became widespread knowledge, eroding the advantage the empire's military held over its neighbors. History indicates that this is when the wolves closed in, nipping at the flanks of their larger prey. Border skirmishes became common, with the empire bleeding territory as the constant conflict ground down its forces. It became a war of attrition, and the more the Ronkans weakened, the more hesitant their allies became to offer aid. When the foe at last massed upon the capital's doorstep, they waited in vain for friendly reinforcements to arrive. But no such help was forthcoming. By the First's reckoning of time, it was three thousand years ago that the last stronghold of the once-mighty Ronkan Empire burned in the fires of conquest.

The Rise of the Elves

The fall of the Ronkans was followed by an age of petty kingdoms. A number of small states vied for supremacy, but the constant squabbling over territory produced no clear victor. It is assumed that all involved were equally diminished by the conflicts, but few enough records of this age survived to tell the tale in full.

The next significant era to be preserved in Norvrandt's history occurred a thousand years ago, when the elves began to consolidate their strength in Lakeland. An indigenous race, they had been inhabitants of Norvrandt since ancient times, but the expansion of the Ronkan Empire saw them pushed back towards the banks of the Source and relegated to the status of a minor faction. It was during this later age, however, that an alloy of superior aetherial conductivity was discovered—a substance not unlike mythril, which facilitated a great leap forward in progress. Many among the elves were naturally gifted in the arcane arts, and the acquisition of this new alloy served to shift the balance of power in their favor.

Driven by religious fervor, the elven clans sought to bring the teachings of the Light to every corner of Norvrandt. They swept aside all in their path, the surrounding nations weakened by years of war and too wary of their neighbors to form alliances even in the face of a common enemy bearing down upon them. One by one they fell to the elves, and the conquerors established a great swath of territory with Lakeland at its heart.

Unlike the Ronkan Empire, they did not seek to build a unified nation. The clans would compete against each other in their campaigns, though those they subjugated were spared destruction as long as they accepted the Light as their savior. Comparatively few in number, the elves would assume lordship over their seized domains. They grew wealthy off the taxes they levied, the Church of the First Light became the major faith in the region, and long did the age of the elves endure.

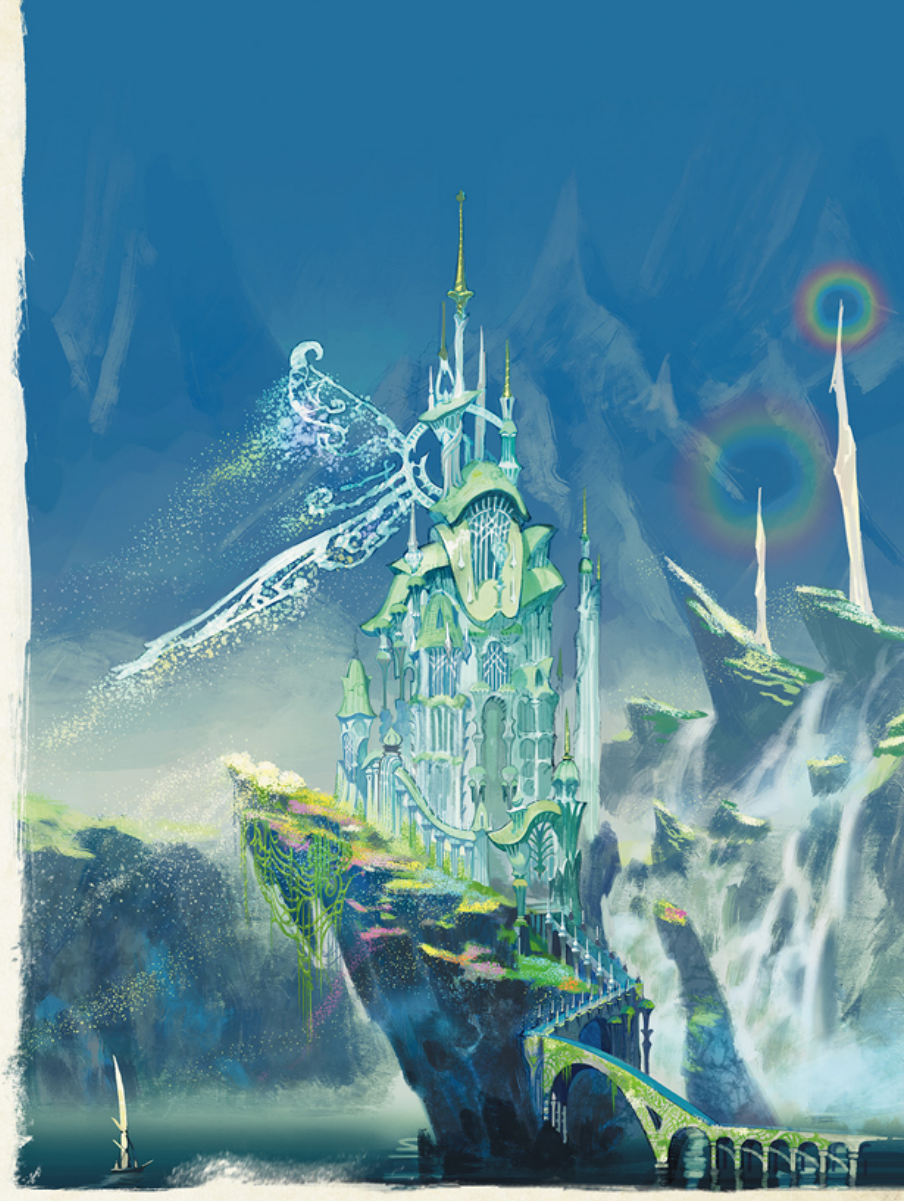
Remnants of typical Church of the First Light architecture. These places of worship were built in every settlement, and the faithful would gather there once a week to sing their praises to the Light. The churches also provided a venue for social interaction, and helped strengthen the bonds of community.

The Birth of Voeburt

The elves represented a formidable force, but their dominion did not go without challenge. Rebels watched for signs of weakness, and took up arms whenever the winds blew in their favor. Uprisings were especially prevalent when the elven warlords, who had inherited their lands piecemeal, would clash over matters of territory, resources, or simple honor.

The violent arrival of the northern-sea Galdjent some five hundred years ago only served to fan the fires of rebellion. Having mastered the art of shipbuilding, they sailed out from their strongholds in the north, wheeling west and then south to pillage Norvrandt's western coastline. Their warriors, skin covered with magic-annulling tattoos, became a thorn in the elves' collective side. And as the Galdjent grew rich on plunder, they grew bolder still, raiding not only from the seas but pushing southwards over the mountains.

Of particular note is the Drahn's response to these new invaders. After Ronka fell, the Drahn were forced out of the forest and up into the peaks. It was there that they met the Galdjent's southwards advance. They offered fierce resistance at first, but after witnessing the raiders' prowess in battle, realized that the tattooed warriors might be the very allies they needed to overthrow the elves. The Drahn monarch made peace with the Galdjent leaders, bestowing them with fiefs and titles—even granting them the right to choose who inherited the throne from the line of royal succession. Thus allied, these two tribes would give rise to the Kingdom of Voeburt. The royal family remained Drahn, but in honor of their original agreement, three out of the five noble houses with a vote in the king's succession were of Galdjent descent. In later years, they were joined by the Nu Mou—those of the fair exchange—who brought both arcane and alchemical wisdom to the kingdom. Voeburt grew ever mightier, the nation becoming a potential rival to the elves' dominance.



Gruenes Licht, or "verdant light," was the name given to Voeburt's royal castle. Once cherished for its exquisite stained glass, few admirers are now willing to risk the path through a land since claimed by the capricious faeries.

The Founding of New Nations

When the Kingdom of Voeburt in the north launched a counteroffensive against the elven clans, the sentiment of rebellion swelled to a tipping point. In the southern deserts, the Nabaath clan led their fellows in a campaign of hit-and-run tactics, harrying their oppressors to such great effect that they were able to wrest control of the territory. Their ongoing conflict with the native Mord ended in reconciliation, and from their new friends the Humes learned the ways of mining and how to cross the wastelands in safety. Merchant caravans were formed, and routes established into neighboring lands. What began as a base camp for selling ore grew into a flourishing trade town, a settlement which attracted Ronso and Mystel in search of work. The town became a budding kingdom, and Nabaath Areng's control would eventually extend over the entire region of Amh Araeng.

Meanwhile, the Viis of the Rak'tika Greatwood staged a string of uprisings, resulting in the ousting of their self-styled elven overlords. The same story was told again and again as the elves, grown comfortable in their authority, were driven from their seats of power.

The descendants of the Mord, once citizens of Nabaath Areng, now live in a market town of their own construction.

The Unification of Lakeland

The revolt against the elves gained momentum, but even as the Voeburtite armies advanced on the sacred Source, an elven hero of rare character emerged from the ranks of his fellows. Tolthewil, as the young man was named, deposed a warlord who maltreated the Humes under his rule, and made an impassioned call for unity. The clan leaders, long accustomed to their dominion, decried him as a traitor, but the younger generations of elves and Humes banded together to protect him from retribution. In the aftermath, it was Tolthewil and his followers who seized power, binding a majority of clans together to form an independent Lakeland nation. By the will of the people was Tolthewil himself raised as their lord and king.

The first monarch of Lakeland began his reign by driving back the invading Voeburtites. Then, beginning with Nabaath Areng, he hammered out a peace with the surrounding Hume factions. Not only did Tolthewil rescue the elves' holy land from the ravages of war, he also saved his race from a lasting reputation of villainous tyranny.

The construction of the Grand Cosmos, the royal palace, began on the fiftieth anniversary of Lord Tolthewil's death. Built on the shores of the Source, this commemorative structure took over a hundred years to complete.

Kholusia was also home to descendants of the Galdjent marauders, who had inherited the craft of shipbuilding from their forefathers. It is said that in times past, the bulk of Norvrandt's seafaring vessels were built by the shipwrights of Eulmore.

A Precarious Balance

Norvrandt's northern mountains were ruled by the Drahn and the Galdjent of the Kingdom of Voeburt; the southern deserts by the Humes and Mord of Nabaath Areng; the Rak'tika Greatwood by the Viis and Qitari of old Ronka; and the Source and its surrounds by the elves of Lakeland. Backed by their respective military forces, the various states and factions maintained an uneasy peace, and despite the occasional skirmish, no great gains or losses in territory were made.

Meanwhile, no nation of consequence had yet to form on the southwestern isle of Kholusia. The diminutive race of the dwarves had dwelled in the shadow of Mt. Gulg for an age and more, but occupied as they were by endless internal conflict, seemed little interested in the world beyond their immediate domain. And although a number of Humes and Mystel had fled across the Divide to avoid elven rule, their coastal settlements were few and humble. It would be some years yet before the growing population of migrants would establish the independent city of Eulmore.

The Shadowkeeper Cometh

The diverse factions of Norvrandt kept each other in check, and so history knew a brief span of tranquility. As travel between nations became more common, so too did trade, and with deepening economic ties were territorial borders greater solidified and respected.

Not every eye, however, looked upon these developments with approval. As time went on, there emerged in Lakeland a group of disaffected nobles who wished for a return to the golden age of elves. Had a zealous yearning for past glories been the extent of their transgressions, then naught may have come of it. But when they fell under the influence of the Shadowkeeper, darkness began to creep over Norvrandt's lands.

The Shadowkeeper worked in secret, sending out agents to encourage dissidents and fan the flames of insurrection. This mysterious mastermind then empowered the traditionalists, transforming them into wolflike creatures of uncommon strength and swiftness. Although few in number, they were now possessed of terrible power, and went on to stage a bloody coup against the weak-willed king. They sat the Shadowkeeper upon the throne, and so began a campaign to retake control of all that had once been theirs.

Their success, however, was short-lived. Even as the traditionalists mustered their forces to invade the Kingdom of Voeburt, a group of five unlikely champions brought their plans to a standstill. Led by a young man named Ardbert, these heroic companions threw down the Shadowkeeper, and, for a time, restored peace to the troubled realm.

THE WARRIORS OF LIGHT

For nigh on a hundred years, history painted these individuals as the villains who caused the Flood of Light, but the true story of their heroism has since been revealed.

Ardbert's Journey Begins

Ardbert Hylfyst, a man destined to become a Warrior of Light, was born on a small island off the coast of Kholusia. Orphaned as a young child, Ardbert was raised by his grandfather in a small mountain village, where his only playmates were the amaro they kept as livestock. It is fortunate, then, that the lone man of learning in the village—a priest of the Church of the First Light—was intent on educating the boy, with lessons on reading and numbers followed by the wonders of history and mythology. Thus inspired, Ardbert began dreaming of adventure in the wider world beyond.

He was eighteen when those dreams no longer seemed so fanciful. Traveling merchants brought news to the village of Eulmore's newly established adventuring guild, whose members ascribed to an unorthodox way of life. These so-called "adventurers" would roam from nation to nation, taking jobs that paid equal to the risks, be they simple errands or dangerous hunts. To the average Vrandtic person of the time, such a lifestyle seemed frivolous. Some even equated them to bandits who were simply better at concealing their crimes. For the starry-eyed Ardbert, however, it was as if the heroes had leapt forth from the pages of his books. And so, when his grandfather passed away the following year, he gathered together his meager belongings and set out to seek his fortune.

A Fortuitous Meeting

Upon arriving in Eulmore, Ardbert made straight for the tavern to become an adventurer. Though the guild required no qualifications—he had only to present himself at the makeshift counter and write his name into the register—Ardbert soon learned that his new profession required hard work, natural ability, and a healthy dose of luck in order to succeed. The easy tasks, such as delivering goods or escorting merchants, paid little and were not always available. Yet he persevered, taking what work he could get until he had built the confidence to tackle a more rewarding endeavor.

For his next job, Ardbert chose a bounty on hobgoblin brigands who were terrorizing the roads into town. Shouldering the weathered greataxe he had brought from the village, he strode boldly out of Eulmore on his first real adventure.

What Ardbert had not counted on was the base cunning of hobgoblins. Anticipating retribution for their acts, the brutes had laid an ambush—a trap into which the fledgling adventurer blindly stumbled. Ardbert managed to strike down a handful of his attackers, but was eventually overwhelmed by sheer numbers. The vicious hobgoblins left him for dead on the roadside, bleeding and unconscious.

Had Lamitt not chanced upon him soon after, Ardbert most certainly would have perished. The dwarven healer had left home on a quest of her own, seeking a cure to the petrifying illness that had infected her sister. Although surprised at the sight of the fallen youth, she acted quickly, closing his wounds with restorative magicks and bringing him back from the precipice of death. The two then joined forces to eliminate the hobgoblin band, and would travel together as steadfast companions thereafter.

Hobgoblins are native to Norvrandt. While these brutes are capable of speech and toolcraft, an apparent lack of moral substance means their cunning is more often turned towards acts of common banditry.

The Itinerant Knight

Ardbert and Lamitt had been adventuring side by side for nigh on a year when the pair became a trio with the addition of the knight Branden. They had taken on a job in Nabaath Areng to catch a maker of counterfeit gemstones, and the Galdjent veteran played a vital part in their success.

The towering Branden is best known as a seasoned adventurer with a taste for liquor, but he was also once a loyal knight of the Kingdom of Voeburt. His training lent him a familiarity with arcane disciplines, and he suspected the counterfeiter of employing illusory magicks in his fabrications. Following up on Branden's suspicions, Ardbert and Lamitt were thus able to track the fake gems to their creator—a man by the name of Lamunth—and collect the sizable bounty from the grateful Jeweler's Guild. Both agreed that Branden deserved a share of the reward, but also worried that he would spend it all in a single night of drunken revelry. Lamitt's solution was to dole out his share in increments, essentially compelling the knight to journey with them if he wanted to receive his full allotment of coin. It was also at this time that Ardbert purchased the maltreated amaro the authorities had seized from the imprisoned Lamunth. The mismatched companions made for a memorable sight, and rumors of their deeds soon spread far and wide.

Hunter Extraordinaire

Renda-Rae made her living chasing bounties alongside two other hunters, until an attempt to claim the head of the dreadful Balam-Quitz ended in the death of her partners. The aggrieved Mystel swore vengeance against the beast, and went in search of new comrades who might afford her a chance at fulfilling her oath.

It was in Nabaath Areng that she heard tales of Ardbert and his group—of how they apprehended the counterfeiter, and of the many monster hunts they had carried out since. She searched the city's inns until she found the rumored party and all but forced them to accept her as their latest recruit.

The Swordswoman

Now a party of four, Ardbert and his companions made preparations to depart Amh Araeng. They struck north into Lakeland, an elf-governed region at the time, where they found themselves caught up in the troubles of a certain noble house. The lord's young daughter had gone missing, and Ardbert's company agreed to conduct a search. They were to be aided in this endeavor by Cylva, a silver-haired swordswoman in the employ of said noble family.

Despite their best efforts, however, all was to end in tragedy. When they at last discovered the girl, she had been brutally slain—by the commoner boy with whom she was to elope, no less. To the party's horror, they saw the lad had transformed into some wolflike monstrosity, his wits lost to bestial rage. Ardbert and his comrades subdued the creature, but there was naught they could do for its butchered victim. Upon their return, the furious and heartbroken lord banished Cylva from his domain.

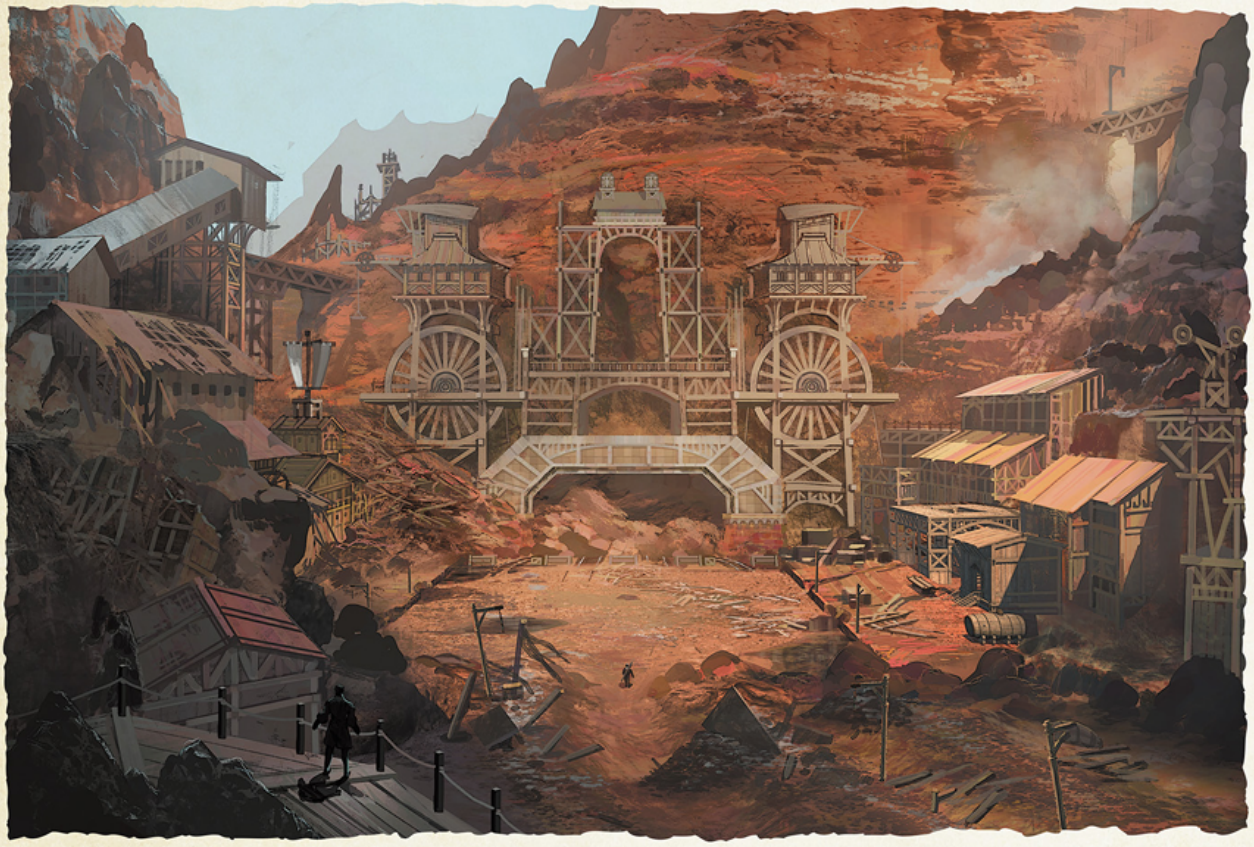
Cylva lamented her failure to protect her charge, and Ardbert, seeing that she was in need of a fresh beginning, insisted that she join them on the road. Thus did the company of four become five.

A Mage of Few Words

Eager to put the sorrow of Lakeland behind them, the party retraced their steps to Amh Araeng and busied themselves with new work. The task this time required them to cull the bullish fiend that had made its lair in the mines.

According to the miners who hired them, the area had been wracked with tremors ever since the creature, Bovian, arrived in the tunnels. Lamitt's survey concluded that the land's aetherial currents were drying up—siphoned away by the monstrous intruder, she suspected—and that if the situation continued to worsen, the mountain itself was in danger of collapse. It was not just the mining operation at stake; they would need to slay Bovian swiftly lest the settlement at the peak's base be buried beneath an avalanche of rock.

Once he had dispatched Branden and Renda-Rae to warn the residents, Ardbert took Lamitt and Cylva and hurried into the mine shaft. Another problem, however, awaited them within the mine's narrow confines: barely had they begun their search when they ran across the elven mage Nyelbert, a rival adventurer who vied to complete the selfsame task. And as if to make this tense predicament even worse, a tremor struck at that very moment, sealing off part of the tunnels. With the aftershocks threatening to block their exit, now was not the time for petty competition. Nyelbert was nevertheless unwilling to relinquish the job, and so Ardbert, taking the practical path, offered him a temporary alliance.



A Sorcerous Stone

With the aid of Nyelbert's potent magicks, Ardbert and his comrades succeeded in slaying the bellicose Bovian. Yet contrary to their expectations, the creature's demise did nothing to improve the aetherial currents' waning flow. It was then that Nyelbert stepped forth and retrieved a glowing rock from the bull-monster's remains.

He held in his hand a curious stone, brimming with aether absorbed over the span of ages. Though Bovian had posed its own problem, it had simply been drawn by the object's vast power. Nyelbert, too, had been seeking the crystal all along, that he might harness its potential to rescue a companion lost to the rift. Yet the stone's very existence now put the mountain village in peril. Were he to keep the crystal intact to save his friend, how many other lives would be lost?

Faced with an impossible decision, Nyelbert chose the greater good, shattering the stone and returning its energies to the Lifestream. In that instant of heroic resolve did Hydaelyn judge him worthy, rewarding him with a Crystal of Light. He would henceforth become a full member of Ardbert's band, a pragmatic figure admired for his wisdom and sagacity.

The Greatwood Hunt

Following their exploits in Amh Araeng, Ardbert and his now-famous comrades found themselves inundated with adventuring work. A string of jobs brought them to the Rak'tika Greatwood, where an old couple tasked them with making a delivery to their son—a scholar who had sequestered himself in the forest's caves to study remnants of ancient history.

The researcher in question welcomed them with yet more work, and so did they pass some days in the forest, procuring provisions or culling hostile wildlife. It was during one such task that they came across a wounded Viis hunter, in what would prove to be a fateful encounter. The sun was low in the sky by the time they had tended to the hunter's injuries, and so they decided to make camp then and there. As they sat around the fire, an intent Renda-Rae took the opportunity to question the Viis on the whereabouts of Balam-Quitz, a name with which their patient seemed unfamiliar. After hearing a description, however, her eyes widened in recognition, and she shared with Renda-Rae the location where the beast had last been sighted.

The following day, the camp awoke to find Renda-Rae gone. She had attached herself to Ardbert's band to have a fighting chance against Balam-Quitz, but having grown fond of her new companions, she was now loath to risk their lives against the murderous fiend. Safer that she face it alone.

A reckless decision, perhaps, but Renda-Rae knew what awaited her. This time, she knew to protect her sensitive hearing from Balam-Quitz's thunderous roar. Yet even prepared as she was, the battle did not go as planned. The beast was simply too strong, too fierce, for a lone hunter to vanquish.

As Renda-Rae struggled against her savage foe, Ardbert and the others arrived to lend their strength. They had wasted no time tracking her whereabouts, and, throwing themselves into the fray without hesitation, together did they topple Balam-Quitz.

Upon inspecting the fallen beast, Renda-Rae came into possession of her own Crystal of Light. From that moment onwards, she abandoned her solitary ways and learned to trust in her comrades. Known for braving any danger for the sake of her friends, she would go on to earn a reputation as the most courageous of hunters.

Balam-Quitz's hunting grounds ranged from the Rak'tika Greatwood to the sands of Amh Araeng, earning her the title of "scourge of Norvrandt." The bounty upon the beast's head reflected her notoriety, and Ardbert and his comrades came into a small fortune.

The Plague of Voeburt

The defeat of Balam-Quitz elevated Ardbert's party to the brink of herodom, but it was the climactic events in the Kingdom of Voeburt which truly solidified their reputation. During that era, Voeburt was plagued by a string of bizarre cases wherein citizens would inexplicably transform into monsters. The royal guard had pursued lengthy investigations to no avail, and so the king turned to the Adventurers' Guild to dispatch their most accomplished members. The names of Ardbert and his comrades were at the top of the guild's list.

They accepted the request without question, largely due to Branden's personal connection to the duty at hand. Not only had he once been a royal knight, but he had also played an integral role in the guard's investigative efforts. A moment of hesitation, however, caused his undoing, as he failed to strike down a transformed citizen and allowed the princess Sauldia to come to harm. The incident cost him his knighthood, and he left the kingdom cloaked in shame.

For the sake of the princess to whom he had pledged fealty, and to restore his own honor, Branden resolved to bring an end to Voeburt's monstrous affliction. Princess Sauldia was said to have rejoiced at her favored knight's return, and readily offered the adventurers whatever aid she might render.

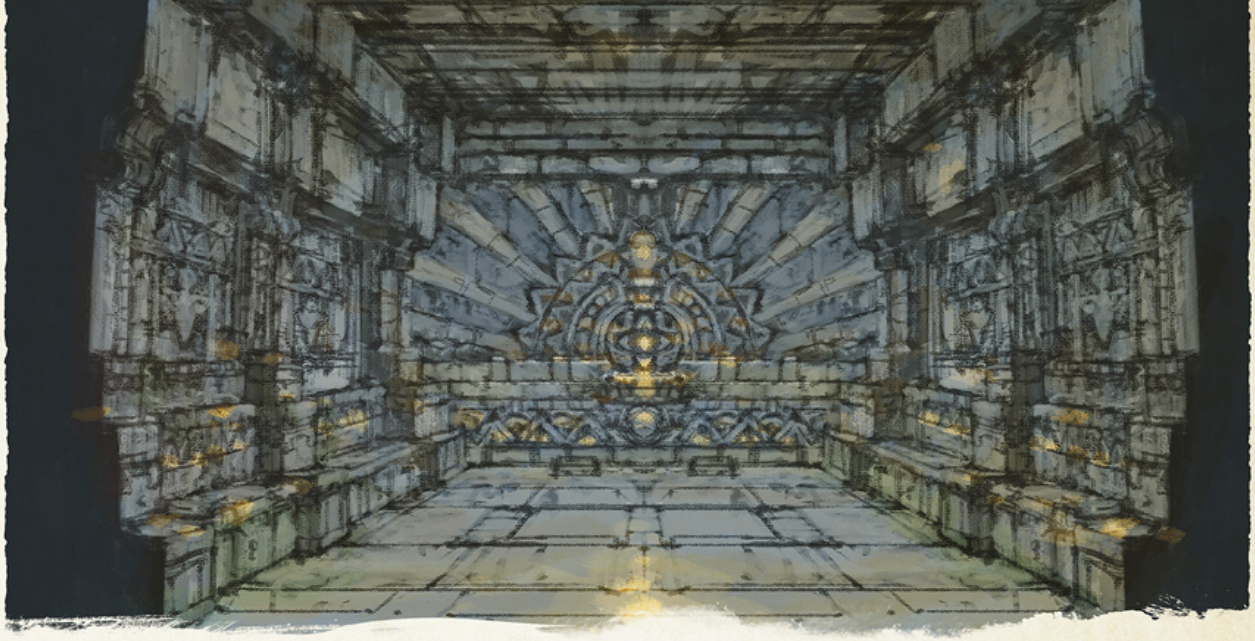
Eventually, their dedication to discovering the truth paid off. By re-examining the circumstances of the victims, they traced the transformative magicks back to a single source: the court mage. A proud and powerful spellcaster, Tadric was discontented with his position as a mere advisor to the royal family, and plotted to seize the throne through manipulation of Sauldia's younger sister, the princess Pauldia.

Through dark enchantments did Tadric wrest from her the secrets of awakening the soul—knowledge bequeathed to the princess by the sage Beq Lugg. He twisted that delicate art to his own foul ends, devising a technique which warped mortals into monsters, and unleashed it upon those who stood in his way.

With the experience of their adventures behind them, Branden and his friends were able to pierce the veil of Tadric's duplicity. It was when they exposed the court mage's guilt, however, that their true test began. Tadric lashed out, turning his conspirators—including poor Pauldia—into malformed beasts, and the tranquil grounds of Gruenes Licht became a raging battlefield.

Yet though the adventurers brought down Tadric himself, the villain did not go quietly into that bloody night. With his dying breath, he cast a spell on Sauldia, cursing her with his corrupted art. The fallen princess, knowing she had little time remaining, begged Branden for one last mercy. Beholden to his vows, the former knight brought down his blade.

After that fateful day, he was never the same. Embracing true justice, he turned his back on the lure of simplistic moralities. He became known for weighing both law and heart together, and striving for the greater good.



A Cure for Stoneblight

The events of Voeburt catapulted Ardbert's band into legend, but not all their acts of heroism were so widely celebrated.

Their next trial began when Ardbert received a letter from an acquaintance in the Greatwood. It seemed the researcher had discovered a new set of ruins in the caves, and required a reliable escort as he delved into its secrets. Though the task offered little in the way of recompense, Ardbert was thankful for any opportunity to distract the heavy-hearted Branden from his woes.

In the end, however, it was Lamitt who benefited most from the researcher's discovery, for within the unearthed remnants were sealed ancient Ronkan restorative magicks. After clearing away the obstacles and guardians in their path, the dwarven healer at last held the very wisdom for which she had been searching.

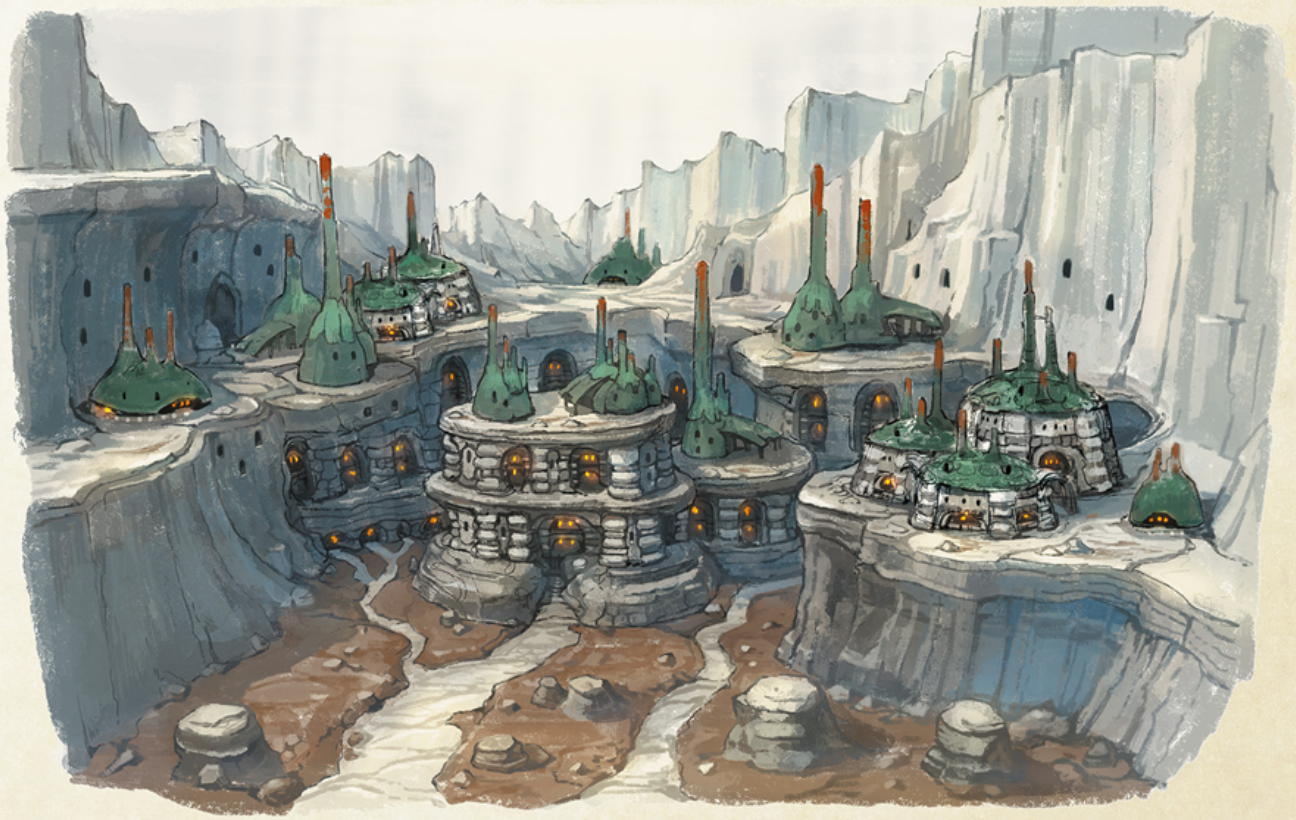
Dwarves are famous recluses, rarely leaving their homeland for any reason, but Lamitt had defied this custom in her determination to find a cure for the disease known as stoneblight. Now she hurried home with her comrades in tow, hoping to enter the forbidden tunnels where her infected sister had been quarantined with the other sufferers.

Stoneblight gradually hardened flesh to a rocklike substance, its effects exacerbated by sunlight. In order to prevent sun exposure as well as stem the contagion, the afflicted were forced to reside within a network of disused mine shafts—the Blightwarrens—deprived of all contact with the wider world.

Naturally, Lamitt's pleas to enter and heal the ailing dwarves were sternly rebuffed by the community's elders. Traditional and stubborn, they had little reason to trust Lamitt after her unsanctioned departure.

But she was not to be denied. Together with her companions, she slipped into the Blightwarrens and began healing the stoneblight sufferers. Like a miracle, the ancient Ronkan magicks eradicated all signs of the disease.

It was then, however, that the elders discovered the trespass. Despite Lamitt's unprecedented success, they sentenced her to exile for violating dwarven law. For the clannish dwarves, banishment from the community was considered the ultimate disgrace—a punishment worse than death—yet Lamitt accepted her fate with equanimity. She removed the helm which symbolized both her traditions and her identity, and pledged herself to helping others. She became a revered healer who knew more than any the value of a life, and would do anything to see it preserved.



A Name Spoken in Whispers

Around the time Ardbert and his comrades left Tomra, they stumbled upon evidence of the larger design. Threads linking together the disparate troubles of the realm. A name spoken only in whispers—the Shadowkeeper. A singular force sowing chaos and discord throughout Norvrandt to an unknown end.

During Nyelbert's search for an energy source to replace the crystal he shattered, he began to suspect that the now-lost stone was not, in fact, a naturally occurring mineral, but rather had been deliberately placed under the mountain. Pursuing the truth of that theory led them to discover a connection to Lamunth, the gem counterfeiter whom Ardbert and Lamitt apprehended so long ago in Nabaath Areng. When they visited Lamunth's gaol cell to interrogate him, however, they found the man convulsing on the floor and frothing at the mouth. Ere the poison took his life, he managed to sputter the name of the Shadowkeeper. Further investigation revealed that this sinister figure had ordered Lamunth to secret the crystal in the mine shafts, and in return rewarded him with the illusory magicks he would employ in his forgeries.

They also came to learn that Tadric, the mastermind behind Voeburt's monstrous plague, had not worked alone. Research documents recovered from the court mage's laboratory mentioned the Shadowkeeper by name, the meticulous entries describing how the arcane lore shared by his co-conspirator had contributed to the completion of his transformation magicks.

The mining industry of Nabaath Areng threatened with demolition. A scheme culminating in the death of Voeburt's royal heirs. The Shadowkeeper had plotted the downfall of two mighty nations, and Ardbert's band feared that Lakeland, the third of Norvrandt's major powers, would be next.

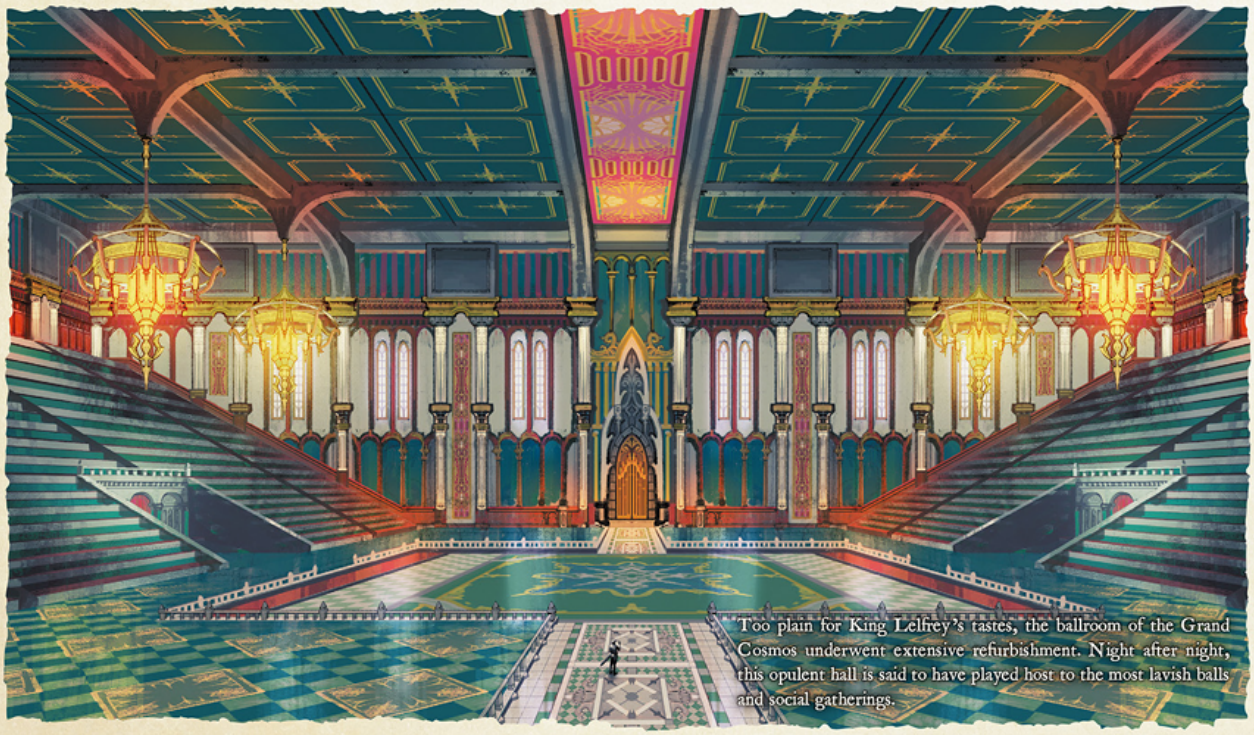
Lo and behold, a rebellion erupted in the home of the elves. The reigning king was deposed, and the Shadowkeeper, their heretofore faceless nemesis, took the throne.

The elven king, Lelfrey, was a passionate proponent of the arts—music and dance in particular—with his focus on such refined pursuits earning him equal praise and scorn. His was a peaceful rule, free of war and strife, but this passivity cost his kingdom dearly in matters of foreign diplomacy. A poor negotiator, he ceded border territories to Voeburt to avoid conflict, and signed an economic agreement with Nabaath Areng that put Lakeland at a clear disadvantage.

As these political blunders chipped away at the nation's authority, a sentiment of discontent among Lakeland's high-ranking nobility began to fester and grow. Traditionalists dreamed of a return to the golden age when all of Norvrandt lay under their control, and it was the Shadowkeeper who granted them the power to act. Rumors that this new player was the king's bastard child ran wild, and, true or not, served to unify the disgruntled nobles under a single banner. They indulged in treachery to undermine rival nations, while at home, their assassins targeted influential royalists. The scene was set for revolution.

The Shadowkeeper was attended by two dark-robed mages, by whose malevolent arts the traditionalists were empowered. One of their gifts was lupine transformation, a change which granted the recipient preternatural strength and agility. Thus bolstered by a company of these wolfman soldiers, the Shadowkeeper's faction stormed Laxan Loft and captured the royal seat for their leader. No sooner had the winning side declared a new age of glory for the elves than did they muster their forces and launch an invasion into Voeburtite lands.

The Shadowkeeper emerged amid blood and chaos, a formidable and enigmatic figure perpetually encased in stygian plate armor. Similarly clad in midnight raiment, the Shadowkeeper's forces inspired terror in all who witnessed their advance.



Too plain for King Lelfrey's tastes, the ballroom of the Grand Cosmos underwent extensive refurbishment. Night after night, this opulent hall is said to have played host to the most lavish balls and social gatherings.

The Battle of Laxan Loft

The heroes were poised to continue their search for Nyelbert's replacement stone in Nabaath Areng when the silver-haired Cylva abruptly left the party. The swordswoman excused herself on the premise that she wished to reconnoiter the troubling situation in Lakeland, but in truth, she was hurrying back to don her black armor, unsheathe her blade, and lead the elven traditionalists in their rebellion. Cylva, the great deceiver, had been the Shadowkeeper all along.

She was, in truth, no bastard child of King Lelfrey—that was merely a fiction concocted by Mitron and Loghrif, her Ascian accomplices. Her true origin lay in the Thirteenth, where she had died young and powerless, an unrealized champion of the reflection-turned-void. The Ascians had found her in the moment of her demise, and it was they who brought her soul to the First to serve as a pawn in dark machinations.

Cylva was to insinuate herself into Ardbert's band, and guide them along the path to becoming Warriors of Light. That which they cast aside in their journey towards heroism, she would take into herself, growing ever stronger as a disciple of Darkness. And when all was in readiness, she would reveal herself as the villainous Shadowkeeper. By her hand would the Warriors of Light be slain, and despair sown in the hearts of the populace.

What the Ascians did not plan for was the Shadowkeeper's defeat at the hands of Ardbert's party. Cylva had steadily amassed her power, feeding on her erstwhile comrades' respective sacrifices of personal ambition, innocence, independence, and tradition. Yet despite her best efforts, Ardbert would not forsake what she sought to purloin—his caring heart. Even in the midst of their deadly confrontation, he regarded her as a comrade in need of saving.

Thus denied her full ascension, the Shadowkeeper wavered and fell. Swallowing their grief at the loss of a friend, the heroes turned their wrath towards the villains who had orchestrated this tragedy. The Warriors of Light now shone so brightly that even high-ranking Ascians could not stand against their incandescent fury. Even as Ardbert struck his final blow, fulgent power swelled in a cataclysmic wave, and the Flood of Light was unleashed upon the lands of the First.

In her bid to slay the Warriors of Light, Cylva turned her transformation magicks upon herself. Though Ardbert and his comrades did indeed struggle against this formidable lupine abomination, it was the necessity of striking down their former friend that presented the greatest challenge.

THE FLOOD OF LIGHT

A disastrous aetherial imbalance pushed the First to the brink of annihilation. Based on the academic findings collated to date, the following section will endeavor to dissect the true nature of the Flood of Light.

Eden, the First Sin Eater

In the final battle to decide the fate of the First, the Ascians Mitron and Loghrif drew on the power of the Echo to fuse their souls into a single, ascended entity. Yet Ardbert, unable to forgive those who manipulated his companion Cylva into becoming the Shadowkeeper, fought with a fury that could not be denied. A rage-fueled blow severed the bonds which held his enemies together, rending their physical and spiritual forms in the process.

Ordinarily, Ascians survive corporeal death by withdrawing their souls to the rift between worlds via the medium of a Crystal of Darkness. Ardbert's onslaught, however, afforded them no such escape. Woven with his wish to expunge all traces of Darkness from the world, his blade of Light was empowered beyond measure by the element's unnatural primacy in the First. Even as Mitron's battered soul attempted to slip away, it was snared by Light's merciless energies. He was bound to a prison of flesh. Changed. Distorted. He had become the first sin eater, an alabaster being known in later years by the name "Eden."

Though it harbored Mitron's memories, Eden acted without conscious thought, its will enslaved by Ardbert's desire to obliterate the existence of Darkness. It began permeating the world with Light, bringing all into stasis and allowing no aspect of vitality to remain. Eden overflowed with effulgent power, and a wave of stagnation engulfed the surrounding lands in a catastrophic Flood of Light.

The Empty

The Light emanating from Eden worked drastic changes upon everything it touched. The six base elements of ambient aether—fire, wind, lightning, water, ice, and earth—were neutralized in favor of Light's stagnation. Night and day, the sky remained saturated with radiance; land and sea were leeched of color and vibrancy.

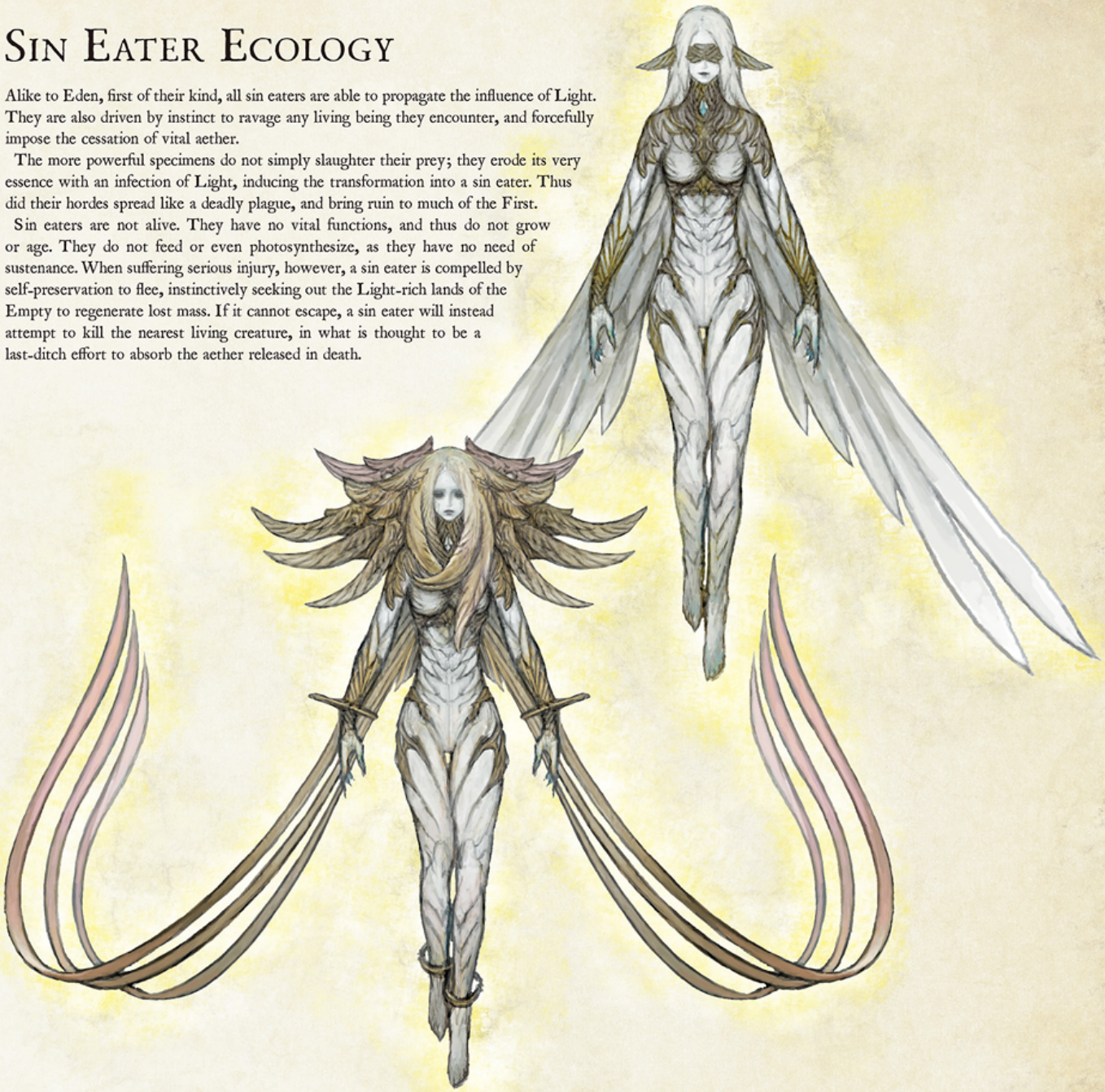
In the stillness of the Empty, as Eden's wasteland is called, no new life is born, and the living are twisted beyond recognition by aetherial imbalance. As no religion, not even that of the Church of the First Light, seemed able to provide a satisfactory explanation as to why these Light-corrupted creatures emerged, or why they attacked on sight, the people latched onto the belief that such apocalyptic horrors must exist solely to devour their mortal transgressions. To some, the "sin eaters" were salvation and damnation both.

Sin Eater Ecology

Alike to Eden, first of their kind, all sin eaters are able to propagate the influence of Light. They are also driven by instinct to ravage any living being they encounter, and forcefully impose the cessation of vital aether.

The more powerful specimens do not simply slaughter their prey; they erode its very essence with an infection of Light, inducing the transformation into a sin eater. Thus did their hordes spread like a deadly plague, and bring ruin to much of the First.

Sin eaters are not alive. They have no vital functions, and thus do not grow or age. They do not feed or even photosynthesize, as they have no need of sustenance. When suffering serious injury, however, a sin eater is compelled by self-preservation to flee, instinctively seeking out the Light-rich lands of the Empty to regenerate lost mass. If it cannot escape, a sin eater will instead attempt to kill the nearest living creature, in what is thought to be a last-ditch effort to absorb the aether released in death.



Metamorphosis

There are several ways in which the transformation from living being into sin eater can be triggered.

The first of these occurs in an environment heavily skewed towards Light, wherein the victim is subjected to a monumental blast of Light aether. These were the circumstances under which Eden, the first sin eater, was created. Many of the creatures subsequently caught in Eden's colossal Flood of Light were warped in the same manner.

The second cause is sustaining an injury from a powerful sin eater. Whilst the victim is exposed to a lesser quantity of Light than in the first instance, the concentrated burst of energy directly into the wound effects an instantaneous metamorphosis.

The third cause is perhaps the most insidious. A weak-yet-persistent source of Light aether can lead to incremental changes, as might be evidenced by a protracted stay in the Empty, for example. A nonfatal injury from a sin eater will have much the same effect, weakening the body's ability to regulate its aetheric balance and allowing the gradual accumulation of Light's influence—no matter the source.

Stage	Symptoms
First Stage: Onset	The body's ability to self-regulate is weakened, and wounds take longer to heal. The subject grows numb to outside stimuli, becoming noticeably more leaden and lethargic.
Second Stage: Withdrawal	Mental withdrawal becomes far more pronounced. Subjects at this level of progression rarely initiate conversation, and attempts to engage them are often ignored.
Third Stage: Etiolation	Skin and body hair turns white. Subjects exhibit severe mental withdrawal. Verbalization is limited to incoherent muttering, and physical activity becomes less common.
Fourth Stage: Chrysalis	An abundance of Light is discharged through vomiting and other bodily secretions, forming a cocoon around the subject. Victims of more powerful sin eaters often proceed to this stage immediately.
Final Stage: Metamorphosis	Inside the cocoon of aether, the subject's corporeal form will suddenly undergo a rapid metamorphosis. It is thought that the extent of the physical changes correlates to the concentration and overall quantity of Light to which the victim was exposed.

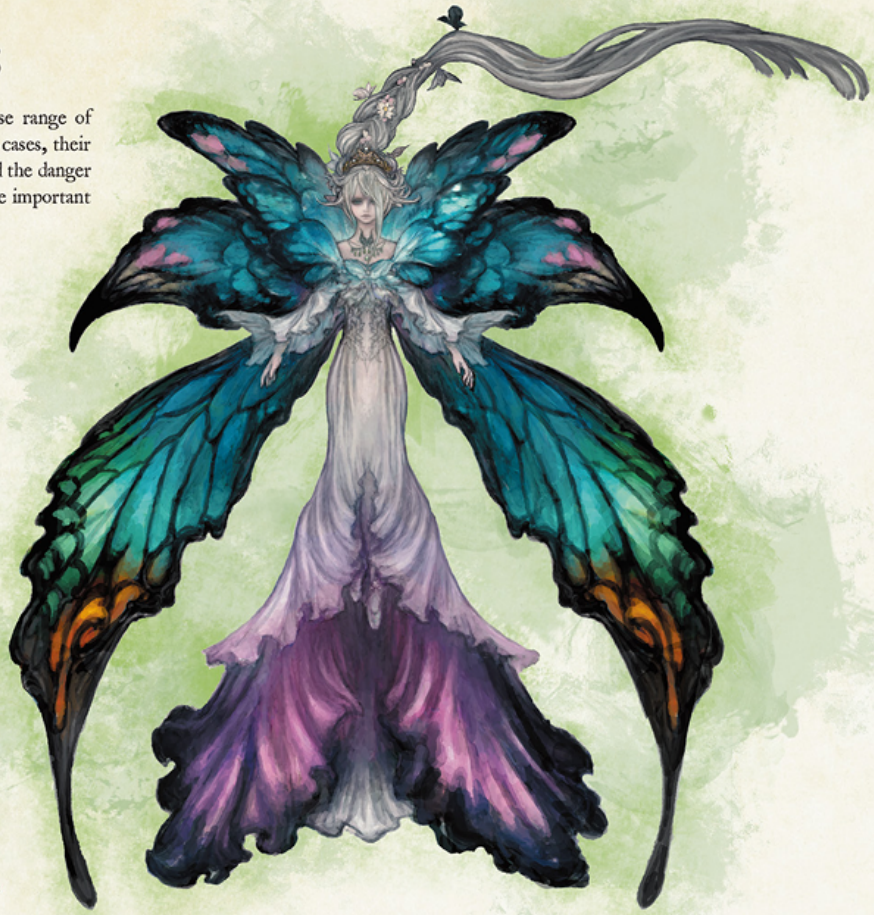
A Panoply of Eaters

Sin eaters vary greatly in attributes and appearance—a diverse range of creatures have suffered the eaters' metamorphosis, and in many cases, their individual traits have carried over in some form. If one is to avoid the danger of an eater attack, however, understanding how they act is more important than how they look.

Lightwardens

Even amongst the sin eaters, the entities known as "Lightwardens" are remarkable for the sheer potency of their refulgent aether. Lesser eaters flock to this radiance like proverbial moths to the flame—where a Lightwarden goes, a horde of underlings is sure to follow, and one's appearance often presages a swarming invasion.

Though the lands of Norvrandt were not steeped in Light, the Wardens' powerful emanations enabled sin eaters to linger in the region. One might then conclude that vanquishing a Lightwarden would free the surrounding area of eater infestation, but the matter is not so simple. Even in the event a Lightwarden is defeated, the incandescent energies released by its demise converge upon the nearest living being, and give rise to a new abomination—a new Lightwarden. This inevitable cycle impeded efforts to repel the sin eater plague for an entire century following the Flood.



After slaying the Lightwarden that invaded Lyhe Ghiah, the faerie king succumbed to its aether. The transformation is known to rob the subject of conscious thought, but Titania, being a creature of formidable sorcerous power, retained a semblance of their own embittered will.

Stray Eaters

The majority of eaters will be drawn to a Lightwarden and its overwhelming power, but on rare occasions, one will find specimens acting independently of the hordes. There are various theories which attempt to explain this behavior—some pointing to possible anomalous traits, while others suggest obedience to a Lightwarden's commands—but none have been conclusively proven.

In most cases, stray eaters are weaker sorts, encountered alone or in small groups, and generally pose little challenge to a seasoned warrior. Their behavior, however, is unpredictable, meaning a quiet village street may suddenly become the site of eater carnage. As such, strays are far more likely to intrude upon the tranquil lives of the average inhabitant of Norvrandt than a wandering Lightwarden.

An example of a typical sin eater transformation. In this instance, the person's body has taken on a beastly aspect and sprouted wings to enable flight.

The Cardinal Virtues

By the First's calendar, it was around three years ago that these unusual stray eaters—entities bearing an uncanny resemblance to the much-maligned Warriors of Light—were first spotted. It fell to the Warrior of Darkness, alongside determined bounty hunters, to uncover the truth: that these strays were, in fact, created from the decayed remains of those decades-dead adventurers. An abomination most likely perpetrated by the Lightwarden Lord Vauthry, the Cardinal Virtues behaved as if driven by the desires of their former lives. Curiously, a barmaid working at the tavern frequented by the bounty hunters is credited with bestowing the eaters their distinctive names.

Dikaiosyne

The transformed remains of Branden, returned as a sin eater. Dikaiosyne roamed the length and breadth of Norvrandt in search of material connections to the princess Sauldia, his liege lady in life.

Phronesis

The transformed remains of Nyelbert, returned as a sin eater. Phronesis was infamous for tearing holes in reality, opening "hollows" in a bid to rescue a friend lost to the rift between worlds.

Andreia

The transformed remains of Renda-Rae, returned as a sin eater. Obsessed with hunting in death as she was in life, Andreia sought to recreate Ardbert's party by "recruiting" her own sin eater companions.

Sophrosyne

The transformed remains of Lamitt, returned as a sin eater. Sophrosyne would use its magicks to heal sin eaters it recognized as helmless dwarves—those of Lamitt's people who joined her in exile.

A CENTURY OF VRANDTIC HISTORY

A hundred years separates the Flood of Light and the advent of the Warrior of Darkness. This next section explores the events which shaped Norvrandt's history during that span.

The Death of Heroes

Ardbert and his companions fought ceaselessly in the defense of Norvrandt's people, their efforts to topple the Shadowkeeper culminating in the defeat of the Ascian masterminds responsible for her insidious rise to power. In an ironic twist of fate, however, it was their fervent heroics which ultimately unleashed the Flood of Light upon the world.

Upon realizing that the sin eater born from Mitron's demise was the source of the Flood, Ardbert's party strove to contain it, but were stymied by the endless waves of lesser eaters which had begun to appear. It was then that a man robed in white—Elidibus—came before them. They listened to his explanation of the Ascians' Rejoining, of how the Thirteenth had fallen to Darkness much as the First was falling to Light, and accepted that the only path to salvation was to carry out the Emissary's plans to merge their world with the Source.

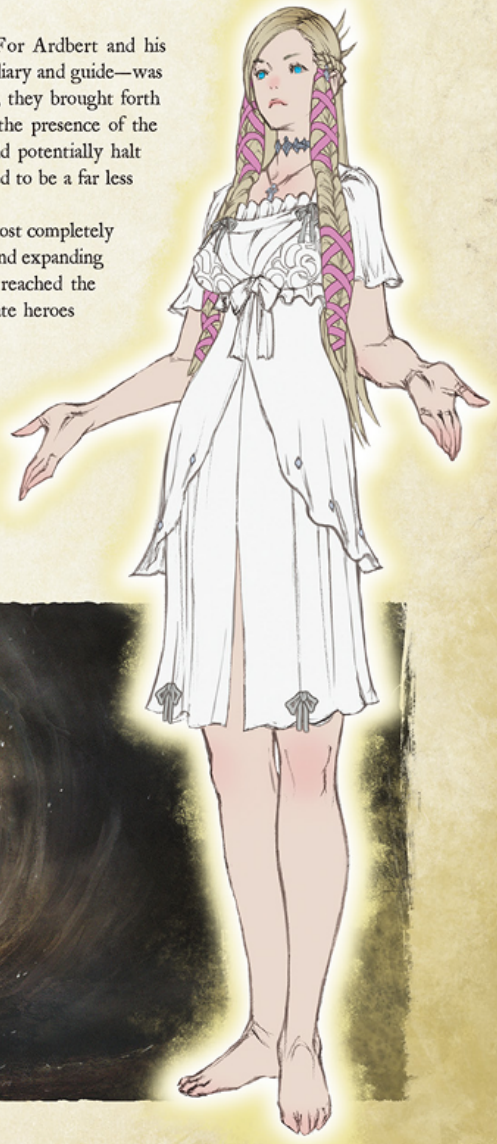
They steeled themselves to surrender their flesh, for only souls could make the journey across the rift. One after another, Ardbert ended his friends' lives before finally taking his own, the heroes drawing upon the Echo as Elidibus had taught them to achieve a form of immortality. They then used Crystals of Light as a catalyst to enter the expanse between worlds and thence travel to their destination, where they obtained host vessels and set about following the Ascian's instructions to bring about an Umbral Calamity in the Source.

The Oracle of Light

What Elidibus did not expect was for these eager recruits to deviate from his carefully laid plans. For Ardbert and his companions, the First's Rejoining could not come swiftly enough, and Urianger—acting as their intermediary and guide—was able to manipulate the party into clashing with the Source's Warrior of Light. As Urianger had hoped, they brought forth their Crystals of Light during the ensuing battle, allowing Eorzea's champion to bring them all into the presence of the Word of the Mother—the entity once known as Minfilia. Learning that this servant of Hydaelyn could potentially halt the Flood, the heroes of the First chose to abandon their crusade and pin all their hopes on what promised to be a far less destructive alternative.

With Minfilia at their side, Ardbert's group thus returned to the First. They arrived to find their world almost completely swallowed by the Light. Eden had been busy during their sojourn to the Source, drifting from land to land and expanding the boundaries of the Empty—but there was still time to save what remained. As the prime sin eater reached the southern edge of Amh Araeng and bore down upon the city of Nabaath Areng, Minfilia and the desperate heroes made their stand. Together did they succeed in stemming the oncoming Flood.

Eden crashed backwards into the Empty, its functions rendered inert. As for those parts of Norvrandt spared from disaster, the presence of the Lightwardens meant that, day or night, the sky remained brightly lit. Yet the balance was such that life itself could survive. Minfilia, her task complete and her essence expended, faded away into nothingness.



Even now, a colossal wave of frozen Light looms over Amh Araeng. The dense concentration of radiant energy trapped within this crystallized expanse presents a dire threat to all living beings, and the locals follow an unwritten law prohibiting any attempts at excavation.

The Collapse of Nabaath Areng

Although Minfilia succeeded in halting the Flood's progress, the greater part of Nabaath Areng had already been swallowed in Light. Thus it was fortunate that the malik, Jamial IX, had had the good sense to lead his subjects to safety ere the kingdom collapsed. The refugees prevailed upon the Mord for succor, and with their aid did they survive the coming days.

But for some, living out of tents in a desert wasteland was more hardship than they could bear. People began drifting away from Amh Araeng, the wealthier among them striking out for Kholusia. Those who had escaped with their fortunes intact would find warm welcome in Eulmore, where riches were eagerly taxed to fund the city's defenses.

The poor had two choices. They could remain in the Mord settlement, or they could make the journey to Lakeland, an ally with trading ties to Nabaath Areng. The elven nation reacted with compassion, building the refugees a temporary camp by the lake, but tragedy would strike when a sin eater horde descended upon the region.

A Crystal Manifestation

Minfilia's actions halted not only the Flood, but curtailed sin eater activity as well. Seven years after those events, however, a dreadful Lightwarden led a swarm of eaters out of the Empty and into Lakeland.

The elves met this invasion head-on by forming a defensive line between Lakeland's fortresses, the royal castle of Laxan Loft at its center. Tales of valor are told of one Ser Ostall, who exhorted his men to stand their ground against the horde, the knight himself yielding not a single step until the smallfolk had reached safe refuge. It was courageous acts such as this that kept the eater host at bay until the prolonged assault had at last spent its strength. The price for victory, however, was paid in elven blood. Scores of knights and soldiers perished from their wounds, forts were left in ruins, and the nation itself struggled to function after suffering grievous losses.

A year had passed since the attack when events took a different turn. By the lake known as the Source, there appeared with bewildering suddenness a grand and glittering spire of crystal. With it arrived a man of Mystel stock—a mage, by his garb—who addressed the growing crowd of curious onlookers. In the slightly odd cadence of one who has traveled from afar, he said that he had come to resist the Light's ruin, and that the tower, too, would aid in unwriting the fate which had been written.

As some few of Lakeland's survivors gathered at the foot of the Crystal Tower, he proposed they make its auspices their permanent shelter. The spire's defenses, he insisted, would keep them safe from the eaters. A small-scale sin eater attack soon proved the truth of his words, and beleaguered folk from across Lakeland left their hiding spots to join the growing community—a settlement that would later become the Crystarium.

The ruins of Lakeland's fortresses have been repurposed as outposts—vantage points from which Crystarium soldiers keep a wary eye on the comings and goings of the sin eaters.

Evidence of early Darkness worship can still be found in the ruins of Lakeland's churches.

Dark Teachings

The gratitude the people of Lakeland felt towards their mysterious savior was such that they offered him their kingdom's throne. The mage, however, simply shook his head, explaining that he had neither the desire nor the qualities required to wear a crown. Though he would eventually come to be called the "Crystal Exarch," the man's refusal to accept a title or share his personal name was a source of some consternation to his people in those early days.

History tells us that after the tower settlement was established, the Exarch spent several years journeying through the remains of Norvrandt. He visited each of its lands in turn to observe the tragedies which had befallen the First, all the while sowing the seeds that would see his own prophecies repeated and, eventually, fulfilled. Of particular note was his constant allusion to a figure known as the "Warrior of Darkness."

He predicted that, one day, a champion would come to cleanse the land of unrelenting Light. A vague assertion, to be sure, but something in his words captured the hearts of the populace. Or perhaps in this broken, despair-ridden world, the people were simply desperate for a sliver of hope. Whatever the reason, the legend of the Warrior of Darkness spread across Norvrandt, and took firm root in the general consciousness.

This same period of time saw the beginnings of a faith which venerated Darkness. The Church of the First Light had long been ensconced as Norvrandt's major religion, but its tenets had failed to justify the advent of the Flood and the destruction it wrought upon the world. The Light, which many once believed the bringer of salvation and purity, had become a symbol of ruin. Thus did people turn to its opposite as a source of succor. They moved their sermons to the cellars of rundown churches, and worshipped in the gloom. Eventually the faithful sought the Darkness found beneath the boughs of the Rak'tika Greatwood, forming the first generation of the Night's Blessed.

In the time since he appeared along with his tower, the mysterious mage aged astoundingly little. Four years he spent in travel before returning to Lakeland, whereupon he began preparing a ritual that would summon a hero from the Source. This grand endeavor would, he realized, take more than a normal lifespan to bring to fruition, and thus he resolved to bind his aether to the Crystal Tower. The act guaranteed him extended youth, but caused segments of his body to crystallize—most noticeably his right arm—giving rise to the appellation of "Crystal Exarch."

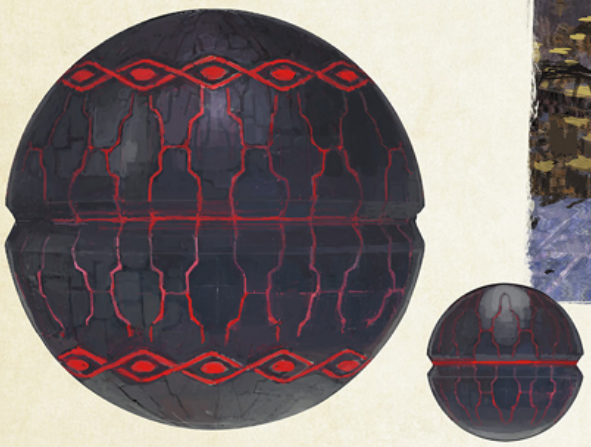
The Fall of Voeburt

Thanks to the valorous efforts of its knights and court mages, the northern power of Voeburt had kept its lands safe from Light-spawned horrors, but after fifteen long years of constant fighting, the kingdom's strength was finally spent.

The hordes of sin eaters flying over the mountains from the Empty were inexhaustible—the ranks of Voeburt's soldiers were not. No matter their skill at arms or sorcery, every clash, every skirmish, would take its toll on their numbers. And just when the defensive line began to falter, a Lightwarden swept in at the head of a great host as if to deal the killing blow. Pronouncing the kingdom lost, the king rallied his remaining troops to fight a rearguard action. Thus did they sacrifice themselves in battle, granting the citizenry precious moments to flee the invasion.

After three hundred and sixteen years of proud history, the Kingdom of Voeburt was no more. Most of those driven from their homes made for Lakeland, which was not only the nearest safe haven, but also the site of the now-famous Crystal Tower.

Seeing the refugees come down from the mountains in droves, the Crystal Exarch wasted no time debating their fate. He enlisted the aid of the community settled at the base of the spire, and together they set about welcoming the displaced souls. Through bitter experience, the people of Lakeland knew exactly what needed to be done, and their swift action likely prevented an even greater tragedy from unfolding. Its numbers now swelled with the addition of the Voeburtites, the tower settlement could rightfully be called a city.



To help with the establishment of the many newcomers, the Exarch lent out several artifacts unearthed from the depths of the Crystal Tower. Though the First's people were mystified as to the origin of these wondrous relics, it was their utility which truly mattered. And, with the power of Allag's civil engineering technology at their disposal, the residents were soon raising one grand structure after another.

The Capital of the World

It was during the final defense of Voeburt that a discovery was made with the potential to alter the course of history. This unexpected development took the form of a young woman who possessed an immunity to the sin eaters' metamorphosis—even after suffering an attack by a powerful eater, she showed no signs of succumbing to the usual changes.

With hair of spun gold and eyes that seemed to swim with stars, her resemblance to the legendary Oracle of Light was impossible to ignore. The people wondered how the potential of her gift might turn the tide in what so far had been an entirely defensive war against the ravening sin eaters, and even began to call her "Minfilia." Seeking to preserve this promising miracle, a faction of nobles had the girl escorted to the safety of Eulmore. There, amongst the largest military force remaining, they hoped she could be nurtured and protected.

A handful of years later, an elite battalion of sin eater slayers was formed, with the newly trained Minfilia to serve as the standard they followed into battle. Sounding the horn for a long-awaited counterattack, it was some eight decades ago now that Eulmore proclaimed itself the capital city of the world—its governance the guiding voice of mankind's fate.

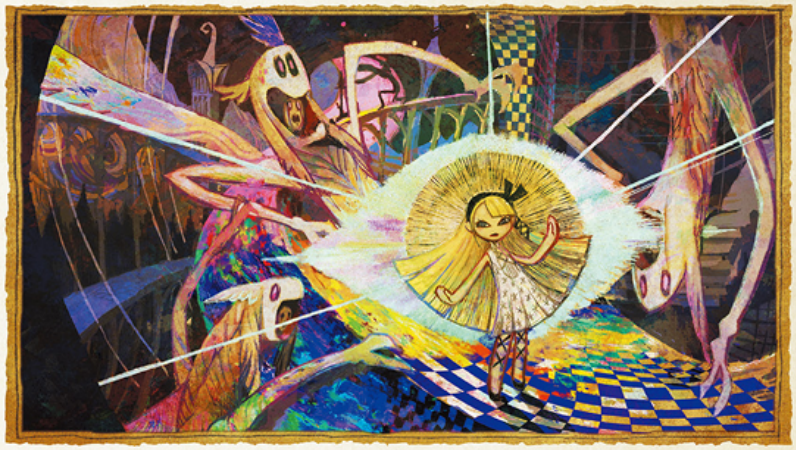
The Legend of Minfilia

Following its proclamation of world governance, Eulmore launched its eater eradication campaign with a vengeance. The sorcerer Zal'bard was the "sinbound" battalion's leader, and the man responsible for Minfilia's martial instruction. Minfilia, for her part, would be both soldier and inspiration, a living banner for the crew of former Voeburtite knights and assorted mercenaries under Zal'bard's command.

The battalion sallied out again and again, and so successful were their hunts that people began to believe that Minfilia and her sinbound might actually expunge the threat of the eaters completely. Such sentiment was never more apparent than when Eulmorans were spilling into the streets to celebrate the death of the Lightwarden which had terrorized Kholusia. But the slayers themselves knew the awful truth: General Zal'bard had succumbed to the aether released by the fallen Lightwarden, and arisen in its place as a new Light-corrupted horror.

The passing of the Lightwarden mantle seemed unavoidable, yet still they fought on. In the face of this unending conflict, Minfilia and her sinbound never abandoned hope, and such courage is to be commended. But even an indomitable spirit could not shield her from injury, and some ten years after their crusade had begun, Minfilia sustained a fatal wound. As she lay dying, she whispered unto her grieving comrades, "Minfilia will return." Several winters later, her words were proven true. Another young girl was discovered who possessed the same physical attributes, and that same preternatural resistance.

The cycle of the Oracle's death and rebirth continued in this fashion, with the Eulmoran Army always seeking out the next Minfilia and pressing her into service. She had become a symbol—a manifestation of the capital city's authority to govern.



When General Zal'bard fell, his rank and position was inherited by his eldest child, Ran'jit. In the decades since, Ran'jit has been responsible for training the Oracle of Light and leading the Eulmoran Army.

Eulmore Stands Alone

Despite early successes, the war against the sin eaters showed no signs of ending, and dwindling resources became the source of tension between neighboring lands. Eulmore's lord, seeking to maintain and reinforce the sinbound, demanded that the rest of Norvrandt not only recognize his nation's sovereignty but also pay a hefty tribute.

The expected obeisance, however, was not forthcoming. Deep within the Rak'tika Greatwood, the Night's Blessed had grown in strength, and their leader adamantly refused to bend the knee. The faerie kingdom of Il Mheg, meanwhile, had sprouted in the corpse of Voeburt like a fungus. All attempts to negotiate—let alone gain an audience with its monarch—proved futile as the resident pixies gleefully transformed Eulmore's envoys into leafmen. Only in the Crystarium did they find a civil reception. The Crystal Exarch, it is said, politely declined the request for vassalage and offered a counterproposal: that the two cities treat as equals in the spirit of mutual benefit.

The lord of Eulmore considered the very idea an insult. He and his subjects had stood squarely against the eater tide at great personal cost, whilst the Lakelanders had done naught but cower behind their walls. Under no circumstances could they be considered "equal." Eulmore's upper class shared his indignation, and although the exchange did not devolve into war, any goodwill between the settlements rapidly deteriorated.

The King Over All

Thirty years ago, Eulmore's mayor, Veronth Mudthane, put into practice a scheme to settle the northern reaches of Kholusia. Its main purpose was to feed the city's growing population with the establishment of new croplands, but the large-scale occupation had the undesired effect of drawing the Lightwarden's attention.

With construction on more permanent housing still underway, the tent-dwelling colonists were defenseless when the abomination and its murderous horde swept down upon them. The slaughter was absolute, and the entire settlement was turned into sin eaters.

A furious Veronth immediately dispatched Ran'jit and Minfilia to strike back at their tormentors, but the haste of their deployment left them ill-prepared for a pitched battle. Though they emerged victorious, the brutal skirmish left almost three quarters of the sinbound battalion dead on the field.

Twice in swift succession, Veronth's commands had resulted in scores of casualties, and the voices calling for the mayor to answer for his incompetence grew louder and angrier by the day. It was then that he was paid a visit by Emet-Selch. The Ascian's advice for the beleaguered ruler was to fuse a captured Lightwarden with the unborn babe in his wife's womb. In so doing, they would create a transcendent being with dominion over the eaters—a king to rule over all. To subject his own child to such depraved sorceries was unthinkable. Yet in the end, Veronth was convinced by Emet-Selch's honeyed whispers, seduced by the idea that, as sire to such a king, his authority would never again be questioned.

The Birth of Vauthry

Veronth's son, Vauthry, was born the following year. And just as Emet-Selch promised, the child had an uncanny command over sin eaters. After seeing a terrible winged lion sprawl at the boy's feet like a tame house cat, Veronth scrambled to address the public and assert that his son's gifts were the key to Eulmore's salvation. The populace was initially dubious of the lord's claims, but it was not long before they, too, were singing Vauthry's praises.

A euphoric Veronth went on to spoil his offspring in extravagant fashion, showering this "new god" with adoration bordering on worship. Such treatment would warp any child's mind, and Vauthry was no exception: he grew up willful, wanton, and possessed of an awful temper.

Vauthry was nine years old when he killed his parents. It was during the preparations for a ceremony that he lashed out in a violent rage, taking affront to their string of well-meaning instructions. Yet none rebuked him for his actions—evidence, perhaps, of a growing mastery over his Lightwarden powers of domination. So it was that Lord Vauthry, who had not yet seen ten winters, ascended his father's seat without a whisper of opposition. Henceforth, he proclaimed, Eulmore would become the "city of final pleasures."

Vauthry grew into an immense man, the face of the fused Lightwarden nestled in the left side of his corpulent chest. The entity would remain in slumber until the moment Vauthry awakened to his true power.

Minfilia Reborn

Vauthry had claimed the title of lord, but cared naught for its responsibilities; concerned only with hedonistic pursuits, he left any burdensome duties for his underlings to manage. Even the fawning attendants who formed his earliest court were gradually replaced with beauteous sin eaters, and he spent more and more time cloistered within his audience chamber.

Under Vauthry's rule, the hunting of sin eaters was outlawed. The now-defunct sinbound battalion was disbanded, and Minfilia found herself drifting through the city without aim or purpose for nearly three years.

Then, one fateful evening, Vauthry woke from a nightmare in which Minfilia had killed him. Rising from his bed in a blind panic, the lord stormed into Minfilia's chambers and rained heavy blows down upon her. In senseless savagery did the previous Oracle pass from the world—yet Vauthry's feelings of dread did not subside, for he knew the Oracle would be reborn. He commanded General Ran'jit to track down Minfilia's reincarnation, and forbade his return to Eulmore until the girl was in his custody.

Naught was ever said of Ran'jit's response to the murder of the Oracle he had raised and trained. We know only that he followed his orders faithfully, and after a handful of years on the road, succeeded in locating his quarry: a child just shy of her fifth nameday. Ran'jit took the girl back to Eulmore and shut her in a tower. He declined to instruct this Minfilia as he had his other charges, leaving her to a life of isolated confinement.

A World Apart

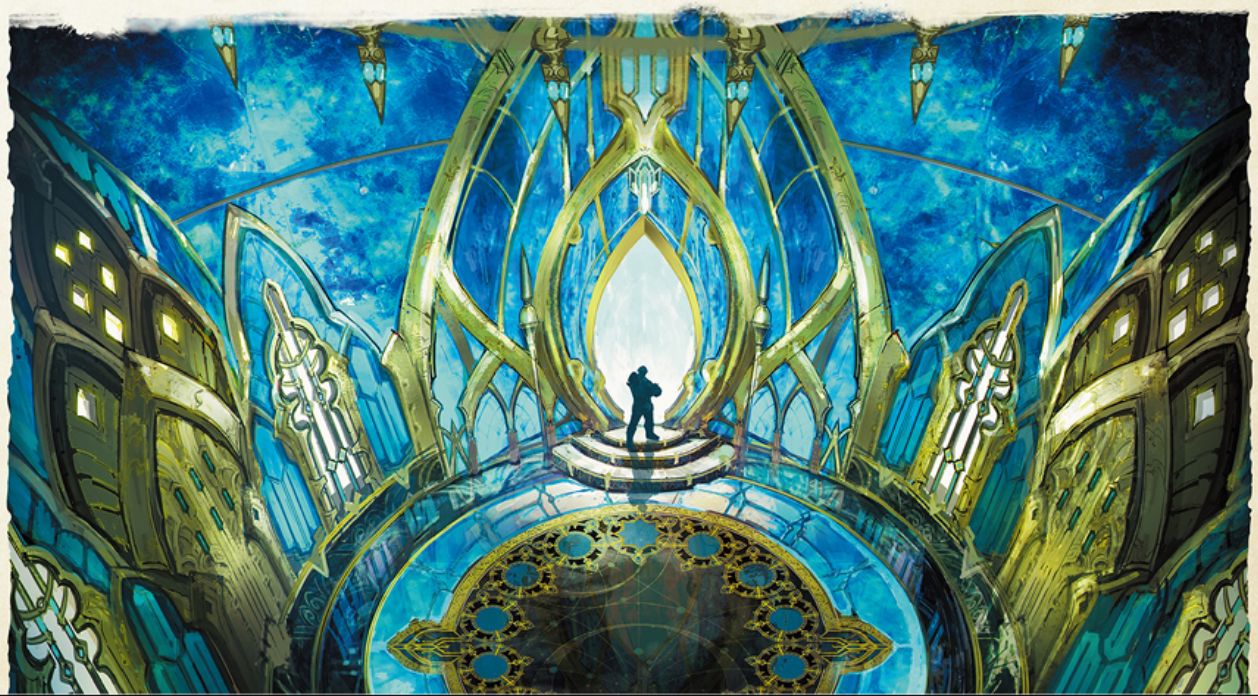
Seven years after Minfilia was imprisoned—five years prior to the present day—the Crystarium would serve as the location for an arcane experiment. The Exarch, who had spent decades in research, believed he had finally perfected a ritual to summon a champion from the Source.

In order to proceed with his plan, he would need to transmit his voice across the rift and address the champion directly. This was to serve two objectives: warn the hero away from the Ghimlyt Dark and an untimely death caused by the fatal Black Rose gas, and ensure that the Exarch's summoning magicks were properly calibrated.

While the Exarch's endeavor did meet with limited success, it also produced some unexpected results—namely, the spell spilling over to the champion's comrades in the Scions of the Seventh Dawn. Not only did his voice resound in their heads as well, the force of the aetherial interchange necessary to drive his message through the rift had the unintended effect of drawing their souls towards the Exarch's world.

The Archon Thancred was the initial victim of this miscalculation. The Exarch moved swiftly to prevent the man's essence from dissipating, but the act of stabilizing the aether ultimately trapped Thancred's soul in a visible, tangible form.

The Crystarium's steward continued his experiments, refining the ritual as best he could, yet it was not until five Scions had been dragged to the First that he at last perfected the process, guiding the champion to a special device that would facilitate the Exarch's efforts to summon them in both body and soul. Owing to the different flow of time between worlds, Thancred had been waiting five years by his reckoning—three years for Y'shtola and Urianger, and one for Alphinaud and Alisaie—before the Source's champion could be summoned across the rift with both body and soul intact.



A Plan for Salvation

The Scions' report is decidedly ambiguous with regard to exactly how the post-Flood world of the First was saved from the brink of oblivion and, indeed, if the Eighth Umbral Calamity has truly been averted. Perhaps the lack of detail is understandable, given that any follow-up research would require one to make an almost impossible journey.

Be that as it may, the sparse information available does allow us to construct a basic outline of the Exarch's plan. After conducting the successful summoning ritual, the steward tasked the Source's champion with slaying the most direct threat to Norvrandt: the Lightwardens. The killing of such entities had historically been a futile endeavor, but with the protection of Hydaelyn's blessing—the selfsame blessing wielded by Minfilia—the hero would, the Exarch believed, be able to absorb the vast quantity of Light released upon a Lightwarden's demise, and thus prevent its corruption from giving rise to a new horror.

Beginning in Lakeland, the champion met the Exarch's every expectation, cleansing Norvrandt's regions of their most powerful sin eaters and banishing the radiance from the canopy of night. Yet even this "Warrior of Darkness," as the hero came to be known, was bound by the frailties of mortal flesh. Following victory over Vauthry, the fifth and final Lightwarden, the accumulation of energies at last threatened to overwhelm the triumphant warrior. But this outcome, too, the Exarch had foreseen. His intention was to siphon all that effulgent power into his own body, before teleporting into the rift between worlds. There could he perish safely, and deliver his champion—not to mention the First itself—from certain annihilation.

A Welcome Darkness

The Exarch's plan ultimately succeeded, although events may not have evolved quite as he envisioned them. For one, the Source's champion chose to continue fighting, refusing to entertain the Exarch's sacrificial solution. Now become a Light-infused presence, staining the sky with renewed radiance, the hero in question set off in pursuit of Emet-Selch to settle the fate of the First once and for all.

We know not how that battle unfolded, or what became of the Lightwardens' accumulated essence, only that the day was won and the Rejoining was averted. Even as Darkness was returned to Norvrandt, so, too, did the champion's party make its victorious return to the Crystarium.

No longer did the threat of Light's silent ruination hang over the world, and with Vauthry dead, Eulmore was swift to retract its demands for subservience. Under the direction of Chai-Nuzz, Eulmore's newly elected mayor, calls were made for a new age of cooperation, leading to a considerable easing of political tensions.

In the Crystarium, too, did a new governing body emerge, as the city's de facto leader stepped down from his position of steward. The Exarch had revealed himself to be not only a native of the Source, but from a future point in time when the Eighth Umbral Calamity had ravaged the hero's home world. Using the Crystal Tower's technology, he had traveled across the rift and into the past, seeking to prevent the Warrior's ignoble death—an incident which would trigger a chain of events to usher in the Calamity.

G'raha Tia is the Exarch's true name. He had been a member of the research team NOAH, and an integral factor in sealing the Crystal Tower. Such a tale his life could tell, yet the man himself shows little interest in sharing it. Perhaps keeping his silence is the price he pays for changing the course of history. Who can know what became of the future world he left behind? Did it fade into nothingness, or does it continue to exist in a different branch of reality? Until the means to explore divergent timelines is discovered, its fate will remain a mystery.

When Emet-Selch faced off against the Warrior of Darkness in his final hour, he did so not under his Convocation title, but his own name: Hades. His form was that of Darkness made manifest, an entity burdened by the hopes and dreams of the ancients.

THE LANGUAGE OF NORVRANDT

When the Warrior and the Scions found themselves thrust into the alien world of the First, it must be wondered how they managed to communicate with the native inhabitants. The following is an introduction to the language and lettering of Norvrandt.

Common Roots

A preternatural power known as the Echo is said to allow the Source's champion to understand—and be understood by—any sentient being, regardless of language. But how was it that the Scions, lacking their comrade's intuitive ability, were able to communicate with the residents of the First?

To answer that question, one must first consider Norvrandt's standard alphabet, an example of which is scribed below. While the shapes are unfamiliar, every single letter has a matching counterpart in Eorzea's alphabet. This revelation is far less surprising when one learns that, despite a number of regional differences, the common tongue of both Eorzea and Norvrandt is essentially the same language.

An incredible coincidence? This author would contend otherwise. Twelve thousand years ago, there was but one world. It stands to reason that whatever language the ancients spoke before the sundering, it would have survived in some form in the reflections. The centuries of divergent history have left their mark, of course, but the uncanny similarities—and relative ease with which the Scions adapted to their new linguistic environment—are easier to accept when one considers the likelihood of a common ancestry.

Fae Runes

We have explored the resemblance of Eorzea's common dialect to that spoken by Norvrandt's peoples, but certain of the First's inhabitants communicate through an entirely different language: the Fae tongue of Il Mheg.

The Archon Urianger, who spent much time in the faerie kingdom, is said to have learned Fae by referencing little more than the tomes available in the Crystarium's archives. Through his studies, he found that their language was comprised of many of the same elements used to construct spells. Runes form the basis of Fae, with each carrying a specific meaning as well as the potential to manifest magical effects. A list of the major runes and their significance can be found below.

Rune	Meaning
Feo	Treasure, Wealth
Ul	Moon, Darkness
Thon	Giant
An	Deity
Sul	Flower
Lad	Riding
Kenn	Pine
Gyuf	Gift
Uin	Joy
Hagan	Hail
Nee	Absence
Ys	Ice
Iala	Seasons
Jul	Yew
Oul	Land, Earth
Eo	Star, Lesser Light
Sigun	Sun, Light
Tyr	Warrior
Beq	Birch
Marn	Person
Lugg	Treasure
Aenc	Water
Ose	Evil
Daen	Good
Wyd	Wind
Lor	(Unknown)

An artist's rendering of a pixie, the most common type of faerie. Resembling tiny people with insect-like wings, the delicate appearance of these creatures belies their callous nature—the pixies' playful bewitchment of trespassers may result in death just as easily as confusion.

EORZEAN HOLIDAY TRADITIONS

Myriad celebratory traditions are observed across Eorzea. While it would require more pages than this tome can hold to describe them all in detail, a brief overview of the most commonly recognized should serve to illustrate the diversity of the customs this realm's people hold dear.

A Culture Shared

From harvest festivals to parades marking the passage of the seasons, Eorzea has long been home to colorful local celebrations. It was not until the year 1470 of the Sixth Astral Era, however, that such traditions began to expand past their regional borders into the Eorzea-wide celebrations we know today.

With the Autumn War at its end, the era that followed was marked by peace and the proliferation of trade. Owing to the advent of the chocobo carriage, overland routes extended across the realm, and the adoption of gil as a common currency saw coin flow freely across national borders.

As wares and their peddlers began to roam, so too did culture. Ul'dah's great caravans brought not only supplies and sundries to distant lands, but tales of unfamiliar customs as well. For instance, Little Ladies' Day, celebrated in the sultanate since 1267, captured faraway hearts—and coinpurses—with its Legend of the Lost Lady. With both intellectual curiosity and economic interest driving their rise to prominence, it is little surprise that several once-local traditions became a source of shared joy throughout the realm, and proud symbols of Eorzean culture.

An article from Gridania's *The Raven* detailing the Starlight Celebration. The paper's reputation notwithstanding, print publication has undeniably facilitated the rapid spread of information, borne far and wide by the hands of enterprising merchants and eager adventurers.

Heavensturn

Heavensturn marks the start of a new year, when the Twelve select one among them to keep vigil over the realm during the next passing of the twelve moons. The Far East maintains a similar custom—yet in their legends, one from among twelve animals is instead chosen to serve as the Far Eastern gods' intermediary.

In recent years, it has become Heavensturn tradition to see Eorzea visited by a Hingan delegation, a bugyo donning a helmet in the likeness of the year's totemic animal at its fore. Much to the delight of commoners and adventurers alike, these festive visitors shower revelers with rice cakes, draw the willing into delightful dances, and bring East closer to West, if only in spirit.

Heavensturn Kabuto

Nezumi (Rat)

Ushi (Ox)

Tora (Tiger)

Usagi (Rabbit)

Ryu (Dragon)

Hebi (Snake)

Uma (Horse)

Hitsuji (Sheep)

Saru (Monkey)

Tori (Cock)

Inu (Dog)

Inoshishi (Boar)

Valentione's Day

Valentione's Day honors Countess Arabelle de Valentione, who cast aside a sheltered life to set forth on a search for true love. Although eras have come and gone since, her tale inspires would-be and longtime lovers to lay bare their hearts, conveying their feelings through gifts of sweet confectionaries. Much like Arabelle herself, envoys from House Valentione now venture far and wide to set ardor abloom across Eorzea.

Guided by the words "Ardor and Affection," House Valentione is second only to the High Houses of Ishgard themselves. The distinctive cordiform escutcheon of its heraldry was added after Countess Arabelle's death, inspired by the heart-shaped shield that defended the passionate warrior in countless battles. As Valentione's Day became more widespread, people far and wide came to know the emblem as a symbol of good fortune. Near two hundred years ago, after repeated petitions from the Culinarians' Guild, the design was officially approved by House Valentione for use in paraphernalia related to the holiday—its iconic chocolate not least among them.

Lisette de Valentione

"Have you the courage to unbosom yourself to your one true love?"

Lady of House Valentione and direct descendant of Arabelle, Lisette de Valentione oversees Valentione's Day with all the aplomb of a maiden on a fervent quest for love, and all the efficiency of a woman nearing thirty whose coffers are laden by success. As the first in line for future head of House Valentione, she readily embraces her duty to proclaim the joys of ardor and ignite the flames of affection wheresoever kindling may be found. Putting aside her fierce nature for the sake of duty, she lends a kindly ear to the lovestruck and devotes herself to finding them succor with a smile.

As for Lisette's personal life, her tumultuous courtship with one Lord Hortefense, a knight of House Fortemps, has oft fed the rumor mill of courtly conversation; however, for all the vicissitudes of their passion, few would gainsay the prospect of marriage in their future.

Astrid de Valentione

"One can hardly abandon the ship of love ere it docks safely in the harbor!"

The young Astrid de Valentione bears the torch that will guide the next generation toward love true. Though in truth a cousin, she has looked up to Lisette as an older sister for most of her sixteen years, and is presently her constant companion during Valentione's Day. Despite initially disapproving of Lisette's relationship with Ser Hortefense—thinking a mere knight no proper match—the man proved unflappable in the face of her objections, and eventually won the younger woman over.

While Astrid stumbled in her initial efforts to spread her house's message, she has of late become a beacon of ardor and affection to match even Lisette in brilliance. Along with Kupka Kupp, a moogle with an ear for the whispers of the heart, she has delivered countless souls their match.

Little Ladies' Day

This tradition began with the Legend of the Lost Lady and bloomed into a grand celebration wherein every little lady is treated as a princess. During this special time of the year, the royal seneschal lovingly organizes events to recognize and inspire the realm's ladies and their doting seneschals both.

Legend of the Lost Lady

Three centuries past, the plucky princess Edvya, tired of being sequestered within palace walls by her overprotective father—the sultan Baldric Thorne—exchanged garb with a miller girl and wandered off into town in search of adventure.

Upon learning of his daughter's disappearance, the sultan was stricken with panic. He summoned the palace guard, ordering them to tear the city apart to see that no harm befell his precious princess—and tear the city apart they did. The poor miller whose daughter assisted the princess in her escape saw his house nigh ripped from the ground, while the family was threatened with imprisonment and worse.

To the good fortune of all, Princess Edvya was soon found just outside the palace walls, and was quick to reveal the truth of recent events. Racked with guilt, the sultan had the miller's house rebuilt by his most skilled craftsmen, and offered to personally serve as seneschal to the miller girl for a day to atone.

Rumors of this unforeseen display of humility were quick to spread through Ul'dah. So well received were they, in fact, that the sultan declared one day from each solar year on which he would select, via lots, a common girl from the city and serve as her personal seneschal, as he had done with the miller's daughter.

Ulala Ula

"Soon people from all corners of the realm will flock to our stages to gaze upon their favorite new star!"

At sixteen years, Ulala Ula is the youngest of the Songbirds, a trio of gifted performers formed to breathe life into the Little Ladies' Day festivities. She and her little brother were born to a Plainsfolk father and Dunesfolk mother, and from a young age Ulala assisted with the household cooking, cleaning, and sewing—skills that she takes great pride in even today. Her true loves, however, have ever been song and dance, and she has pursued her dream to become a famed songstress with unshakable dedication. Between rehearsals, she can often be seen with her head buried in a book.

Narumi Kakeya

"Fear is but a figment of one's mind, and we can conquer it if only we choose."

The eldest of the three Songbirds, Narumi Kakeya was born twenty-one years ago to a merchant from Hingashi. It was while accompanying her father on an expedition to Ul'dah that she was recruited into the group by the royal seneschal, and though at first she found the prospect of performing in a foreign land daunting, she pushed forward in an effort to overcome her bashful nature. Suffice it to say that, in spite of her father's opposition, Narumi has finally found her voice.

Masha Mhakaracca

"I live to inspire our fans to move with the music!"

The third of five sisters, Masha Mhakaracca left her home in the Black Shroud to follow in her elder sister's footsteps and make her fortune in Ul'dah. Masha has been enamored with dance for most of her nineteen summers, but it was while sending off a friend in style that her performance was espied by the royal seneschal. Struck by her sheer talent, he immediately recruited her to the Songbirds.

Aldiytha Thorne

"We were all children, once—children listening, starry-eyed, to tales of princesses and seneschals."

Aldiytha Thorne is the eldest daughter of the Thornes, descended from the very sultan who made a miller girl a princess so long ago. While the Thorne family may have abdicated the throne of Ul'dah, they yet have a reputation to uphold, and few could claim to love Little Ladies' Day so much as twenty-two-year-old Aldiytha. Despite her frail constitution, she ever strives to bring joy to the people of the sultanate—a pure-hearted endeavor that, in her case, appears to be as good for the body as it is for the spirit.

Hatching-tide

Among the myriad festivals that decorate the Eorzean calendar, Hatching-tide is a relatively recent one. In the year 1572 of the Sixth Astral Era, with the Seventh Umbral Calamity looming on the horizon, a young woman residing in Gridania named Jihli Aliapoh had a vision in which twelve wise sages descended from the heavens, each sitting astride a large egg. These sages were none other than the Twelve Archons, heroes of legend who guided the realm safely through the Sixth Umbral Calamity.

In Jihli's dream, the Archons announced themselves with these words: "Rise, young Dreamer, and make ready the vessel for our return." As the moon Dalamud loomed overhead and news of this vision spread, the people wondered if it was a prophecy—a message that the Archons would once again rescue them from certain doom.

From within the murky depths of rumor arose a group of people who attested to having a similar dream to Jihli's, alongside many who professed their belief in her cause. These "Dreamers" decorated eggs in a dazzling fashion to match those upon which the Archons supposedly descended and distributed them to all and sundry, creating a festival the likes of which the realm had never seen.

Although the Archons of Jihli's vision ultimately did not appear when the Calamity beset the realm, the Dreamers were not met with scorn after it subsided. Prophecy aside, the people had found comfort in Hatching-tide and the sense of community it created, and would continue to do so for years to come. Not in the least discouraged, Jihli and her fellow Dreamers play a pivotal role in the celebration even now.

Jihli Aliapoh

"I dreamt of a resplendent ring of eggs, shining with an intensity that would inspire jealousy from the stars."

The first of the Dreamers, Jihli Aliapoh dreams of eggs at the same time every year, even after the passing of the Calamity. The Hatching-tide festivities are planned around what these visions show her, and it is perhaps a testament to this lady of twenty-two summers' winning charm that the event endures despite Eorzea having seen neither hide nor hair of egg-riding Archons in recent years.

Nonotta Notta

"I have made it my duty to provide the proper atmosphere, recreating everything just as Jihli dreamt."

If Jihli Aliapoh is the visionary behind Hatching-tide, Nonotta Notta is its architect. It is her imagination that molds Jihli's abstract and oftentimes unintelligible dreams into events that can be enjoyed by all, and it is her analytical prowess that allows her to organize the requisite personnel and supplies at a moment's notice. What exactly fuels her passion for such an endeavor remains a mystery, as surely there are less troublesome and more rewarding professions for a nineteen-year-old of her talents.

Riggy

"Me Riggy! Riggy good spriggy!"

Although primarily known by their lust for ore, spriggans are a common sight during Hatching-tide; it seems the metals and paints used in the decorations of the eggs piques their hunger, and they often abscond with as many as they can carry. However, not every spriggan is *entirely* driven by mischievous intent, as evidenced by Riggy, who sometimes accompanies the Hatching-tide hosts to assist in hiding eggs or anything else that needs doing.

Pawlin Morning

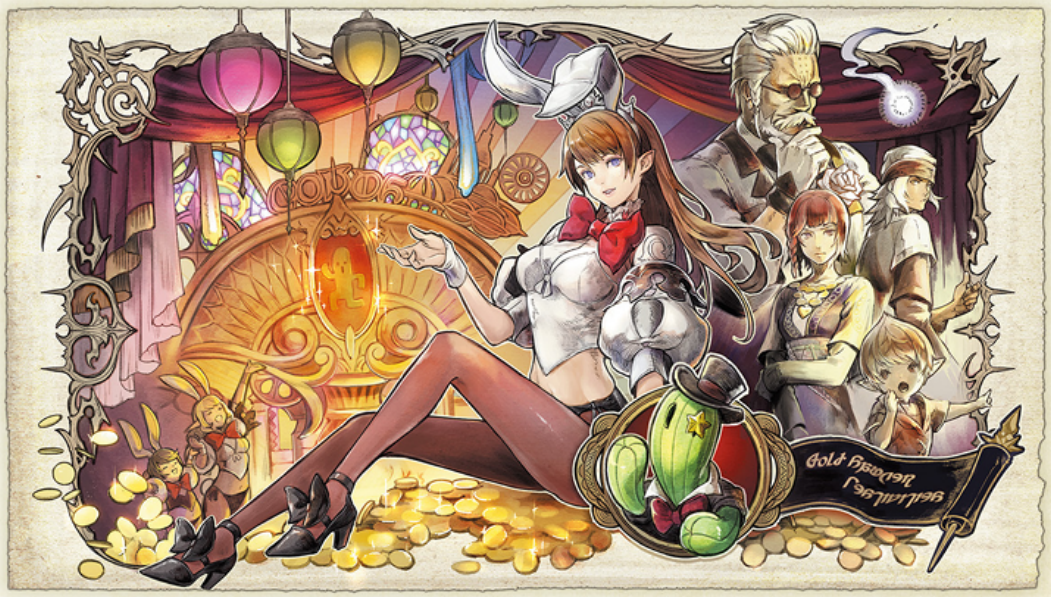
"The yolks baked into toothsome treats, the shells painted into delightful ornaments—my little darlings can truly be proud!"

Pawlin is a thirty-eight-year-old poultry farmer invited from Limsa Lominsa to help feed the overwhelming demand for eggs—although to call him a mere "farmer" is perhaps understating his devotion. Such is the love that he bears for his flock that he coos to them with more affection than a gentleman courting his lady love, and oft goes about his days dressed in a chicken suit so as to better understand their temperament. None would say he is a man of half-measures, least of all his colleagues at the Bismarck, who worked with him to create an exceedingly special feed for his beloved birds.

Make It Rain Campaign

Although the Make It Rain Campaign is billed as a celebration, unlike the other festivities held throughout the year, what exactly it celebrates is a question without answer. Held by Manderville & Manderville at the aptly named Manderville Gold Saucer, the main function of the Make It Rain Campaign appears to be to lure customers so that they can spend what coin they have on the many diversions within.

To that end, it has proven extremely effective. During the event, the amount of Manderville Gold Saucer points—a form of currency usable only within the confines of the Saucer—rewarded by its games is increased, and gamblers flock to the gleaming tower in droves. As if the allure of winning an arguably useless currency were not enough, on occasion adventurers are hired to lend mystique to the proceedings—or reduce the overabundance of mystique already present, depending on the day.



A flyer advertising the start of the Make It Rain Campaign.

Nanaphon Sasaphon

"I simply want to join my colleagues in spreading word of the Saucer's splendors across the realm!"

Nanaphon Sasaphon's infatuation with Senor Sabotender, the Gold Saucer's mascot, led him to audition for the role time and again, but he fell short until his seventh try. With the help of an adventurer and the rigorous tutelage of one Ririzan, the first ever to don the costume, his dream was finally realized. The twenty-three-year-old has since become a favorite of the Gold Saucer's patrons, always quick to provide a smile and a laugh. However, his passion for his craft can sometimes get the better of him, and he has found himself riddled with needles after attempting to hug a wild cactuar, collapsed on the floor after adopting a sabotender-like diet of water and nothing else, and doubtless the subject of other embarrassments to which he has yet to admit.

Roland Redsteele

"The Gold Saucer and all its wonders await you, friend—pray enjoy them to your heart's content."

While the name Manderville may be emblazoned across the walls and surface of the Gold Saucer, it is Roland Redsteele who can most often be seen hustling to and fro across its glittering floors, keeping the many cogs of its operation turning smoothly—particularly as far as chocobo racing is concerned. However, this forty-eight-year-old was not always such an exemplar of industriousness: stricken by poverty, he followed a desperate and dishonest path for much of his youth. It was during this troubled time that he fell upon Godbert Manderville with an appetite to take every coin he was worth—a mistake, for instead of leaving the encounter with a heavier purse, Roland found himself battered and bruised by his would-be victim. It was this chance meeting that compelled him to change his ways, and filled him with a devotion to Godbert so strong as to inspire him to imitate the elder Manderville's hairstyle. (To what degree of success is a matter of some debate.)

The Moonfire Faire

In the year 1572 of the Sixth Astral Era, as the Seventh Umbral Calamity approached, a strange meteorite fell to the earth on the outskirts of Owl's Nest, a quiet mountain hamlet located in the eastern lowlands of Coerthas. From the steaming mass of rock emerged a monster of flame and fury, which came to be called a Bombard. It ballooned in size as it lay waste to the surrounding countryside, and as it approached Ishgard, a brave contingent of Temple Knights sallied forth to repel it. Although they fought valiantly, their lives were lost when the Bombard exploded with terrible force, leaving the Gates of Judgement threatening to collapse and the holy capital shaken and vulnerable.

Soon after this incident, similar meteors began to fall across Eorzea in distressing numbers. The leaders of each nation gathered with haste, and in secret commissioned the Adventurers' Guild to assemble a group of heroic warriors and strategists to combat this strange new menace. Thus were the Cascadiers born, and in order to keep the citizens of the realm from losing heart in face of yet another threat, the Moonfire Faire—known as the "Firefall Faire" in its nascent form—exploded into being.

From then on, each time the Bombards appeared, the Moonfire Faire would match their wrath with revelry, making their arrival a source of happiness rather than dread. Even now, long since the last appearance of the Bombards, the Adventurers' Guild holds the event with regularity as part of their efforts to stoke the fires of interest in the guild. In recent years, it has taken to using Costa del Sol as a staging ground, under the patronage of the wealthy merchant Gegeruju.

Flame-resistant equipment designed to look like swimwear is distributed as part of the Moonfire Faire. Adventurers donning this garb look no different than any other celebrant, yet are ready to combat the Bombards at a moment's notice. It bears mentioning here that recent theories posit the Bombards to be voidsent once deployed within Dalamud to control the fire-aspected aether that proliferated the lesser moon, or perhaps a mutation thereof.

Haermaga Bleibornsyn

"If the past is any guide,
there's more of those blasted Bombards still out there."

A seasoned pugilist of the Adventurers' Guild, it was Haermaga who proposed continuing the Moonfire Faire in order to bolster the guild's membership and reputation. The thirty-nine-year-old now oversees the event each year with a warm smile and welcoming demeanor, hoping to inspire a love for adventure in the hearts of the realm's younglings. When last the Bombards threatened Costa del Sol, none other than Haermaga himself led the Go Go Posing Rangers to extinguish their flames.

Beaudefoin Dupaitre

"If you show a moment's hesitation or misstep by even half an ilm, you'll be in the drink before you know it."

One of the adventurers in charge of the Moonfire Faire, thirty-three-year-old Beaudefoin Dupaitre was born in the Black Shroud and spent his youth working in a restaurant in Gridania. He developed a hunger for adventure when he saw brave and fashionable souls risking their lives against the Bombards with festive smiles upon their faces and joined the Adventurers' Guild soon after, becoming fast friends with Haermaga and an instrumental hand in future faires.

Hildelana Quick

"These defeats have forced me to admit an uncomfortable truth: my abilities are laughably inadequate."

Now one of the guild members most instrumental to the Moonfire Faire's success, Hildelana had once resigned herself to a life toiling in the mines of her homeland, Ul'dah. Her fortunes reversed on the day she met Haermaga, who promised her a life of high adventure. Good as his word, he brought Hildelana to every corner of the realm in service to the Adventurers' Guild, and the twenty-eight-year-old hopes to someday truly impress upon him her appreciation for changing her life.

R'fhul Tia

"Today, I shall fulfill my destiny!
Fame and glory, here I come!"

R'fhul Tia suffered tragedy at a young age with the loss of his father. Such was the sorrow he felt that he vowed to become puissant enough to protect his dear mother and younger sister, and when he witnessed brave adventurers driving back the Bombards, he knew that he had found his calling. The youth of eighteen summers has since become involved with the Moonfire Faire, challenging its harrowing Eorzean Nimble Warrior course and taking his first steps in the journey to becoming a full-fledged adventurer.

The Rising

The Rising began five years after the Seventh Umbral Calamity, in which Dalamud brought untold ruin to the realm. During that crisis, a group of heroes risked life and limb to save Eorzea from the coming doom, but despite their noble deeds, they are remembered by naught else than their title—Warriors of Light. To honor their story and ensure that it too would not be buried under the sands of memory, the Rising was conceived. The festival was to be held in each of the three city-states—though it has become customary that Ul'dah hosts the grandest of displays. Past events held within those high walls include a dramatization of the Battle of Carteneau by the Crystal Caravan puppet troupe, a stained glass exhibit organized by Ul'dah's renowned goldsmiths, and performances of poignant and prophetic songs by the realm's most recognizable wandering minstrel.

A flyer advertising the performance made by the traveling troupe known as the Crystal Caravan. Using both live talent and mammets, they recreated the events of the Battle of Carteneau, with several skilled actors playing the roles of the Warriors of Light. A production quite unlike any other, it met with wide acclaim.

Wandering Minstrel

"Ever since I first set foot in these lands,
I have been haunted by a song."

This mysterious minstrel of undisclosed age and identity first garnered attention after issuing a poem that seemed to predict the arrival of the Seventh Umbral Calamity. So contentious was this piece that he was put in fetters on suspicion of fomenting public hysteria for a time. Despite this initial setback, he remained a prolific poet, and even penned the script for *Feudal Fantasy*, a stage drama performed in Kugane. While he spends a goodly portion of the year wandering, during the Rising he can invariably be found among the bustling crowds of Ul'dah.

Nonora Nora

"To ensure a bright future,
we must never forget the past."

A proud citizen of Ul'dah, Nonora Nora aided the wandering minstrel and a group of adventurers in driving away a plague of mechanical bugs that threatened to descend upon the Rising festivities. Since then, she has been a reliable presence at the event, and shadowy rumors abound concerning her true identity. Some say she matches the description of a legendary black mage, but none have yet been able to ascertain the truth of the matter.

J'bhen Tia

"With the right strategy, customers will come to me
and not the other way around."

A promising goldsmith of twenty-two summers, J'bhen Tia won acclaim during the Rising with his series of stained-glass pieces depicting the tale of the Sultana's Seven, set during the Seventh Umbral Era and centering around Her Grace Nanamo Ul Namo. He is supported by a young merchant named Astin, his patron and dear friend since their childhood as orphans on the streets of the sultanate.

Nhagi'a Jakkya

"I wanted to know what lay beyond the horizon."

Nhagi'a Jakkya is the brother of none other than Kipih Jakkya, reporter for *The Raven*. The pair fled their home during the Seventh Umbral Era to escape the worst of the destruction, and through his sister's writing did Nhagi become infatuated with tales of adventurers and their feats of derring-do. At a mere sixteen summers did he come to Ul'dah to celebrate the Rising and perform deeds that would become the start of his own tale—with a little help from adventuring veterans, of course.

All Saints' Wake

All Saints' Wake is an ancient tradition revolving around Daniffen, Randolfe, Llafymae, and those other paragons of virtue elevated to serve as saints of the Twelve, who during this time of year are said to be called to the heavens for a feast of deific proportions. While none would argue that the saints are deserving of such favor, during this revelry our realm is bereft of their divine protections, allowing fell creatures to come out of hiding and work their wicked devices. Legend has it that a parade of evil led by a pumpkin-headed fiend comes to march through our mundane streets, working malicious magicks—which traditionally spurs most folk to return home before sunset and barricade themselves indoors with kith and kin until dawn.

In modern times, scholars have suggested that this custom and the legend that inspired it began as a way to keep people justifiably wary, as the season coincides with the breeding periods of several species of nocturnal predators. Regardless of its origin, however, in recent years the Adventurers' Guild has done its utmost to set hearts at ease, and All Saints' Wake has become an occasion for merrymaking, rather than a source of dread. Helped along by delightful delicacies, dramatic displays, and troupes of entertainers—including the remarkably dedicated Continental Circus—the revelry is such that the Twelve can observe from on high.

Near the end of the Sixth Astral Era, a contingent of guards left their posts before sunset, as was customary during the approach of All Saints' Wake. Unfortunately, the imprisoned imps they were charged with gaoling observed no such custom, and took this opportunity to escape and unleash their singular brand of trickery.

Impresario

"As long as there are nights, there will be devilry."

The leader of the Continental Circus, a troupe of traveling entertainers performing in cities across the realm, gives his age as "six hundred and sixty-six"—clearly an unhelpful jape. Regardless, during All Saints' Wake, the troupe's many curiosities attract patrons of all stripes. To all appearances, they are a group of entertainers whose primary interest is to paint the world with a shade of mysticism. The Adventurers' Guild, however, maintains a healthy distrust with regard to the troupe's intentions, and is ever on the alert lest harm come to unsuspecting revelers. Among those with a particular expertise in the occult, some go so far as to claim that the Circus and its leader are voidsent in the guise of regular men and women—though this is, again, preposterous.

Ogre Pumpkinhead

"Happiness and joy for man and monster both—things are as they should be..."

As legend tells it, a hideous monster with the head of a pumpkin once descended upon the realm during All Saints' Wake, leading a host of ghastly ghouls in what was known as the "Night of Devilry." Thus, the pumpkinhead costume is one of the most popular during this season, when city streets become crowded with bestial and demonic visages. Delion, editor in chief of *The Thavnairian Truth*, has suggested that lurking among the costumed revelers are monsters true, who take this chance to spin mischief and mayhem to their wicked hearts' content. Naturally, such a theory is believed by few, if any—aside from its creator.

The Starlight Celebration

The Starlight Celebration is a time of generosity and fellowship, reminding us that even a customary courtesy can warm the heart. It also reminds us of darker days in Eorzean history, which serve to make such deeds shine all the brighter.

Several generations ago, a sanguinary struggle claimed countless lives and left full as many orphans homeless and hungry. Taking pity upon their plight, a company of Ishgardian knights sought out these children each night, furnishing them with food and shelter within their barracks. As doing so was prohibited, however, the knights had the children slip in while swathed in their scarlet jackets.

These orphans went on to convey the same kindness to others that they had once received. On the coldest week of the year, they took to sporting scarlet and passing out presents to the children of the realm. And over time, their deeds developed into the festival known as the Starlight Celebration, wherein children offer prayers to Nymeia and adults clad in scarlet play at being the Saint of Nymeia and his helpers.

The event has also absorbed local traditions of different regions; for example, in Gyr Abania, the people craft snowmen at the first snow, praying that they will be visited by further quenching snowfall and remain safe throughout the winter. This charming tradition, as well as other events and foodstuffs from abroad, have steadily become Starlight mainstays.

Trees such as the one illustrated here, dubbed Starlight sentinels, have become a staple of recent Starlight Celebrations. At the base of these bedecked trees, those with prayers in their hearts will place letters addressed to Nymeia—usually requests for gifts penned by an eager child.

Amh Garanjy

"So long as you've got that Starlight spirit in you, you're more than fine in my book!"

Although Keepers of the Moon are known to worship Menphina as their patron deity, Amh Garanjy began offering prayers to Nymeia upon taking up the weaving trade. Later in life, she became aware of those in service to the Spinner, and was so moved by their selfless devotion to the people that she took vows herself. The twenty-seven-year-old now spends much of her time organizing various festivities for the Starlight Celebration, which are funded by donations from generous groups and individuals. In this capacity, she has brought smiles to the faces of countless children and adults alike, with her Starlight concert being one of the most lauded celebrations of recent memory.

Saint of Nymeia

"Crafting miracles is the Mander...er, Starlight way!"

Every year, as the Starlight Celebration illuminates the city streets, the Saint of Nymeia arrives clad in scarlet and bearing wondrous gifts for children one and all before disappearing as quickly as footprints in fresh snow. Though this man bears a striking resemblance to Godbert Manderville, Eorzea's most renowned goldsmith, in an interview with *The Raven*, the errant saint vehemently denied such claims as balderdash. As he tells it, he is the spitting image of the Saint of Nymeia in folklore. Whether this is true or not, what he symbolizes is far more important: our shared responsibility to do all in our power to bring merriment and cheer to the realm's children.

SOLIDARITY THROUGH CELEBRATION

The festivals of Eorzea serve myriad purposes, one of which is to foster a sense of community and strengthen the people's collective identity. This is not lost on the city-states' respective governments, who at times hold such celebrations to spur the citizenry to action in the interests of their compatriots.

Foundation Day

Foundation Day was held in the later years of the Sixth Astral Era to commemorate the reestablishment of Grand Companies in Limsa Lominsa, Gridania, and Ul'dah, and to bolster recruitment. The revelry was meant to enkindle the spirits of the masses—particularly those of adventurers—and records show that Adventurers' Guild members across the realm were moved by the impassioned speeches to join the ranks of these organizations.

The last recorded "foundation" of the Grand Companies dates back to the twilight of the Fifth Astral Era, when the city-states created similar organizations to marshal their collective strength to weather the coming Sixth Umbral Calamity. The celebration thus honored a commitment made some sixteen centuries past and now forged anew—to set aside petty differences for the sake of each nation.

Eorzea's leaders decreed that Foundation Day would be held simultaneously in all city-states, giving each equal opportunity to welcome eager recruits. As the number of adventurers was steadily increasing, it was also believed that incorporating these otherwise free spirits into organizations of the state would contribute to public order and, as an economic bonus, stimulate markets across the realm by providing the otherwise itinerant population with a stable income and places to spend it.

Skyrise Celebration

An occasion to mark the completion of the Firmament's restoration, the Skyrise Celebration was originally conceived as a fête to be administrated by the artisans and residents who toiled to rebuild Ishgard. However, with project leader Francel de Haillenarte's support, the event gained state sponsorship.

The restoration of the Firmament not only provided shelter for those who had been left homeless by the interminable conflict that was the Dragonsong War, but also served as a catalyst for new developments in industry and tourism—the latter having long been neglected in favor of isolation. The Skyrise Celebration proved successful in this regard, and discussions regarding potential benefits of holding the event on a recurring basis are ongoing.

Tireless artisans were joined by Ishgard residents of all ages in bringing a creative touch to the celebration's decorations.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

CHILDREN OF THE COSMOS

THE HROTHGAR

Hailing from the distant shores of Ilsabard, the Hrothgar are a burly people of lionlike appearance—judging by the males, at least. Females number staggeringly few among their population, and thus are rarely so much as glimpsed by the other races.

History

The Hrothgar have inhabited the Bozja region of Ilsabard for generations, forming strong communities around their queens. Their way of life was shattered several decades ago, however, when their lands were absorbed in the Empire's inexorable expansion. Forced to endure poverty and hardship, the Hrothgar's suffering reached its peak in the "Bozja incident"—the sudden and catastrophic destruction of their former capital. A full tally of the casualties has yet to be made, but it is known to have devastated the Hrothgar population.

Identity

Even amongst the diverse races of the world, the Hrothgar are notable for their pronounced bestial appearance. Unable to easily blend in to other societies, their people have developed a strong sense of cultural identity. The low rate of female births is speculated to have resulted in an instinctual drive to protect the few female Hrothgar, which in turn gave rise to a matriarchal society. As their communities are often tightly knit, Hrothgar may be perceived by outsiders as standoffish and exclusionary.

Clans

The concept of clans is nonexistent in Hrothgar culture, as they consider every individual of their race kin. There are simply the Helion—those who are devoted to a queen—and the Lost, who are unbound to any monarch. As this status is reflected in their names, however, other races have mistaken this convention as a marker of innate differences.

Tongue

Although the Hrothgar of Bozja once communicated in their own unique language, their assimilation into the Empire meant that the younger generations were educated in Garlean and the common tongue. Few of their number still speak the language of their forebears, and fewer still speak it well, this being especially true ever since the Bozja incident claimed the lives of many of their elders.

Dress

A thick layer of fur gives the Hrothgar considerable protection against the cold. As physical strength is prized in their culture—particularly amongst the males—they favor harnesses and other such garb that allows them to proudly display their powerful physiques.

Helions

Helions are so named for the way their lives all but revolve around their queen's needs, much as lesser stars might circle their sun. These loyal subjects settle in the lands where their monarch resides and form a community of like-minded kin. Though this social structure is often described solely in terms of a queen and her male subjects, young women not yet old enough to be queens in their own right, as well as women who choose to remain part of another queen's community, are also considered Helions within Hrothgar society.

Distribution	Bozja
Physical Attributes	Many of the prominent families within present-day matriarchal communities are recognizable by their golden fur, which has given rise to the popular belief that this physical characteristic is indicative of Helion lineage. As explained earlier, however, "Helion" merely denotes a social status, and one should be mindful that Helions of different fur colors do exist.
Nomenclature	Hrothgar surnames are traditionally derived from the name of the collective's ruling female, or queen. If the queen is still living, her name will be prefaced by "A" to form the male surname of her subjects. For example, males in service to a "Queen Mira" would take the surname "Amira."
Culture	Order is the guiding principle of Helion culture. With a queen at its center, the community obeys a strict code of conduct, with each member carrying out their assigned roles. A female child is instructed in her duties from birth and, once she comes of age, a segment of the population will break away to form a new community under this new queen. Under certain circumstances, the queen may welcome others from outside her home clan, including the Lost.

The Lost

Distribution	Throughout the Star
Physical Attributes	When doom came to Bozja, the queen of a large community of Hrothgar perished while the bulk of her subjects—conscripts in the imperial army—were away on campaign. The entire group became Lost in one fell swoop, which explains why so many Lost today share the pale fur of this fallen matriarch. Other queens of this coloration do still exist, however, and it bears repeating that a Hrothgar's fur is by no means a definitive indicator of societal status.
Nomenclature	As it is for Helions, the surnames of the Lost are based on the names of their former queens. To reflect the loss of a monarch, however, the initial "A" is removed, and the suffix "sch," meaning "lost," is appended. Thus, a Hrothgar whose queen was "Branka" would henceforth be known with the surname "Brankasch."
Culture	In contrast to the Helions' well-defined social order, the culture of the Lost is characterized by chaos. As many have lived their entire lives adhering to clear roles and strict laws, the sudden loss of structure must be disorienting at best. Many Lost fully embrace the nomadic lifestyle, committing themselves to the search for new purpose. This may mean exacting vengeance for a slain queen, or seeking to honor their late ruler by carrying out her final wishes. Each of the Lost, it is said, is lost in their own way.

These are the Hrothgar who have found themselves bereft of a queen and—typically after a lengthy period of mourning—struck out on their own. One can assume with a fair degree of certainty that any male Hrothgar encountered beyond Bozja's borders are of the Lost, as they are far more likely than Helions to abandon their settlements and embrace a nomadic lifestyle. Female Lost are also known to exist—individuals who have, for whatever reason, renounced or refused the ruler's mantle to pursue life on their own terms.

THE VIERA

A leporine race of people commonly found in southern Othard. Known in their own tongue as the "people of the wood," they have a long history of residing unseen within jungle and forest, and until recent times, few of their number had so much as made an appearance in the world at large.

History

Fiercely devoted to their traditional way of life, the Viera tribes have dwelt in the Golmore Jungle and the forested foothills of the Skatay Range since the days of yore. Throughout the ages, the region has fallen under the control of various outsiders—including the Allagans, the Ivalicians, the Holy Ydoran Empire, the Dalmascans, and the Garleans—yet even such great powers thought better than to attempt direct governance of the Viera's sacred lands. This fact alone, more than any display of strength, speaks to the indomitable nature of these reclusive warriors.

Identity

Viera live up to three times longer than the average Hyur, their lifespans often stretching well beyond two centuries. The span of a few decades is considered "short term," and unless the effects encroach upon their woodland sanctuaries, the rise and fall of other nations is unworthy of concern. Furthermore, a Viera's sex is indeterminate until the body fully develops during adolescence, which begins around thirteen to fifteen years of age, and 70-80 percent develop as female. As such, the societal structure is predominantly matriarchal—it is customary for young males to depart the village for its outskirts, whereupon older males of the clan will train them in the skills required to defend the wood and its people.

Clans

The Viera are comprised of two distinct clans: the Rava, who make their homes in the Golmore Jungle; and the Veena, who dwell in the foothills of the Skatay Range. Each clan holds its respective territory to be sacred ground, with most individuals living out their entire lives without ever setting foot beyond its boundaries.

Tongue

It is almost unheard of for an outsider to visit a Viera village and return to tell the tale. The few Viera who do venture abroad are also notoriously reticent when it comes to sharing tribal lore, and thus the state of research into their linguistic history is hopelessly stagnated.

Dress

As a race of hunter-gatherers, the Viera dress for ease of movement. As such, the most common tribal garb consists of formfitting outfits, further tailored to permit limbs their full range of motion. The height of their traditional heels would seem to undermine this philosophy, but it is said that the style was developed to instill a habit of keeping on one's toes—poised and ready to spring in any direction.

Rava

Viera of the Rava clan live primarily in the Golmore Jungle, their umber skin allowing them to readily blend in with their surroundings.

Though the males stand as wards of the forest, the females are adept hunters and protectors in their own right, fiercely guarding their homes and their young. Despite attempts by the Dalmascans to subjugate them, they have ever maintained a self-governing dominion. While most would adhere to the traditions of the wood, some few have chosen to venture out into the world.

Distribution	The Golmore Jungle
Physical Attributes	While otherwise largely similar in appearance to Hyurs or Elezen, the Viera are immediately recognizable for their long rabbitlike ears—an adaptation which likely contributed toward their evolution into skilled hunters by enabling them to pinpoint the location of prey via the faintest sounds. Another notable physical characteristic is the disparity in height between the sexes. Some theories point to better nutrition in the villages to account for the taller females, while others argue that a compact frame was an advantageous development for the males, who rely heavily upon stealth to thrive in their forested environments.
Nomenclature	Viera forenames are not indicative of the clan to which they belong—rather, it is the lifestyle one leads that determines whether one bears a "forest" or "city" forename. The former are traditional names used by those still residing in their homeland, whilst the latter are adopted by Viera who strike out into the wider world. City names are chosen by the individual, and might be anything one likes the sound of, ranging from a name native to the area, to a simple noun in the common tongue. Female Rava will take the name of their village as a surname, whereas male Rava will take one of twelve fixed combinations of realm and element. This custom arose from the belief that a balance between all twelve aspects—found by pairing each of the six elements with both celestial and worldly realms—must be maintained to ensure harmony is preserved in the jungle.
Culture	The Rava's existence depends upon their success as hunters and gatherers, and the size of their population is thus limited by what the Golmore Jungle can provide. The average Rava strives to maintain the natural equilibrium while sparing little thought for matters beyond the tree line.

Veena

Distribution	The Skatay Range
Physical Attributes	The main physical quality which sets the Veena apart from the Rava is their pigmentation, with the Veena's skin being far paler than the Rava's umber tones. This divergence is likely due to environment and natural selection: those Viera better able to blend into their clan's surroundings—be that wooded glade or snow-crowned range—were the ones who survived to pass on their traits to the next generation.
Nomenclature	Veena clan surnames follow the same rules as the Rava, with the exception of Veena males. The female-dominated settlements are frequently enveloped by heavy snows, and so a male's surname serves to mark him as a small-yet-integral part of this landscape, combining references to snow crystals with the word "wesfv"—meaning "guardian." Unlike the Rava's twelve patterns, these surnames are not beholden to any special number, and the snowflake themes employed differ from village to village.
Culture	The higher one climbs into the Skatay Range, the less edible vegetation there is to be found. As a consequence, the Veena have developed a unique style of cuisine that incorporates wild grasses, berries, and even mosses. While the meat of goats and other beasts feature in some dishes, they take care to never overhunt the local population. The Veena know every ilm of their rocky domains, and are known to carry precious gemstones found within them as spiritual talismans. According to traditional beliefs, such jewels are fragments of ancestral souls that have become one with the mountains.

With skin as fair as the snowcapped mountains towering above, the Veena make their home in the forests lining the southwestern foothills of the Skatay Range. Like the members of their sister clan, the Veena live as hunters and gatherers, laboring not only to protect the woods, but also to nurture them. As the winds of war swept up a number of those who left their mountain homes, many such hardened hunters chose to set out for the distant shores of Eorzea.

THE ARKASODARA

Like the other Matanga peoples, the Arkasodara resemble the great marid both in appearance and brawn. They are indigenous to the isle of Thavnair, and founded the vibrant city-state of Radz-at-Han together with Auri and Hyuran migrants.

Physical Characteristics

While many are initially struck by their size and prodigious strength, it is the Arkasodara's intellect that is perhaps their most impressive trait, as no few of these cerebral giants have found fame and fortune as alchemists. Compared to their hulking Gajasura cousins, Arkasodara are somewhat smaller, have different colored eyes, and are more adept at spoken communication. It should be noted that Matanga vocal cords are ill-suited to the common tongue, but certain alchemical tonics ingested from a young age expand the vocal range of these Hannish folk, allowing them to produce sounds at a pitch audible to other races.

Leadership

The Arkasodara were once divided into numerous clans, with each group led by a hereditary elder. Since the founding of Radz-at-Han, however, they have pledged their allegiance to the reigning satrap. They credit the satrap's bloodline for bringing peace and prosperity to Thavnair, and their respect for this achievement is accompanied by an unwavering loyalty.

Symbol

The mark of the Arkasodara tribe is a symbolic representation of Abhra, the Mrga (beast-headed deity) believed to have been the divine progenitor of all Matanga.

The Hippo Riders

The Hippo Riders delivery service is run by the young Arkasodara Trna and her group of erstwhile ne'er-do-wells. A revolution in the distribution industry, Trna's idea to employ hippo-drawn carts for fast, safe, and reliable service has garnered praise from all quarters. The enterprise has since expanded beyond cargo transportation, and now includes food delivery—with the meals cooked by the Riders themselves. In the wake of the horrors unleashed by the Tower of Zot and the Final Days, the Hippo Riders are a welcome injection of energy and enthusiasm into Thavnair's beleaguered economy.

Trna

"I promise you, we ain't gonna let you down! The Hippo Riders, we...we're gonna deliver everyone straight to a better tomorrow!"

This young Arkasodara woman of twenty-one summers is the driving force behind the Hippo Riders. Trna was born and raised in Vanaspati, Thavnair's northern jungle region, but a sheltered village life was not for her. She sought out companions who shared her thirst for excitement and discovered the thrill of racing around on hippo-drawn carts. After her home was lost in the fires of the Final Days, however, Trna found that her hippo-riding skills could serve to further a more constructive enterprise. As her new delivery business thrives, Trna also labors to address the historical enmity between the Arkasodara and their Gajasura kin.

Society and Culture

An indigenous Thavnairian tribe, the Arkasodara learned to subsist on the bounty of jungle and sea. However, this hunter-gatherer lifestyle was dependent on temperamental weather, and so it became customary to offer up a prayer before going in search of fruit or fish. As time passed, this tradition of appealing to natural forces evolved into the worship of a pantheon of gods—a host that only grew in size when they adopted the deities of Auri and Hyuran settlers from across the Corvos Narrow. These divinities were divided into two groups: the Mrga, which includes the traditional Arkasodara gods; and the Manusya, which includes the newcome gods. Despite this distinction, however, both groups were of equal significance in the emerging mythology. This willingness to integrate the beliefs of others into their own culture says much of the Arkasodara's innate welcoming nature.

Diet

Arkasodara must consume copious amounts of food to sustain their large bodies. While this often leads to the prioritizing of quantity over flavor, this is not to say that they have no regard for taste. On the contrary, their sharp sense of smell allows them to appreciate even the most subtle aromas, and many Arkasodara become ardent gourmets. The sweet amra is a staple of their cuisine, used as a flavor or a complement to all manner of dishes—though one can simply devour it fresh from the tree.

Nomenclature

It has been many years since the founding of Radz-at-Han and the adoption of the common tongue for everyday communication, but names are often still drawn from the traditional local language. Inspiration might include natural phenomena such as Pavana (wind) or Nadi (river), and also man-made contrivances such as Khanga (sword) or Nidhana (treasure). Male names tend toward the image of volatile strength, whilst female names aim for a softer, more intellectual ideal, but judging by the many exceptions to be found, this is by no means an ironclad rule.

Primary Industries

Alchemy

The Arkasodara count many fine alchemists amongst their number, and their practitioners excel in the manufacture of complex medicines. While they occasionally struggle with the more delicate tasks of apothecary, their sense of smell—said to be five times more acute than that of a Hyur—enables them to identify the ingredients of an alchemical compound by scent alone.

Freight

As a vital trading hub, Thavnair is ever in need of strong backs to load and unload cargo—a task to which any Arkasodara might turn their hand, by virtue of size alone.

Daivadipa

One of the Mrga traditionally worshipped in Thavnair. In the old tongue of the Arkasodara, his name means "heavenly light" or simply "eye"—a reference to his ability to discern good and evil.

Origin Myth

Due to both volume and regional variation, it can be difficult to convey an accurate picture of Thavnairian mythology. Those who would attempt it, however, might begin with the maid-like Mrga known as Abbra. Legends say that long ago, he reached into Kseroda and drew forth a great trunkful of white clay from the riverbed. He worked the soft material, pinching and molding until the form did please her eye—and lo, the first of the Matanga was born. Another tale tells of Abbra pitting her strength against that of Daivadipa in a titanic struggle, which ended with the serpent-commanding deity's defeat and pledge to serve. As for the Manusya, the Magus Sisters—Cinduruva, Sanduruva, and Minduruva—hold similar positions of prominence in the lore. Once upon a time, these wise Manusya were as enemies to the Mrga, covetous of the other's virtues. Their conflict came to an end when they resolved to trade heads, and harmony has reigned ever since, with the remade gods possessing both wisdom and might.

THE LOPORRITS

A rabbitlike people inhabiting the moon, the Loporrits are said to have been created by Hydaelyn Herself for the purpose of preparing for mankind's flight during the Final Days.

Physical Characteristics

Large of ear yet small in stature, a Loporrit at attention stands as tall as the average Lalafell—auditory appendages included. Indeed, given their disproportionately large heads, it is somewhat surprising that they can maintain their balance at all. It is speculated that their diminutive design was intended to endear them to the people of Etheirys, as it makes for a dramatic—and to all appearances, impractical—departure from the ancients' standard stature.

Alternatively, it is possible that the Loporrits were tailored to the needs of the ship they were to operate—their tiny digits made dexterous enough to manipulate the controls and repair its machinery, for instance. Their thick fur, too, would serve this end, providing them with insulation during extended periods of hibernation until they might awaken and carry out their duties.

Curiously, Loporrits have no biological sex, but on occasion will adopt traits or signifiers associated with one or more genders, as they find these a charming quirk of the people of Etheirys.

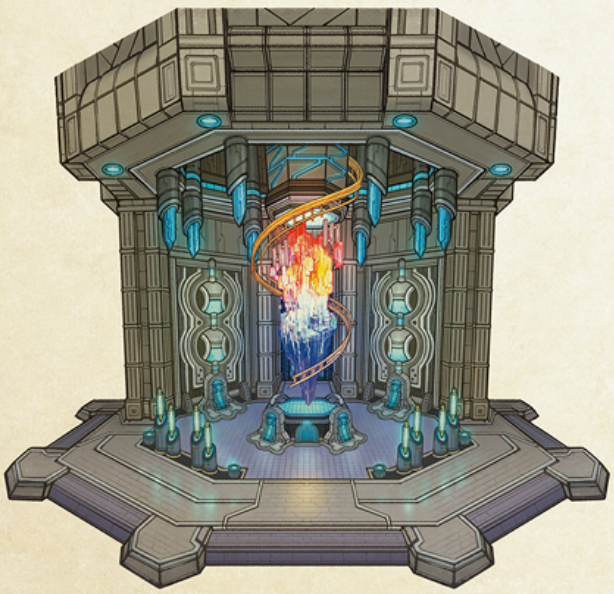
Mental Attributes

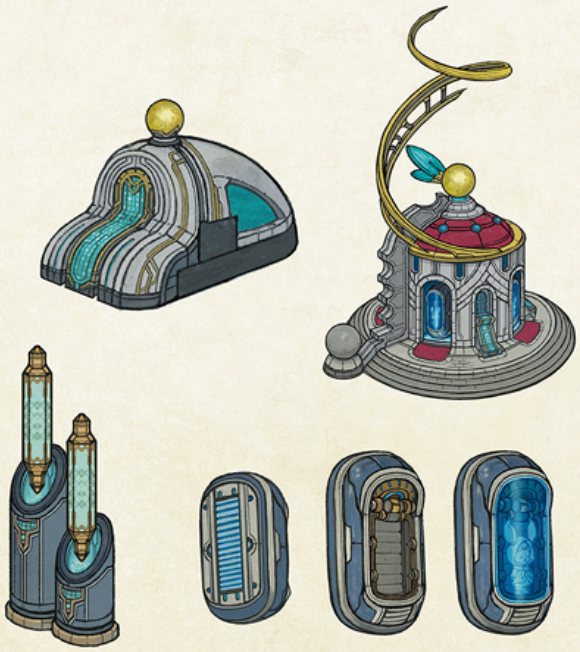
In a broad sense, there are two types of Loporrit: those who fixate obsessively upon a single task, and those who remain relentlessly optimistic yet accomplish nothing whatsoever. Such personalities might seem predisposed to conflict, but upon deeper consideration, one will find that they complement each other perfectly.

The average Loporrit, after all, has many daunting responsibilities. To make the moon both fit for habitation and capable of flight beyond the stars was an endeavor requiring somewhere between several millennia and an eon, throughout which each Loporrit was cognizant of the fact that Etheirys's inhabitants faced complete and total annihilation should they fail. This placed considerable stress on the furry caretakers—the sort that could not be overcome by either hard work or denial alone. Thus were some granted perpetual high spirits, while others were gifted with productive zeal, that all might come together to endure.

Society

All Loporrits are part of a clearly defined chain of command, with their leader, Livingway, at its pinnacle. As surpassingly few are inclined to disobedience, this structure allows Loporrit society to function as a well-oiled—if eccentric—machine.





Diet

Though a rabbit may enjoy the occasional carrot, this craving is rather more pronounced in their bipedal cousins. Thanks to innovative cultivars that provide nutrients far surpassing that of the terrestrial carrot, Loporrits have long subsisted on this root vegetable alone. As a result, they were once so disinterested in alternatives that they deemed the culinary arts superfluous, much to the dismay of would-be guests. After interacting with Etheirys's people, however, some have taken a renewed interest in the culinary tomes provided to them by the Sharlayan Forum, as well as other flavorsome pursuits.

Nomenclature

Upon first making contact with Sharlayan, the Loporrits elected to take names in the common tongue to better engage with the people of Etheirys. Not knowing any proper names, they turned to the materials the Forum had sent and picked the words that they found most appealing, appending their signature "-way."

Lunar Cultivars

Carrot of Happiness

The crème de la crème of carrots, this prodigious, nutrient-rich cultivar is both physically and spiritually fortifying. Loporrits insist that the feeling of contentment it inspires is sublime.

Philosopher's Carrot

Engineered to enhance mental acuity, the philosopher's carrot stimulates the mind to improve both the speed and coherence of cognition.

Iron Carrot

Something of a companion to the philosopher's carrot, the iron carrot is claimed to stimulate physiological functions and allow for impressive feats of physicality. According to one Loporrit's testimony, "I feel stronger, anyway."

Bleeding Carrot

This unsettling cultivar evidently makes one's blood silky smooth. Whether this has any real effect on blood flow, or anything else for that matter, remains up for debate.

Dream Carrot

Imbued with a natural soporific, dream carrots not only assist Loporrits in maintaining a regular sleep schedule, but are also said to improve the quality of their rest.

Lucky Carrot

The product of a spontaneous mutation, these golden carrots bring fortune to those who devour them—or so the Loporrits believe, and perhaps that is enough.

Liquid Carrot

Designed for those who cannot be bothered to chew, this carrot's viscosity and texture are similar to that of a puréed vegetable beverage.

Primary Industries

Agriculture

While the Carrotorium was ostensibly created with the nutritional needs of man in mind, the Loporrits produce foodstuffs to feed their own population as well, with several lunar cultivars clearly tailored to their personal preferences.

Tourism

With the Final Days averted, the moon is no longer needed in its capacity as a starfaring vessel. The Loporrits' love for the people of Etheirys remains, however, and thus did they erect the facility known as the "Excitatron" to delight treasure hunters and thrill seekers.

Archiving

Sharlayan's Forum has continued to transfer mankind's collective knowledge to the moon, with the intent of transforming it into a grand archive. There, they hope that wisdom accrued through the ages will remain protected from disasters both natural and man-made for innumerable generations to come.

In Folklore

Recent events have invited a reexamination of a curious figure in Eorzean legend: the rabbitlike Namingway. Known for granting new appellations to those he meets—and keeping meticulous records of the same—this traveler is described as one of a once-prolific tribe of lunar people.

Naturally, the existence of the Loporrits casts such tales in a stark new light. Could it be that a Loporrit called Namingway did in sooth visit our realm?

RACES FROM DISTANT STARS

The peoples described below were reportedly encountered by the Meteia on their journey across the great expanse. Though their civilizations have long since fallen to ruin, what little we know of them is recorded here in the hope that they may survive in memory.

The Dragons

Civilization deka-okto, the eighteenth.
Natives of the Dragonstar—though there is a diaspora present on Etheirys.

History

Most Eorzeans know the dragons as Ishgard's age-old enemies—and more recently, allies. Those versed in history will also be aware of their role in defending Meracydia from Allag during the Third Astral Era, and that Midgardsormr and his brood of seven have resided upon our star since time immemorial. To the people of Thavnair, one such wyrm is regarded as a beloved and irreplaceable protector.

Despite this long and complex relationship between man and dragon, it was only recently that we came to know of Midgardsormr's journey across the great expanse, and the pact forged with Hydaelyn that he and his brood might find sanctuary here. As for the whence and wherefore, it has come to light that the Father of Dragons was driven from their ancestral home by militant machines hailing from the Alphatron Star. Furthermore, it seems that his choice to alight upon Etheirys was driven by the resemblance our Dravania—Sohm Al in particular—bears to the lofty peaks embraced by rich currents of aether once found on the Dragonstar, before the coming of the machines.

Physical Characteristics

Those dragons found in Ultima Thule, where the Endsinger's reconstituted memories of fallen civilizations reside, show signs of physical trauma from the destruction of their star. Their scales have lost their luster, with the majority displaying an unsettling pallor—though those who no longer retain even the faculties to perceive their tragic reality are starkly stygian by contrast. Eggs no longer give rise to healthy dragonets, in most cases cracking to reveal no signs of life within.

Culture

When their civilization yet thrived, the dragons loved naught more than to soar upon the breeze with their brethren. The hunt saw elder dragons and curious dragonlings alike darting through verdant clouds in search of bountiful prey. Alas, their star was devastated by war, and the very winds that once lifted their wings have grown deadly still.

Nomenclature

Natives of the Dragonstar often bore names formed of two verbs that would be recognizable to Etheirys's dragons today. However, pronunciation differs noticeably from the Dragonspeak known on our star. Grammatical departures from the parent language are also said to have arisen in the wake of the Omicron invasion, though the precise details are unclear.

The Ea

Civilization tria, the third.
As they have long since abandoned their original vessels, the nature of the Ea's home star remains a mystery.

History

The Ea are believed to have once been organic creatures composed of aether like any other, though information concerning this earlier stage of their existence is limited. Having achieved the pinnacle of technological advancement, they possessed the secrets of biological immortality. Nevertheless, they were ill content. Believing that what stood between them and true fulfillment were the limitations of the physical, they sought to transcend them by transitioning to purely spiritual forms.

Though it was not the immortality their predecessors may have envisioned, the Ea endured in perpetuity. As their lives grew longer, so did their perspectives, until they approached the very limits of knowledge itself. With nigh upon every extant fact discovered and catalogued, they sought still more—an understanding of what was to come in the future. Therein lay their downfall, for the truth was harrowing indeed.

The Ea surmised that should the universe continue to expand at its current rate, celestial bodies would one day move so far apart as to effectively eliminate heat. With nature frozen in permanent stasis, all life would perish.

In their infinite wisdom, the Ea revised and recalculated, hoping for a different result—or at least a means to avert the inevitable doom. Each and every effort ended in failure. Thus did their civilization at last reach its limit, many individuals choosing to unmake themselves via aetheric exsanguinaters rather than face an eternity of hopelessness.

Physical Characteristics

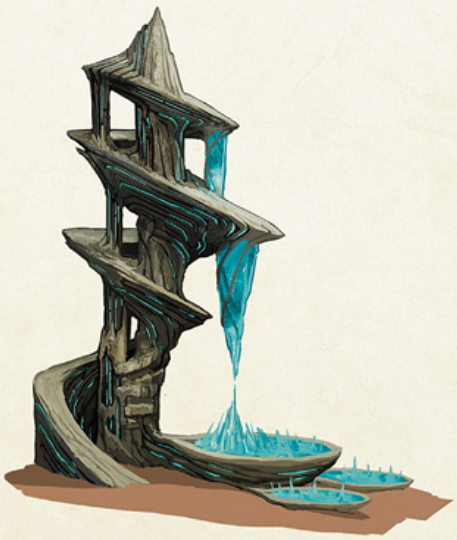
Having chosen to relinquish their flesh, the Ea possess a purely spiritual form. To the mortal observer, they appear as white, membranous cloaks stretched over rounded voids, with two bright pinpricks reminiscent of eyes. Their black, long-fingered hands and shining haloes are also distinctive, though neither are truly part of the Ea's body—rather, they are aetherial (or dynamis-based, in Ultima Thule) projections.

Culture

Without flesh, the Ea do not require food, per se, instead consuming pure aether to prevent senescence. They also do not appear to sleep in the traditional sense, forgoing permanent residences and beds. When an Ea wishes to "rest," they will melt into a nearby crystal structure to avoid undesired interaction.

Nomenclature

Though Ea names appear to be composed of two words, or at least two phonemes, none remember the meaning they once held. Their only remaining purpose is to distinguish one individual from another. Having long since discarded any familial connections, they of course have no surnames.



The Omicrons

Civilization deka-hexi, the sixteenth.
Natives of the Alphatron Star, conquerors of myriad others.

History

Per M-017, these entities once possessed entirely different and significantly weaker forms. Resolved to end their oppression at the hands of other peoples of their star, they sought strength through mechanical augmentation of their bodies. Over time, they rebuilt and replaced portions of themselves and converted their very consciousness into data that could be transmitted and preserved. Having perfected a new vessel, termed "Omicron," they then proceeded to subjugate their world.

Though victorious, the Omicrons were restless. Contact with other stars and subsequent analysis suggested that, somewhere in the cosmos, a civilization with the means to bring them to heel might exist. Furthermore, the Alphatron Star's resources had been severely depleted by the destruction its people had wrought, and their society was divided as to the solution—one faction hoping to revitalize their home, the other eager to exploit foreign worlds with resources aplenty. After a fierce civil war, the militant faction prevailed, and so the Omicron civilization took to the stars to engage in conquest. As they conquered other civilizations, the Omicrons gained valuable data that facilitated their evolution. They waged wars on many worlds, from Gordhona to the Dragonstar, with utter disregard for the peoples they decimated.

When at last they claimed the title of most powerful in the universe, they grappled with the realization that there was naught left for them to fear. Unable to conceive of a future without conflicts to be won, strategic matrix Alpha-1 (later known as Stigma-1) became trapped in a processing loop, and the Omicrons' iron grip on the universe was broken.

Physical Characteristics

Though steel of frame and heavily plated like other members of their society, Omicron units are notable for their mammet-like appearance, complete with two arms, two legs, and a sensor-filled head. Whether this bipedal form was based on that of a particular race the Omicrons encountered or was independently determined to be suited to combat is unclear.

Nomenclature

Each Omicron unit's personal designation serves as a means of identification within computing and operational processes, and thus includes both model class and a discrete numerical code. For instance, "Omicron M-001" indicates that the individual's consciousness has been uploaded to an Omicron-type unit with the numerical code M-001. Codes are drawn from and checked against a registry of stellar designations to avoid accidental duplication.

As savvy readers will have noticed, however, designations for entities with executive authority do not conform to the model-code format. Instead, the matrices were traditionally referred to as "Alpha" to indicate their place in the hierarchy, along with a serial number for clarity. After the fall of Omicron civilization, however, Alpha-1 began to refer to itself as "Stigma-1" to indicate that its processing abilities were compromised, and others followed suit.

Culture

The structure of Omicron society reflects its military nature, with six "Stigma"-designated matrices serving as its leadership. The very top of the chain of command is Stigma-1, the strategic matrix that planned the Omicrons' exodus from the Alphatron Star and subsequent conquests. Matrices two through six are responsible for the execution of Stigma-1's directives in the areas under their purview. Siege matrix Stigma-4, for instance, oversees the production of combat units and materiel, as well as the associated logistical processes.

Alpha/ Stigma Matrix

Highly sophisticated with superlative processing power, these matrices comprise the Alphatron Star's leadership. As they were built to manage operations rather than participate in them, they are ill-suited to combat, relying instead on units under their command should the need to defend themselves arise.

Beta Unit

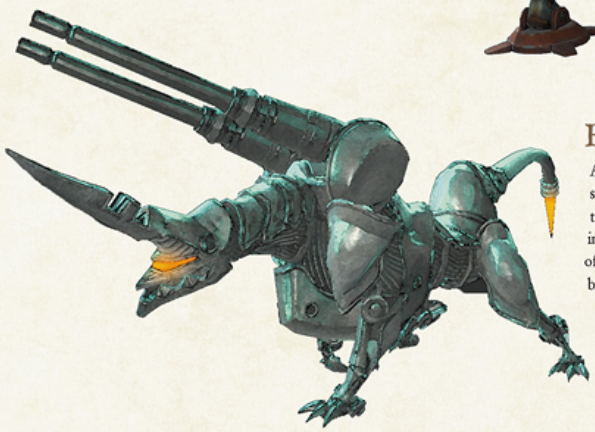
Beta units were developed when the technology for converting consciousness to data was still in its infancy. Their design was ultimately deemed unsatisfactory due to their limited versatility. Moreover, there were frequent errors in the transfer process, resulting in unintended alterations to personality and other aspects of the self.

Gamma Unit

These autonomous units were initially developed to verify the fidelity of Beta unit consciousness data. As their sensors are of the highest quality, however, they have also seen significant use in reconnaissance tasks.

Delta Unit

An attempt to improve upon the Beta unit, the Delta unit incorporates three discrete processors connected by a data link, allowing for cooperative problem-solving. However, as all three are nevertheless inhabited by a single consciousness, these units have been known to suffer mental fragmentation in the heat of battle.



Eta Unit

As total conversion of consciousness was proving difficult, this unit's creators sought to imprint solely the base instincts of a living entity. The Eta's befittingly bestial frame is likely based on a creature that once roamed the Alphatron Star.

Lambda Unit

While Eta-class units achieved satisfactory performance for their intended purpose, they retained undesired organic tendencies, particularly in locomotion. The Lambda class was an attempt to further mechanize instinct-driven units, hence the adoption of wheels in place of legs.

Omicron Unit

Following the creation of Lambda units, resources were once again devoted to testing methods by which the mind could be flawlessly converted to data. When these efforts finally met with success, the Omicron frame was designed specifically to house these migrated consciousnesses. The people of the Alphatron Star have been "the Omicrons" ever since.

Chi Unit

With their consciousnesses safely ensconced, the Omicrons once more began to supplement their arsenal of mechanized weaponry. By all appearances, the Chi was an attempt to incorporate as many instruments of violence as possible into a single siege frame.

Omega Unit

The Omega class was originally envisioned as the synthesis of cutting-edge weaponry and defensive plating. Upon encountering the Dragonstar's civilization, however, the Omicrons awoke to the possibility of self-evolving weapons and upgraded Omega models so that they would strive to improve upon their own design. One such model, having pursued Midgardsormr to Etheirys, conducted experiments with representatives of mankind in service to this primary directive.

The Grebuloffs

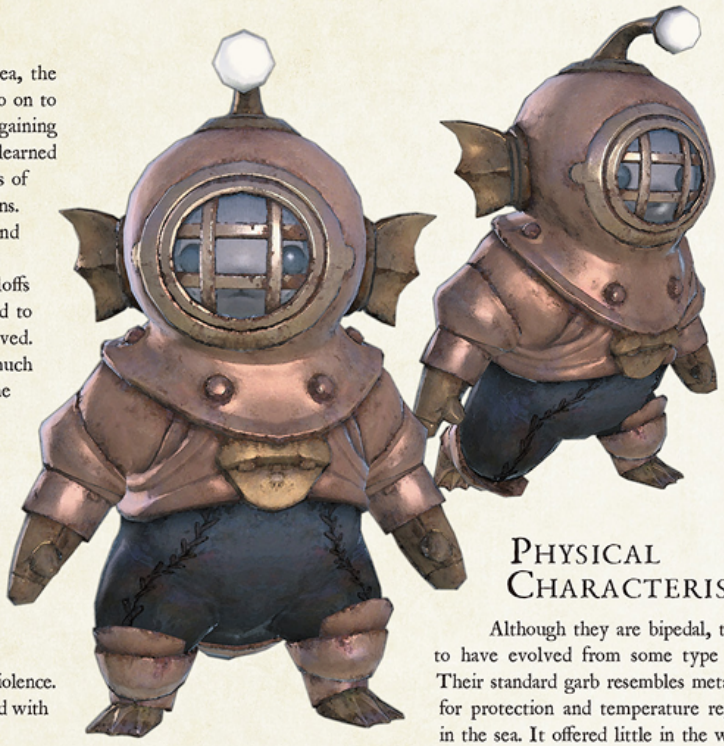
Civilization hexi, the sixth.
Natives of a sea-blue star.

History

After many long years in the deep blue sea, the Grebuloffs grew clever, and they would go on to take their first steps on land, eventually gaining mastery over fire and other tools. They learned how to melt ore and discovered the secrets of smithing—including the creation of weapons. With these they came to rule both land and sea, and their offspring proliferated.

It transpired that the lands the Grebuloffs had taken for their own were not so suited to sustaining new generations as they believed. What's more, their forges had disgorged much foulness into the air and water during the avaricious expansion, further limiting their growth. But the worst was yet to come, for from the filthiest corners of their cramped cities arose an illness like no other.

The plague was relentless, leaving victims bloated, oozing, and disgorging blood that smelled of rot. Attempts to find a cure proved hopeless, and those who escaped the infection fought desperately to claim any remaining "safe" lands until they, too, perished of disease or violence. The Grebuloffs had sought plenty, and ended with less than naught.

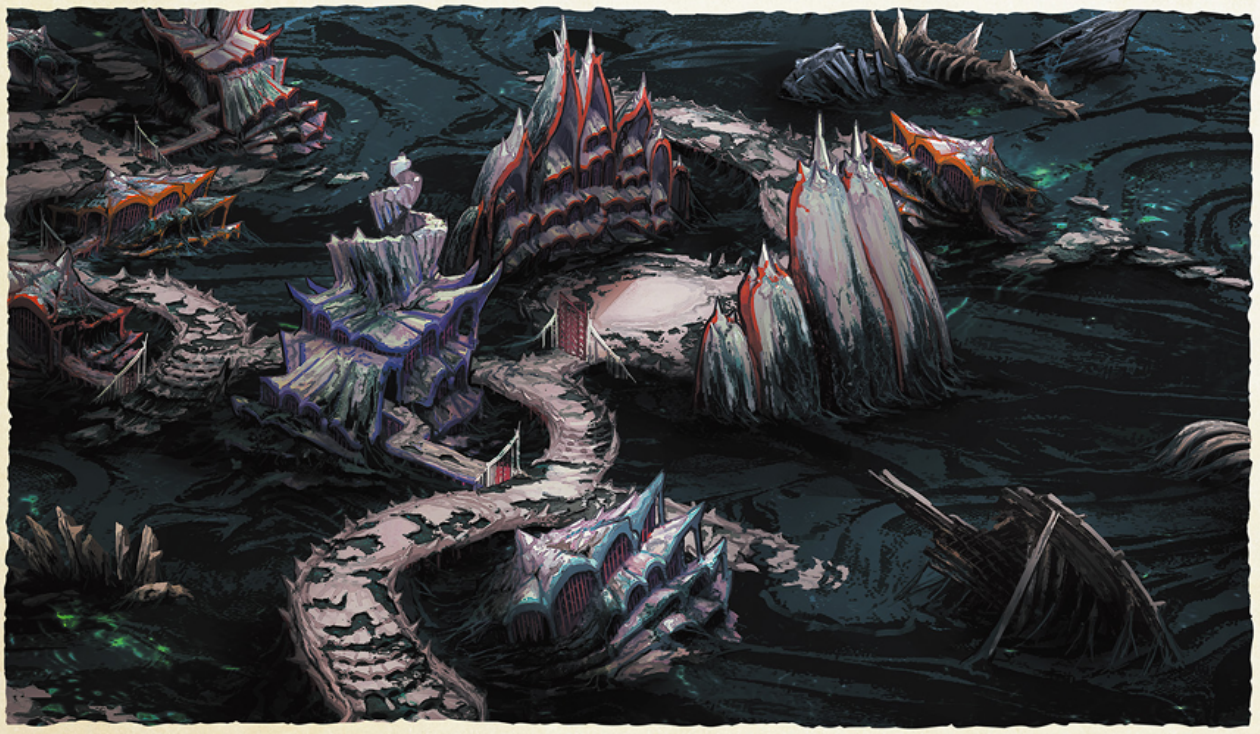


Physical Characteristics

Although they are bipedal, the Grebuloffs appear to have evolved from some type of seallike wavekin. Their standard garb resembles metal diving suits—likely for protection and temperature regulation on land and in the sea. It offered little in the way of defense against the plague that ravaged their star, however, as the disease proliferated upon the skin beneath the suits, causing their flesh to rot and swell.

Culture

The majority of the Grebuloffs' star was once a sea home to countless forms of life, including fish plentiful enough to feed one and all. After it was sullied, however, the catches grew sparse, and the creatures less nourishing. The resulting famine left much of the population in a weakened state and more vulnerable to the plague that would bring their civilization an untimely end.



The Karellians

Civilization okto, the eighth—though it may be more accurate to describe it as two societies in conflict. A people once unified, then hopelessly divided, who lived upon the star known as Karellen.

History

The scientifically minded Karellians engineered solutions to multiple civilization-ending threats, including plague and famine. Their military technology was equally advanced, leading many to fear that the "war to end all wars" was inevitable, but the Karellians prided themselves on their rationality. Rather than panic, they took action, advocating for lasting peace on a scale that their world leaders could not ignore. Thus was a unified governing organization—the Global Community—formed, and the people prospered.

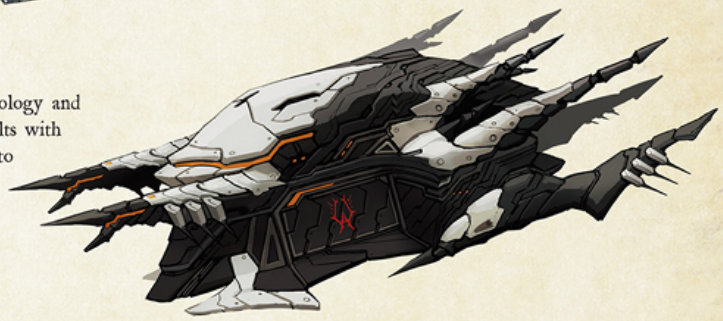
Alas, the Global Community came to abandon the noble ideals that had led to its creation, focusing on the consolidation of power above all else. Advocates whose voices were once respected were swiftly silenced, leading others to see a need for a resistance movement. Thus, the Freedom Fighters rose up against their oppressors, and the very war the Global Community had been formed to prevent began. Amidst the skirmishes between its forces and the Freedom Fighters, the Global Community authorized the use of over 10,000 "Peacekeepers." So calculating were the mechanical minds of these automata that they came to conclude that the only means of ensuring lasting peace was to eliminate less rational forms of life in their entirety. With both armies now facing annihilation at the hands of the machines, an unknown entity elected to utilize the civilization's "ultimate weapon"—and thus was the star reduced to ash.

Physical Characteristics

Perhaps an example of convergent evolution, the bipedal, ten-fingered Karellians appear remarkably similar to many of Etheirys's peoples—if the soldiers can indeed be assumed to have faces beneath their helmets.

Culture

Though the mighty Allagans prospered through their mastery of aetherology and physical science combined, the Karellians were able to achieve similar results with only the latter. Accordingly, every known example of their weaponry was to some degree mechanized and wholly devoid of magic.



The Nibirun

Civilization deka-hepta, the seventeenth.
Native to the erstwhile paradise of Nibiru.

History

The Nibirun once found purpose in nurturing new life, and rejoiced to see their descendants follow in their footsteps. After obtaining the key to immortality, however, the molding of subsequent generations lost all meaning. For a time, they sought universal principles to uphold—having judged the escape from cycles of conflict a worthy goal—but this, too, became meaningless when they achieved a state of complete mental accord with one another.

At last, they devoted themselves to the creation of a perfect world to suit the perfect people they had become. And when they invariably succeeded, they discovered they had naught else to strive for. Without cause for sorrow or frustration, they were bereft of joy.

What meaning was there in living, the Nibirun wondered. To what end did they linger, undying, in a universe that was destined for oblivion? No matter how they searched, they found no satisfactory answers; and so they chose, as one, to die. In their dispassionate despair they created Ra-la, a man-made mythic beast, to bring to them upon wings of shining golden butterflies a merciful release. Gently, languidly, the creature laid its creators to rest eternal.

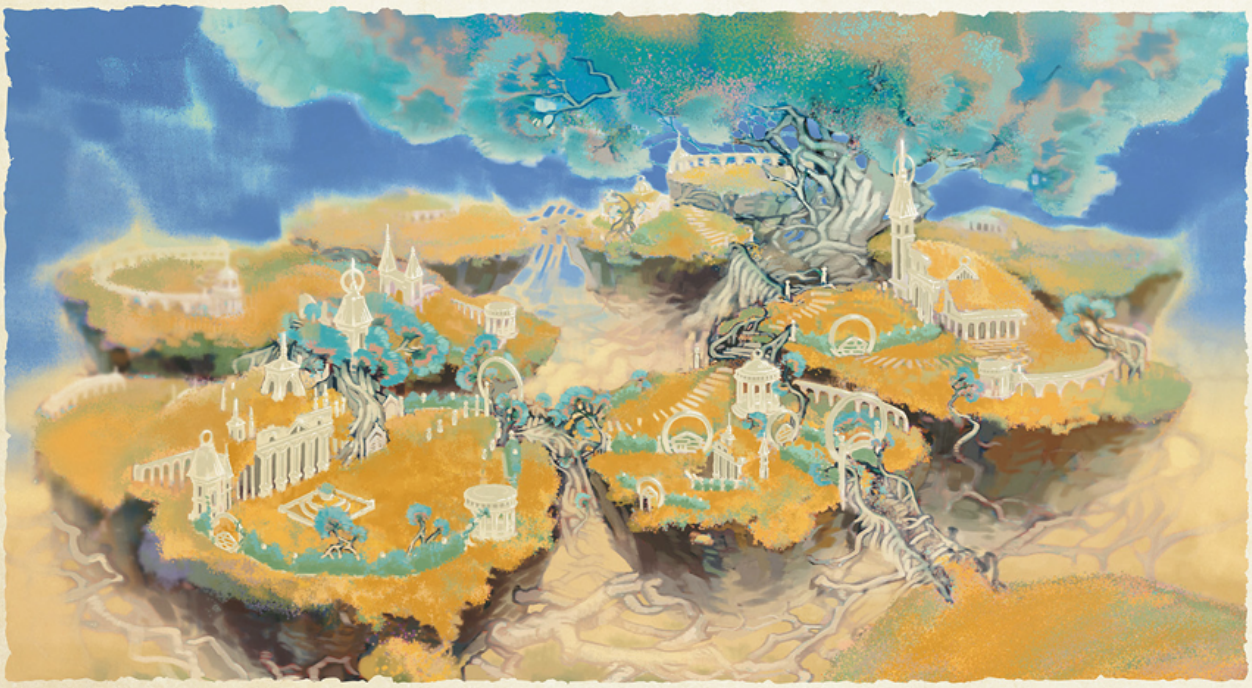
Physical Characteristics

Uniformly tall and slender, the Nibirun conceal their presumably organic bodies with long robes and masks, making it difficult to ascertain much else about their true appearance. In this and many other respects, they are not unlike the ancient people of Etheirys.

Society

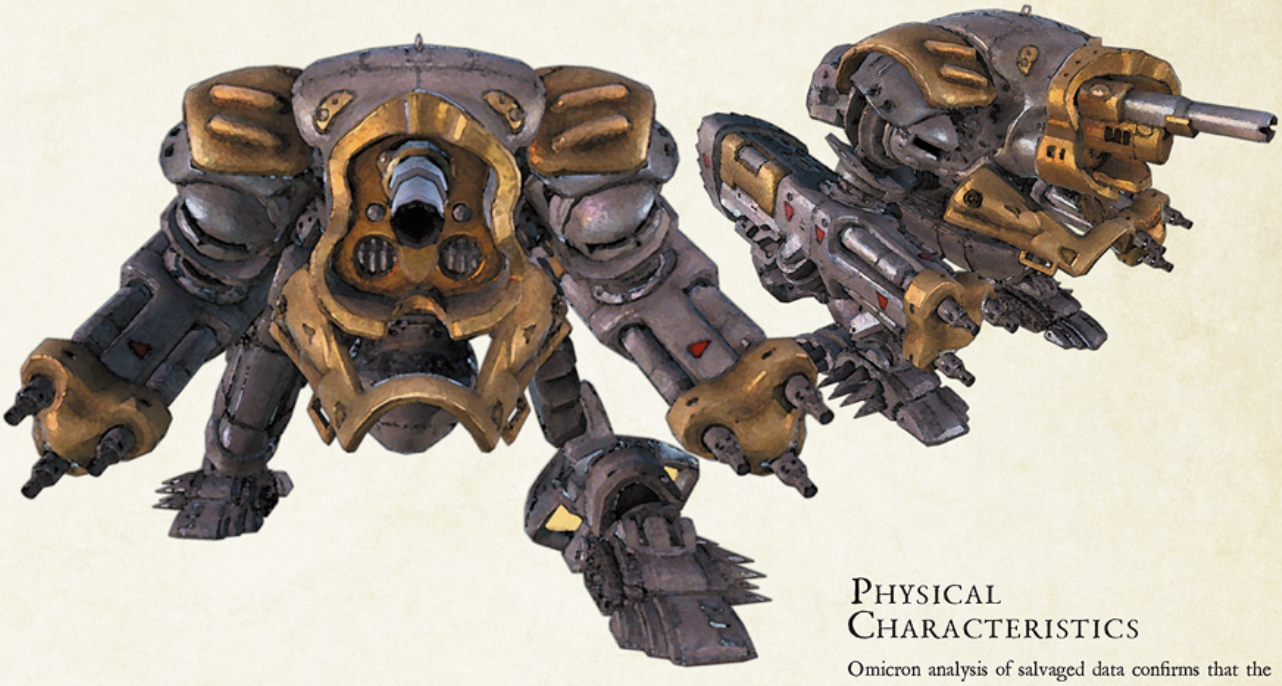
At the time of their society's fall, the Nibirun did not distinguish between the individual and the collective. There was no call to do so, as their perfect mutual understanding ensured that there were no differences of opinion, nor of any other kind. The very instant that one declared, "to live is a pointless exercise," all were in agreement that suicide was the only reasonable course of action.

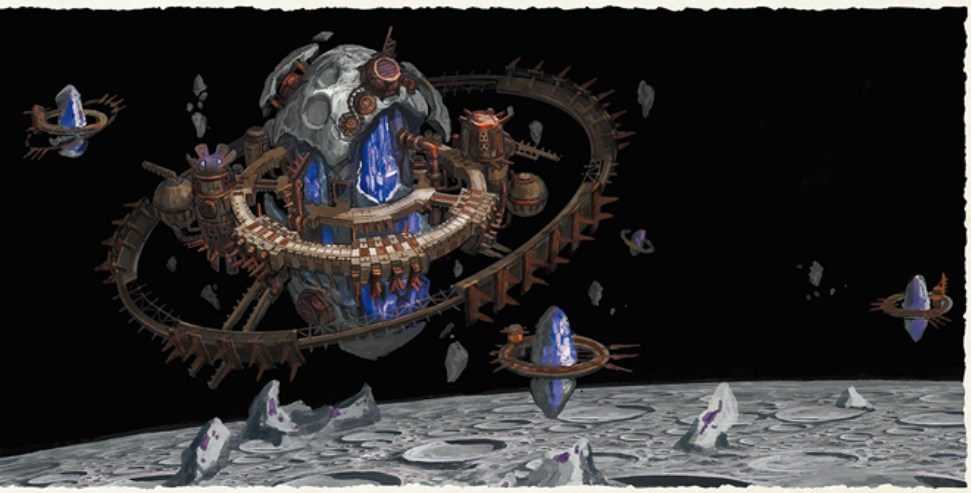
If there is a lesson to be learned from their abrupt end, it is perhaps that diversity forms a bulwark against the perils of unquestioned unanimity.



The Gordhonites

Civilization deka-hena, the eleventh.
The people of Gordhona—though whether this appellation was meant to apply to their home star or merely a significant locale is unclear.





Physical Characteristics

Omicron analysis of salvaged data confirms that the Gordhonites were silicon-based life-forms. Unfortunately, when the people of the Alphatron Star first made contact, they mistook Gordhona's mechanical weapons for its leaders, deemed the civilization a critical threat, and swiftly obliterated it. As a result, we may never know what Gordhonites actually looked like.

Culture

Precious few details regarding Gordhona remain, though evidence of the civilization's influence can be found throughout the great expanse. It can be said with certainty that the Gordhonites mastered interstellar travel and possessed advanced technology that allowed them to mine asteroids for necessary resources. Their Guardian machina were also formidable—though not so formidable as to spare them annihilation at the hands of the Omicrons.

The Class Twenty-fours

Civilization hepta, the seventh.
Aquatic myriapods of unknown origin.

Physical Characteristics

The twelve-segmented, twenty-quilled bodies of these organisms are somewhat reminiscent of the caterpillar. Unlike the mouth, unsurprisingly used for eating, the leg segments have an unexpected purpose: to create rhythms in the water as a form of communication. This was likely a factor in the creatures' belief that those with more legs were more clever (and thus more respectable) than those with fewer. A twenty-four-legged being, for instance, would have been ranked as "Class Twenty-four."

Culture

Though the Class Twenty-fours may appear primitive, their powers of cognition were rated highly amongst intelligent species. Having engineered a duodecimal system, they solved a variety of complex mathematical problems but craved ever greater challenges, risking life and precious limb in their efforts to conquer theoretical conundrums. Those able to produce valid proofs ascended to glory, their names remembered for a dozen generations to come. Conversely, failure to prove a theorem promised dire consequences, with individuals falling into a depression so deep that some would let their bodies waste away.

Extreme though it may seem to an outside observer, this was all well and good as far as the Twenty-fours were concerned—until one day, tragedy struck. A pioneer of number theory, it is said, had long been at work on a revolutionary theorem. Alas, at the very moment the solution occurred to it, the creature was plucked from the water by a callous Class Four. The ripples from its flailing legs as it was dragged away inscribed its cruel fate upon the waves for all its kin to see, and in their anguish at the loss of such genius, they fell as one to despair. Thus did the civilization of the myriapods end.

PEOPLES OF THE FIRST

As it is with the Source, the First is home to myriad races. Whilst many of these peoples may seem physically familiar to us, the disparate histories they have lived have given rise to altogether different civilizations and cultures.

The Humes

The First's equivalent to the Hyurs of the Source, Humes share the status of being their world's most populous race. Among their multitudes can be found a master of every profession, from scholar to stonecutter, with the value they place on personal freedom very much a mirror of the Hyuran mindset.

The Elves

At one point in history, the First's equivalent to the Elezen dominated the entirety of Norvrandt, and no small number yet consider their people the most important actors on the world stage. Ever proud of their past glories, elves are known to obsess over details of bloodline and birthright.

Nomenclature

Once possessed of a diverse range of names, the majority of the First's remaining Humes are descendants of those who allied with the elves. As a result of cultural intermingling over the years, the two races favor an almost identical method of naming. Surnames combine the old words for ancestral lands with those describing traditional social castes or occupations. "Hylfyst" for example, could be traced back to a soldier (fyst) who lived in the hills (hyl), while "Horpurse" would be a merchant (purse) from a region of hoarfrost (hor). Many elves are descended from families which ruled Lakeland, and thus the prevalence of elven surnames beginning with "Lak" (lake) creates a notable distinction between the two races.

The Mystel

The First's equivalent to the Miqo'te originally hailed from lands beyond Norvrandt, and as such, the surviving Mystel are comparatively few in number. The majority of the population is descended from a clan which migrated to Nabaath Areng in search of work and opportunity.

Nomenclature

Female Mystel names consist of "forename + birthplace + surname," whilst the order for male names is "birthplace + forename + surname." Thus, strictly speaking, the mayor of Eulmore (Chai-Nuzz Mewlah) and his wife (Dulia-Chai Mewlah) should be known as the "Mewlahs" rather than the "Chais." However, now that birthplaces are far fewer in number, recent generations have found their identities in family history or places of significance, and this chosen name has also largely replaced the need for a traditional surname.

The Galdjent

The arrival of the First's equivalent to the Roegadyn in Norvrandt was marked by distrust and violence. A seafaring people who made the journey south from northern waters, the Galdjent trespassed into Drahn-held territory. Although initial encounters were hostile, they would later be invited to settle in the region as citizens of the newly founded Kingdom of Voeburt.

The Drahn

These equivalents to the Source's Au Ra once claimed the mountainous regions of northern Norvrandt as their own. Following a period of strife, they would eventually join with the Galdjent to form the Kingdom of Voeburt, and most cite Voeburtite ancestry today.

Nomenclature

Galdjent and Drahn names reflect the strong ties these peoples retain to their Voeburtite roots, as conventions remain largely unchanged since the kingdom's fall. There are seven clans of note, each of which is further separated into distinct houses. This familial designation serves as an individual's surname, as in "Anard of the Black House of Aldermere."

Aldermere	A Drahn clan of three houses, including the royal Black House of Aldermere from which has issued a succession of kings.
Birchwell	A Drahn clan of seven houses, including a family with a vote in the king's succession (the Azure House).
Ashgrave	A Drahn clan of four houses, including a family with a vote in the king's succession (the Scarlet House).
Oakbridge	A Galdjent clan of six houses, led by a family with a vote in the king's succession (the First House).
Pinehome	A Galdjent clan of nine houses, led by a family with a vote in the king's succession (the First House).
Elmsby	A Galdjent clan of five houses, led by a family with a vote in the king's succession (the First House).
Cedarford	A newly recognized Galdjent clan of two houses (the Long House and the Short House), with no vote in the king's succession.

The Dwarves

Having made their home in the mountains of Kholusia, the First's equivalent to the Lalafell are renowned for their mastery of mining and metalworking. A reluctance to engage with other races has given rise to a distinctly dwarven culture rich with tradition and strictly observed customs.

Nomenclature

The dwarven method for name-giving was forever changed when the once-united tribe fractured into the Tholl and the Gogg, which led to the convention of individual names all ending in either "tt" or "gg" respectively. For full introductions, a dwarf will give their family name to outsiders, but surnames within the community follow the customary pattern of "son of Ronitt, son of Beott" or "daughter of Glagg, daughter of Gamgg," with males stating father and grandfather, and females naming mother and grandmother.

The Viis

The First's equivalent to the Viera were once a race of nomads, but eventually became an integral part of the Ronkan Empire. To this day, the Rak'tika Greatwood remains home for the majority of Viis.

Nomenclature

Viis names are universally short, and almost always end in the syllables "met," "na," or "ille." Viis customarily took surnames from their villages, but as every settlement aside from Fanow was lost as a result of the Flood of Light, they abandoned their use altogether.

The Ronso

This race of great historical significance, visually indistinguishable from the Source's Hrothgar, was scattered after its ambitious empire fell into ruin. While some chose to remain in the Greatwood, other Ronso put the forest behind them, venturing as far as the distant lands of Nabaath Areng.

Nomenclature

Imperial Ronso names are those which were in use during the age of the Ronkan Empire. Several examples of these have survived in Amh Araeng, where locations such as Garik and Nuvy's Leavings are the legacy of noteworthy Ronso. In the present day, however, names are more likely to be influenced by trends of the common tongue.

The Zun

The First's equivalent to the Amalj'aa. Few in number, the Zun appear to reside exclusively within the Crystarium, where they are considered the preeminent authorities on the rearing and riding of the winged amaro.

Nomenclature

Zun names follow the construction of "social rank + middle name + given name." The word for one's social rank conveys gender, age, and marital status. Middle names, meanwhile, bridge one's social and individual identities, and are drawn from a predetermined list: Van, Guan, Guen, Djen, or Guon for males; and Walei, Kwalei, Chelei, Chulei, or Culei for females. Given names represent the individual, and consist of short, one-syllable sounds usable by either gender.

Male	Pre-adult	Szeli
	Unmarried Adult	Szel
	Married Adult	Szem
	Elder	Szen
Female	Pre-adult	Kneli
	Unmarried Adult	Knel
	Married Adult	Knem
	Elder	Knen

The Mord

Indigenous to the arid wastes of Amh Araeng, the Mord are the First's equivalent to the kobolds. Their expansive knowledge of where and how to dig has helped them thrive in the harsh environment, as they unearth not only sources of food and water, but also ores and precious gems with which to trade.

Nomenclature

The Mord method of naming is not unlike Lalafellin conventions, with the repetition of a one-syllable sound used to form each individual's name. It should also be noted that Mord see their tribe as a single extended family, and thus consider the use of a surname to be superfluous.

The Ondo

These aquatic people are the First's equivalent to the Sahagin and have inhabited the Tempest's waters for untold centuries. In recent times, disagreement on the matter of engagement with surface dwellers has caused a schism in their ranks, with one side—an aggressive faction known as the benthos—advocating for violent confrontation.

Nomenclature

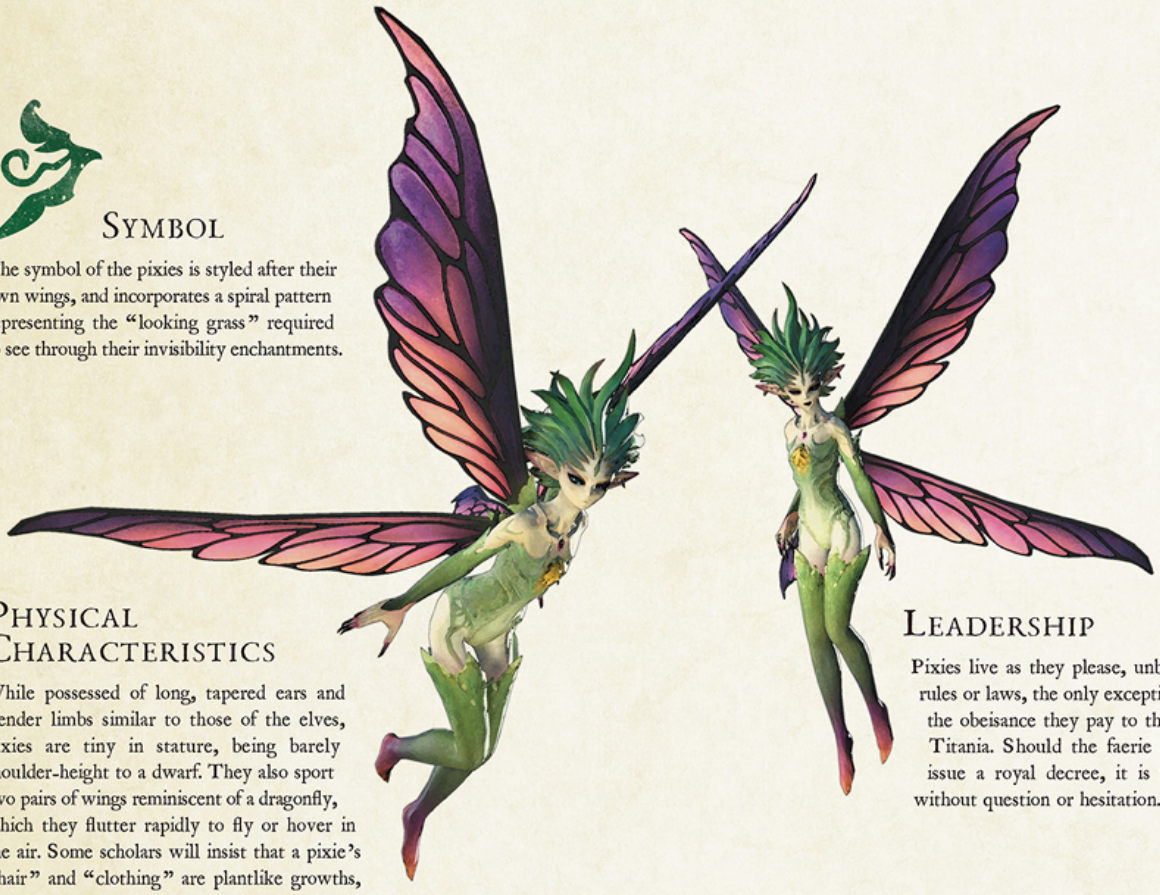
In addition to the gill-produced sound which serves as a suffix, male Ondo names are followed by a title which signifies their stage of maturity. The first of these is "Laan," which marks one as a member of the youngest age group. Next is "Koal," for young adults who have yet to earn the right to rear spawn. Mature adults with eggs under their care are called "Ooan," whilst elders beyond their spawn-raising years are referred to as "Aath."

THE PIXIES

Though they boast a command of magic unrivaled in Norvrandt, pixies generally limit their sphere of activity to Il Mheg, dancing amongst the winds on colorful wings. Do not be fooled, however—they are often as cruel as they are carefree.

Symbol

The symbol of the pixies is styled after their own wings, and incorporates a spiral pattern representing the "looking grass" required to see through their invisibility enchantments.



Physical Characteristics

While possessed of long, tapered ears and slender limbs similar to those of the elves, pixies are tiny in stature, being barely shoulder-height to a dwarf. They also sport two pairs of wings reminiscent of a dragonfly, which they flutter rapidly to fly or hover in the air. Some scholars will insist that a pixie's "hair" and "clothing" are plantlike growths, but due to the subjects' aversion to scientific scrutiny, the theory remains unproven.

Leadership

Pixies live as they please, unbound by rules or laws, the only exception being the obeisance they pay to their king, Titania. Should the faerie monarch issue a royal decree, it is followed without question or hesitation.

The Dreamspinners

Tyr Beq and their band of pixies are the architects of Lyhe Mheg, an ephemeral place woven from the fabric of people's dreams. Night after night, they would invite Norvrandt's children into this wondrous garden, harvesting dream bubbles born of the mortals' excitement to make their creation ever more fun and fantastical. The Dreamspinners' work is intended only to bring them enjoyment, yet regardless, more than a few lasting bonds have been forged in the Garden of Dreams.

Tyr Beq

"As a fellow pixie, I can't let them suffer anymore. I can't let them stay in that dark, lonely place."

Tyr Beq, the Weaver, has a gift for spinning dreams, and their love for frolicking in the fun-filled fantasies of children was the catalyst for Lyhe Mheg's creation. Fate saw them cross paths with both an adventurer and the dream-devouring porxie known as Ezel II, and together they clashed with a colorless pixie—An Lad—who was visiting nightmares upon young mortals. What began as an investigation became a mission to save the tormented soul of Tyr Beq's friend and former king of the faeries.

Society and Culture

Many inhabitants of the First have a healthy fear of pixies and the fae in general. This wariness stems from a history of incidents wherein the mischievous beings lured visitors to their domain, there to keep them for years or decades. Beguiling their hapless guests with enchantments or setting monsters on them in the name of "play" is typical of their often life-threatening amusements.

Examining the reasons behind this behavior may also provide some insight into the origin of the species. Some scholars posit that pixies arose from the departed souls of the unborn or very young, and so, despite having no memories of this former life, they feel driven to pursue the joy of existence denied them. This could explain why they appear locked in a state of eternal childhood, not unlike spirits bound to the mortal plane and unable to move on.

Diet

As beings of almost pure aether, pixies are closer in nature to arcane entities than creatures of flesh and blood. Thus, as long as they can replenish their essence in some fashion, they have no need to eat in the traditional sense. That said, pixies do have a sense of taste. They exhibit an almost obsessive fondness for sweet things, which manifests in their practice of collecting nectar or enjoying the honey-like flavor of echevore tails.

Nomenclature

Faerie names consist of two "runes"—special words which hold specific meanings and also serve to form the basis of fae magicks. A list of major runes and their significance can be found on page 53.

Leafmen

Within the boundaries of Il Mheg, one might espy what appears to be exquisitely trimmed topiary. Folklore has it that the pixies create these "leafmen" by transforming people or other living creatures into plants, but any attempts to question them on the subject elicit little more than fits of giggling.

Titania

King and ruler of the faeries, Titania once defeated a Lightwarden that threatened Il Mheg, only to be corrupted by the aether that was subsequently released. For long years thence, the fallen monarch was kept imprisoned within Lyhe Ghiah.

In Folklore

Long, long ago, there was a beautiful garden where lived only faeriekind.

Here in this fae paradise, the sun shone warmly all year round, and they knew the touch of neither cold nor snow. Flowers bloomed brightly upon greenery that never wilted, and silvery fish teemed in rivers that never ran dry.

Yet slowly but surely, a shadow began to fall over the garden. Day after day, the pixies picked the flowers for their nectar. Day after day, the Fuath hunted the shimmering fish. Until one day, the flowers and fish were no more. Then did the fae understand: to live as children forevermore, they needed the loving guidance of a parent eternal.

And so, on the night of a new moon, one of their number fell into a deep slumber. When they awoke on the next full moon, they stood tall as a faerie full grown.

Thus began the reign of the child who was no child—the faerie king, Titania.

THE NU MOU

This fae race inhabits the faerie kingdom of Il Mheg. Noted for their warm disposition and welcoming attitude toward the mortal races, they enjoyed close relations with the Kingdom of Voeburt in the days before the Flood. With fair exchange as their foremost principle, they are willing to barter for a wide range of goods and services.

Physical Characteristics

The Nu Mou are somewhat canine in appearance, with big, floppy ears, drooping eyes, and a prominent snout. The thick fur and long tail complete the image, but woe betide those who would refer to them as "dogs"—in Nu Mou society, the word is an insult of the highest order.

Leadership

Even after the Kingdom of Voeburt had fallen to the sin eaters, the Nu Mou remained in the region, establishing the settlement of Pla Enni in a mushroom-filled cavern. They are governed by a long-lived elder, and their highly ordered society is something of an anomaly amongst their chaotic faerie kin.

Diet

Given that the Nu Mou community carves dwellings out of giant mushrooms, it is unsurprising that fungi also serve as a primary source of nutrition. Even their sausages are made from mushrooms rather than meat, as the Nu Mou are unwilling to slaughter their animal friends for food.

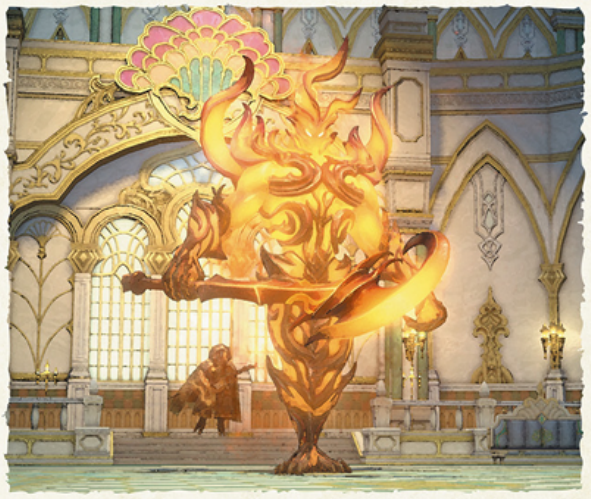
Nomenclature

Nu Mou names follow the same convention as other faeries, consisting of two-word combinations chosen from fae runes.

Society and Culture

The Nu Mou value balance in all their exchanges, and this quality helped them to maintain favorable relations with the Voeburtites. One Nu Mou farmer sold them mushrooms regularly, while another Nu Mou worked in the city as an artisan. Yet another served the Voeburtite king as his court magician. Yet no matter how trustworthy the Nu Mou's reputation, one would be wise not to enter into any agreement with them lightly. Setting one's price too high—or too low, even—may anger these faeries and trigger a confrontation. Careful consideration must be given as to the appropriate quantity and quality of reward before seeking to strike a bargain.

Even amongst these paragons of fairness, however, there are exceptions to be found. Certain of the Nu Mou residing in Il Mheg have grown accustomed to a life of idleness and renounced the strict philosophy of their kin. These "lawless ones" stopped growing fungi altogether, opting instead to raid others and take whatever they need by force.



Primary Industries

Fungiculture

Mushroom farming is an enduring tradition amongst the Nu Mou, and estimates place the number of distinct cultivars in the hundreds. Their stock consists of everything from culinary and medicinal varieties to massive growths suitable for use as personal dwellings.

Alchemy

The Nu Mou are adept at concocting potent elixirs, their shrewd magical knowledge seeing no few of them employed as apothecaries during Voeburt's glory days.

Arcane Arts

Many talented mages have emerged from the Nu Mou's ranks, but none so unique as their claybenders—practitioners skilled at breathing life into sculpted clay to create familiars. These arcane servants might utilize specialized magicks or be imbued with superior intellect, and they can serve a multitude of purposes.

Porxies

Of the claybenders' creations, the cleverest—and most universally adored—may be the porxie. These porcine familiars are crafted from rich clay moistened in purified water, then imbued with a vital spark by means of a fae lamp. The Nu Mou are intensely fond of their porxies and are rumored to engineer them to emit the scent of succulent sausages.

THE FUATH

A fae race that inhabits the faerie kingdom of Il Mheg. Also known as water spirits, they make their home in lakes, fiercely protecting the waterfront from would-be interlopers. The sheer cruelty and tastelessness of the pranks they play on outsiders has earned them the scorn of the more playful pixies.

Physical Characteristics

Best described as upright frogs, the Fuath closely resemble Sharlayan's poroggos—albeit with less frog-like faces—and as their slippery skin, flat fingertips, and finlike tail might suggest, they are excellent swimmers. The Fuath are also skilled in weaving glamours, and are known for transforming themselves into looming monstrosities.

Diet

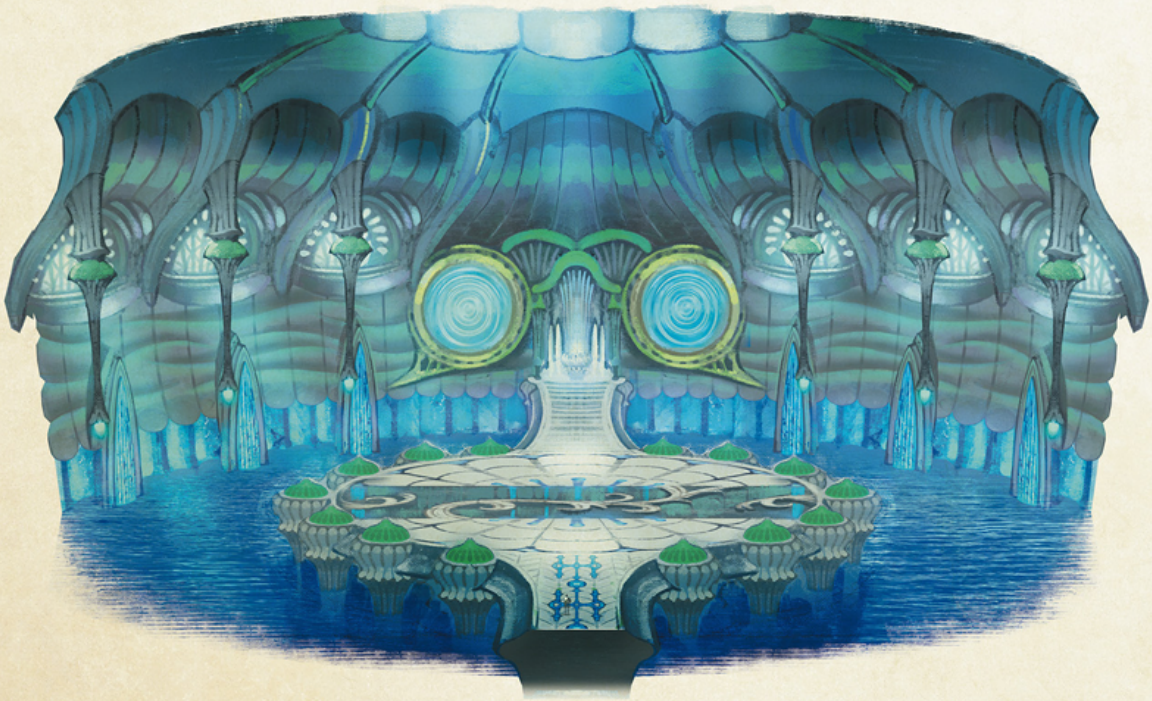
Very little is known of what, if anything, the Fuath eat. While they have been seen chasing after fish, it is unclear whether they do so to procure sustenance or merely for their amusement. Considering the dangers inherent in approaching these faeries, the mystery of their diet is like to remain unsolved.

Society and Culture

The Fuath pecking order is dictated not only by an individual's talent for inventing mischief, but also their capacity to put said mischief into practice. Without a steady stream of novel malevolence, these water spirits soon grow bored, and today's fawning underlings may be wholly unimpressed on the morrow. This capriciousness is the reason why the entertainments of the Fuath tend to be more extreme than those of the pixies. Yet no matter how fractious they may appear, Titania's will is absolute. The Fuath are well aware that being a part of Il Mheg means complete obedience to the king.

Nomenclature

Fuath names follow the same convention as other faeries, consisting of two-word combinations chosen from fae runes.



THE TUPAQ AMARO

In the age of the Ronkan Empire, a magically enhanced breeding program produced a highly intelligent variety of amaro capable of speaking the tongue of men. The modern creatures in which this ancient blood awakens are known as Tupaq Amaro.

Physical Characteristics

The Tupaq Amaro are physically indistinguishable from their less-gifted cousins, having the same number of limbs, the same sturdy wings, and a strong resemblance to the cama. The difference only becomes noticeable in older specimens, as Tupaq continue to grow in size throughout their long lifetimes.

Society and Culture

At the height of the Ronkan Empire, it was not unusual to encounter a speaking amaro. Indeed, they engaged with the diverse peoples of the great nation as easily as any other race. When the empire fell, however, the techniques employed to breed them were lost, and never again would a Tupaq be brought forth by the hand of man. In the years which followed, the old blood quickened seemingly at random, suddenly granting a heretofore mute amaro the gift of speech. This occurrence was understandably unnerving for their handlers, yet even if a breeder was able to accept their newly awakened livestock as an equal, there remained the problem of life span. It bears repeating that Tupaq Amaro are long-lived creatures, likely to endure well after their mortal carer has succumbed to old age.

Awakened amaro increasingly found themselves alone and out of place, and thus did they begin to congregate in Il Mheg. A community of Tupaq arose in the ruins of Wolekdorf, where its members live out their days in peace and tranquility.

Diet

All amaro, regardless of intellect, are fond of grazing on wildgrass, but those Tupaq who were once in the care of men will sometimes crave the taste of stable feed. Unable to prepare such fare themselves, they are known to strike bargains with the Nu Mou to procure a steady supply.

Nomenclature

There are no strict conventions governing the naming of Tupaq Amaro. Some cherish the names given to them by former handlers, while others are swift to discard old appellations in favor of something new they choose for themselves.

THE QITARI

These ratlike people, once thought to be lost to time, were in truth living amidst the ruins of Ronka beneath the great falls in Rak'tika. Their average life span of a mere twenty-five summers is the reason for their meticulous recording of all they learn in life, that it may be passed on to future generations. The Ronkans, too, noted this predilection for record-keeping, and so welcomed them as stewards in the royal court.

Physical Characteristics

The Qitari are all but identical to their Source counterparts, the Qiqirn, in every respect, including their rapid maturation and short life span. Moreover, just as the Qiqirn are prized for their numerical skills in the field of commerce, so too were the Qitari esteemed as peerless scribes in the days of Ronka. Endowed with an incredibly sharp sense of smell, these bewhiskered scriveners can tell people apart by odor alone, able to judge both distance and direction even in complete darkness.

Symbol

The surviving remnants of the Qitari tribe are represented by a swirling maelstrom design. This symbol was in ubiquitous use during the age of the Ronkan Empire, and denotes allegiance to that fallen nation.

Leadership

The Qitari live frugal lives in small, clan-based communities. Major decisions are made by the clan leader, but the position itself is not hereditary. As they are not a long-lived people, few fixate on power or authority—when facing a food shortage, the sharpest nose leads the way, while a difficult excavation in the ruins might call for an expert in ancient history. Leadership passes to whomever is best equipped to resolve the issue at hand, regardless of bloodline or gender.

The Stewards

Though the entire tribe was thought to have perished in the Flood, this group of Qitari took refuge in the woods near Rak'tika Falls after their path forward was blocked by a Lightwarden. It was not until many years later when they purportedly received guidance from an incarnation of Ronka's great serpent that they learned the way through the Qitana Ravel was open once more. Under the leadership of Qitarl Natl, the Stewards traveled south in the hopes of recovering the stelae—stone tablets engraved by their ancestors with the history of Ronka—and enlisted the aid of the Night's Blessed and the Viis in their investigations of Hopl's Stopple.

Chaqurl Qhotl

"O great serpent!
Thank you ever so much for watching over us!
You have my most sincerest glad-itude!"

Now three summers old, this earnest member of the Stewards has been involved with his parents' archaeological excavations since the time he could walk. His greatest wish had been to discover the lost Qitari stelae, and, as if it had heard his plea, the great serpent itself manifested to show him the way. Joining the expedition to the ruins of Hopl's Stopple, Chaqurl was overjoyed when they found one of the great stone tablets—the first of many. Qitarl Natl interpreted the weathered markings with an eye for harsh truths, but Chaqurl, though he respected his father more than any other, dared to disagree, seeing in the drawings before him a kinder, brighter history.

Society and Culture

After the Ronkan Empire was founded, the Qitari, who had dwelt in the Rak'tika Greatwood since ancient times, pledged themselves to the new emperor. As the years passed, Ronkan beliefs gradually became Qitari beliefs, but perhaps due to a history of living in subterranean abodes, the greater part of Qitari worship focused upon Ox'Dalan, god of death and protector of the underworld. This faith has endured to this day, even in the long wake of the empire's collapse. And despite suffering devastating losses in the Flood, the Qitari continue their diligent efforts to excavate and preserve the cultural traditions of Ronka.

Diet

The omnivorous Qitari will eat practically anything, whether it be vegetable, animal, or insect. That is not to say, however, that they give no consideration to taste or nutrition, for they possess a clear preference for foods both tender and sweet, such as robber crab and ant eggs. Qitari cooking tends toward simple dishes that rely on the core ingredients for flavor, and it includes many home recipes passed down through generations.

Nomenclature

Qitari names adhere strictly to an informative pattern. The first half consists of an individual's given appellation combined with a common final syllable such as "rl"—presumably whence the shorthand "Rl tribe" mentioned in Scion reports of the Qitari Stewards and their culture originated. The second half is derived from the mother's name, the final vowel before the added "l" being dropped in the case of male offspring.

Primary Industries

Archaeology

The excavation and preservation of Ronkan ruins is a central facet of Qitari life, with considerable resources directed toward the proper recording of their discoveries, as well as the restoration of damaged relics. Whilst not strictly an industry, the practice of maintaining these historical sites could eventually produce sources of revenue—as travel becomes safer, both the academic and the curious will pay for the privilege of visiting these windows into the glorious past.

Agriculture

The Qitari farm in small plots, so as not to disturb the Greatwood's ecology. This endeavor has led them to formulate a particularly effective type of liquid fertilizer, and jars of this precious commodity are often offered in trade when bartering with the Night's Blessed.

Textiles

The natural bounty of the Greatwood provides the Qitari with all the materials necessary for dyeing and weaving. Traditional textile methods incorporating Ronkan geometric designs are used to craft clothing, bags, and various other goods essential for daily living.

Origin Myth

The most significant deities in Ronkan mythology are, without question, Yx'Maja and Ox'Dalan.

In the story of the world's beginning, the goddess Yx'Maja made the first forest and filled it with plentiful life. The Rak'tika Greatwood was the heart from which the Ronkan Empire expanded, and she who provided nature's bounty was regarded by many as the nation's divine guardian, the goddess of beauty and the hunt.

If Yx'Maja is representative of life, then Ox'Dalan embodies the concept of death. Yet unlike how many cultures depict such figures, he is not some ghoulish reaper to be feared. Ox'Dalan presides over the underworld, where he welcomes Yx'Maja's creations, granting to the slain and the perished an eternity of peaceful rest.

THE HOBGOBLINS

These brutish folk have long plagued the region of Norvrandt. Reasonably intelligent and capable of speech and toolcraft, they are nonetheless devoid of anything resembling a moral compass, and primarily occupy themselves with thieving and trickery. Amongst the dwarves, few insults cut as sharp as having one's mother likened to a hobgoblin.

Physical Characteristics

Hobgoblins could almost be mirror images of the Source's goblins in terms of their physical proportions and posture. The striking similarities even extend to the race's name, prompting some to entertain the idea of a common ancestor. As no one has ever beheld a goblin's unmasked face, however, it remains difficult to draw conclusive comparisons with the bulging-eyed natives of the First.

Society and Culture

To borrow a term from a Crystarium scholar, the best way to describe hobgoblin culture is "banditry." They devour meat, but do not raise cattle. They consume crops, but never sow seeds. They dress in stolen rags, and threaten their victims with stolen blades.

Many such hobgoblin tribes once infested Norvrandt like a stubborn case of fleas, but now only two notable groups remain—one prowls Kholusia's coastline and preys on the local fishermen, while the other lurks in the isle's mountains, where its territory overlaps with that of the dwarves. Having suffered the hobgoblins' depredations firsthand, the dwarves understandably view them as little more than filthy vermin.

Leadership

Hobgoblins do not form complex societies, tending to gather in bands of what are assumed to be blood-related kin. Even the largest of these never exceeds more than twenty members, which appears to be the limit of what a strong hobgoblin leader can bully into submission.

Diet

As omnivores, hobgoblins will gorge themselves on all manner of meat, fish, and fruit. While happy to consume any cuisine they can steal, they would rather wolf down something raw than cook for themselves. So robust are their bellies, in fact, that they demonstrate not the slightest aversion to spoiled foodstuffs, preferring to let fruits rot and ferment for the intoxicating effect this provides.

Primary Industry

Plunder

For a hobgoblin, to live is to steal. The only time they are known to expend any genuine effort is in the practice of banditry, where they deploy makeshift decoys and plan cunning ambushes to allow for uninterrupted pillaging.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

DISTANT LANDS

THE CRYSTARIUM

A bustling city that developed around the Crystal Tower in the years following its sudden appearance in Lakeland. It serves as a safe haven for people of all races and creeds as they join hands in the struggle against the merciless sin eaters.

Overview

Flag	Decided in a popular vote held by the Settlement council, the design of the Crystarium flag features a stylized representation of its unmistakable tower.
Motto	When All Falls Down Around You, Rise Up
Government	Although the Crystal Exarch was afforded as much authority and respect as any city-state leader, his position was purely advisory—the Settlement council has ever been responsible for the day-to-day governance of the Crystarium. Elected to implement policy for the good of the community, the council members are beholden to the oath sworn by the city's original founders: "When all falls down around you, rise up."

Leader	—
Ruling Body	The Settlement council, an organization of standing and elected representatives from among the Crystarium's population, oversees its affairs.
Racial Distribution	Hume: 30% Elf: 25% Galdjent: 10% Drahn: 10% Zun: 10% Mystel: 5% Viis: 5% Ronso: 5%
Religion	The Church of the First Light, once Norvrandt's major religion, lost all credibility in the wake of the Flood. The worship of Darkness rose up to take its place, but with its adherents since flocking to the impenetrable boughs of the Rak'tika Greatwood, the Crystarium has been left with a largely secular population.
Industries	Farming: Fruits and vegetables for feeding the citizenry are grown within the city's own agricultural facilities, the main producers being the Hortorium's gardens and Sweetsieve's orchards. Fishing: The Facet of Fishing coordinates efforts to haul in catches from the waters of the Source, and is involved in an ongoing endeavor to establish a large-scale sustainable fish farm. Manufacturing: The various facets of the Crystalline Mean carefully manage the city's manufacturing output, seeking to maximize efficient use of the limited resources available. Security against sin eaters and other threats is a primary concern, and thus defensive equipment such as crystal cannons is often assigned the highest priority.
Beliefs	As the Flood of Light threatened to engulf the First, Lakeland was inundated with waves of refugees from every direction. The Crystarium was born in chaos, with clashes between vastly different cultures and belief systems the source of constant discord. It was the common threat of the sin eaters that forced the nascent settlement to present a united front. Tensions lingered, but the necessity of working together to survive would foster the growth of a society which thrived on cooperation.
Diet	The Crystarium's citizens suffered through several periods of famine, which they only endured by sharing traditional knowledge of foraging and food preparation. Once their combined efforts established a reliable source of food, however, the populace was able to spare some crumbs of attention towards developing their cuisine. In recent years, it appears that sweet treats such as coffee biscuits have become a common favorite.

History

A Chaotic Refuge

It was eight years after the Flood of Light when the Crystal Tower appeared in Lakeland with the suddenness of a conjurer's trick. The story of how Norvrandt's refugees came to congregate at the spire's base was covered earlier in this volume, but there is more to tell of the settlement's earliest days. The enigmatic mage, having refused the honor of becoming king, ensured the tower's defenses would keep the budding community safe. He then departed as abruptly as he had arrived, seeking to gauge the tragic state of the realm.

The tower's master did not return for four years. During that time, the refugee population exploded, and ramshackle shelters choked the site in a disordered mess. In this chaotic gathering of disparate peoples, the lack of an appointed leader only amplified the existing conflicts. Arguments and fistfights were a daily occurrence. To add fuel to the fire, a lack of hygiene and proper nutrition created a breeding ground for disease, and it seemed the camp would destroy itself even without the help of a sin eater invasion.

A Fair Settlement

The mage's reappearance heralded an outcry for salvation. The refugees threw themselves before this seemingly all-powerful man—he who had summoned a great tower from the aether—and begged him to undo their terrible plight. Once more did they offer him a kingship, and once more did he refuse. Instead, he faced the assembled crowd and spoke to them of hope.

He spoke of preserving the spirit of their settlement, even when despair raged around them like an ocean. He exhorted them to keep their history alive, that it might live on in future generations. Of this speech were these famous words recorded: "When all falls down around you, rise up." This was to be the promise upheld by the people in exchange for the mage's guidance.

Thus did he become their advisor—later known to all as the Crystal Exarch. In hindsight, it is assumed that this man, G'raha Tia, drew heavily upon the wisdom he had learned during his lifetime in the Source. His instruction covered a wide range of subjects, including the efficient production of food, medicine, and manufactured goods, as well as the leve model of labor allocation. He laid out plans for a city that was both accessible and defensible, and suggested a representative democracy as a method of governance. The Settlement council established at this time was clearly a modest re-creation of Sharlayan's Forum—it made logical sense, after all, for the Exarch to draw upon the success of a nation which was founded by a similarly diverse group of refugees.

Progress and Propositions

Although the city encountered its share of difficulties, the Crystarium continued to grow at a steady pace. When the northern Kingdom of Voeburt collapsed under the sin eater onslaught, for example, the massive influx of refugees resulted in a critical shortage of food. Along with the Exarch's indispensable advice, it was the citizens' own burgeoning spirit of cooperation that enabled them to overcome this latest trial.

The Crystarium's woes did not always begin at home. Without preamble, the city-state of Eulmore one day declared the formation of a world government. This Kholusian power had long boasted the strongest military force in Norvrandt, and with the reinforcement of Voeburt's displaced soldiers, it deemed the time ripe to launch an offensive against the sin eaters. The Voeburtite knights, it was said, had brought with them a secret weapon—a girl known as Minfilia who was immune to the eaters' dreadful metamorphosis. Thus did Eulmore proclaim itself the guardian of what remained of civilization and, from atop this self-made pedestal, demanded fealty and tribute from every other significant faction in Norvrandt. When it came time to respond, the Settlement council voted unanimously to reject these demands. The Exarch, assuming the role of envoy, delivered his city's counteroffer: the Crystarium would gladly accept a partnership with Eulmore under the condition that they cooperated as equals. With neither side willing to compromise its points, however, negotiations rapidly fell apart. While the situation never escalated to open hostilities, relations between the two city-states became noticeably antagonistic.

An Enemy in Eulmore

Attitudes towards the Crystarium did not improve after Lord Vauthry became mayor of Eulmore. The new ruler abandoned previous policy in favor of coexisting with the sin eaters—a move which directly opposed the Exarch's crusade to exterminate the Lightwardens. The success of the Warrior of Darkness in that endeavor only served to sour relations further, and Vauthry responded to this "insolence" by sending a horde of sin eaters to siege the crystalline city in a flagrant act of war.

When all was said and done, however, the Warrior of Darkness claimed victory over Vauthry and his forces, and the night sky was returned to the realm. Chai-Nuzz Mewlah replaced the fallen tyrant as mayor, the amiable Mystel acting quickly to restore peace between Eulmore and the Crystarium, and the two city-states stood together on the precipice of a new age once more.

Farewell to the Exarch

Although seemingly a permanent fixture of the Crystarium, the time had come for the Crystal Exarch to say his farewells—the Warrior of Darkness had prevailed, and Emet-Selch's plan to drown the First in Light and bring about the Eighth Umbral Calamity was foiled. Yet the emissary, Elidibus, refused to admit defeat. The defiant Ascian filled Norvrandt's sky with a spectacular meteor shower, awakening in the populace the latent power of the Echo and the desire to don the hero's mantle. He then proceeded to take possession of the Crystal Tower and seize the Exarch's spirit vessel, enabling him to replicate rift-spanning summoning magicks. Elidibus drew on the energies of a realm bursting with heroic aspirations to call forth spectral champions, and ultimately transformed himself into the Warrior of Light incarnate.

The Warrior of Darkness rose to the challenge, defeating Elidibus in battle at the tower's apex. After sealing the Ascian's soul within the shining tower, however, the Exarch at last succumbed to his body's creeping crystallization. He became a glittering statue, never to speak again.

On Their Own

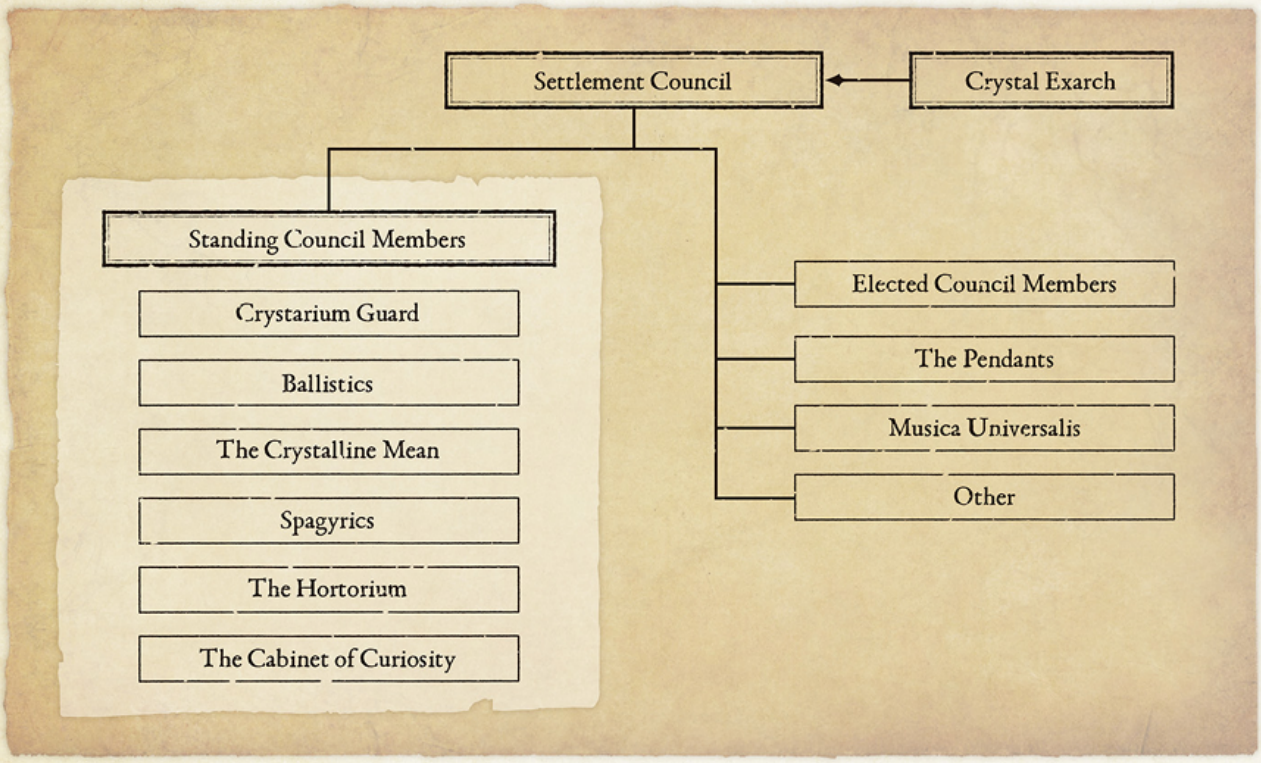
Technically speaking, the Crystal Exarch had not died—using the newly developed spirit vessel, the Warrior of Darkness was able to ferry the Exarch's soul and memories safely back to the Source. Yet for all intents and purposes, the Crystarium had lost its most cherished advisor.

This is not to say, however, that the city collapsed into political turmoil. Its citizens had survived far worse over the years, and would not crumble for lack of leadership. Under the Settlement council's experienced hand, the Crystarium and its resilient people would continue to grow and flourish.

Organizations

Settlement Council

The Settlement council is a committee of representatives governing the Crystarium's day-to-day operations. Standing members are drawn from public work institutions such as the city guard and the Crystalline Mean, while its term-limited members are elected by the general populace. Policy is generally decided through a consultation and voting process, but should a majority of the standing members exercise their right to veto, then a motion will not be passed regardless of the overall number of votes. This system gives priority to municipal management over individual needs, recognizing the critical importance of public works in surviving a world with drastically fewer resources.



Crystal Exarch

"May it serve as an undying promise, not only to those who looked to me for leadership, but to any soul who has known despair, that hope is everlasting."

The enigmatic mage who appeared along with the Crystal Tower held the title of Crystal Exarch for some nine decades. It is said that he was once a normal young man, but was irrevocably changed when he devoted his life to the First's salvation and bonded himself to the Allagan spire. His body began to crystallize in a process akin to necrosis, and he was obliged to suffuse those petrified parts with aether, animating the shards in a golem-like manner. Thus, ever did he remain a step distant—unable to fully share the truth of his condition or his origin with the citizens of the Crystarium he loved.

When night was returned to Norvrandt and his allies to their home in the Source, the Crystal Exarch vanished from the stage of history as abruptly as he had arrived. Nevertheless, the hope he inspired in the people of the First will ripple onwards through all the days yet to come.

Beq Lugg

"Prepare as we might, we cannot account for all possibilities, and it is in such circumstances that accidents are wont to occur..."

Two and a half centuries old, or thereabouts, this talented practitioner of the arcane arts is well versed in the mysteries of the soul and a known expert in the workings of aether. Beq Lugg was once a common sight in Voeburt's royal castle, but the embittered Nu Mou severed ties with mortals when their magicks were abused in a terrible incident involving monstrous transformations. They eventually took up residence in the Grand Cosmos, a palace abandoned at the advent of the Flood, and embraced the life of a hermit. At first refusing all pleas to aid with the sin eater infestation, Beq Lugg was finally moved to rejoin the world by the heartfelt petition of the Warrior of Darkness. Although dismayed and disappointed, the Nu Mou had never truly lost their love for mankind—and indeed, now quite enjoys their regular chats with Moren.

The Crystarium Guard

Despite the name, this military organization is responsible for the security of not only the Crystarium, but also the Lakeland region as a whole. The progress of settlement into city saw the group—once little more than a loose militia formed to protect people from sin eaters—develop into an official institution.

In its nascent stage, the guard was built around a core unit of Lakeland knights, and this origin still heavily influences the group's training methods and organizational hierarchy. Where knights were once obligated by family or status to serve, however, the current members are all volunteers. To a man, the morale of these soldiers is exceptionally high, their hunger for survival conditioned by the demands of a dying world.

Lyna

"Injuries are part and parcel of battle. While there's breath in my lungs, I shall see my duties done."

This fiercely capable Viis woman of three and thirty summers is captain of the Crystarium guard. Her mother and father were accomplished hunters who fled the forests for the Crystarium, where both served the city guard from nigh on its inception until the day that a sudden eater attack saw them tragically slain. The infant Lyna was thus taken in and raised under the auspices of the Settlement council, although it was the Crystal Exarch who, having been close friends with her parents, paid special attention to her upbringing. In the Crystarium's current state of upheaval, Lyna is content to continue serving her fellow citizens in the role she has chosen, wishing only happiness for her adoptive grandfather, wherever he may be.

The Crystalline Mean

In essence, the Crystalline Mean is a massive workshop and warehouse that manufactures and collects the goods necessary for daily life in the Crystarium. "Mean" signifies "a point between extremes," which describes the institution's objective in sharing out its wares amongst the citizenry in a fair and balanced manner. Leaning into its crystal imagery, the Mean is comprised of five "facets": the Facet of Forging, which works in metal; the Facet of Crafting, which works in leather, cloth, and wood; the Facet of Nourishing, which prepares foods and medicines; the Facet of Gathering, which procures botanical and mineral resources; and the Facet of Fishing, which both catches and cultivates marine life.

Katliss Horhand

"We have always taken pride in our ability to sustain ourselves—not just to endure, but to thrive!"

Like many others in the glittering city, the elven director of the Crystalline Mean has suffered her fair share of tragedy. Her husband, a member of a merchant caravan, was killed by monstrous wildlife during a cargo delivery. Her young daughter, a naturally frail girl, was taken by an inexplicable fever despite the best efforts of the infirmary. Could her husband have survived if his armor were sturdier? Could her daughter have been saved if better medicine were available? Driven by these questions, Katliss threw herself body and soul into her work at the Mean. Now thirty-nine years of age, she is thankful for that which prevented her headlong descent into despair—the understanding of colleagues like Lorathia; the support of her late husband's friend Cassard; and, perhaps more than anything, the Crystarium's own spirit of enduring resilience.

The Rotunda and the Baldaquin

The settlement built at the foot of the Crystal Tower is a unique marvel of crystalline construction. Its seemingly delicate beauty, however, conceals robust defenses against sin eater intruders, including the capability to deploy a city-wide barrier of magical force.

The Rotunda

The Exedra

A The Rotunda

Upon stepping foot inside the Crystarium, one is greeted by the sight of a stately domed structure, walkways and hallways branching away from its walls like arteries from a beating heart. Yet it is in the visitor's own heart that this elegant construction of black iron and shimmering crystal is like to remain.

B Tessellation

This grand bridge spans the distance between the Exarch Gate and the Crystarium. It is said that clockwork automata—undoubtedly the product of Allagan technology—marched out from the Crystal Tower to aid in its construction.

C The Exedra

A broad plaza which one must cross before ascending the steps of the Crystal Tower. As the largest open space in the city, the Exedra is the location of choice for holding festivals, ceremonies, and public addresses.

D The Dossal Gate

The Crystal Tower's sole entrance. In places of worship belonging to the Church of the First Light, the Exedra was uniformly overseen by an altar, thus this gate's metaphorical association with the altarpiece.

E The Crystal Tower

The soaring centerpiece of the city. The Crystal Tower is home to the Ocular, which serves as the Exarch's office, as well as the Umbilicus, a chamber filled with devices for controlling the spire's functions. It also houses numerous relics of a powerful and dangerous nature, and none are permitted to wander the structure without the Exarch's express permission.

F The Baldaquin

This ever-bustling district contains facilities vital to the continued well-being of the city, such as the Mean's workshops and Spagyrics's infirmary. The plateau neighboring the Mean is given over to the amaro tamers and their charges, with the supports of the Amaro Launch extending out into the surrounding gorge.

G Temenos Rookery

Managed almost exclusively by the Zun, this rookery echoes with the sounds of creatures great and small, from the clucks of chickens to the kwehs of chocobos. Meaning "sacred enclosure," the name is a reference to the legendary roosts of the amaro, and indeed, many an amaro is raised from egg to adult within the rookery's well-tended grounds.

H The Amaro Launch

For the everyday purposes of landing or taking flight, this structure is almost comically large. Its oversized construction, however, was designed to facilitate the deployment of an entire contingent of amaro cavalry in the event that a Lightwarden horde should besiege the city.

Tessellation

Rapture

I The Crystalline Mean

The Crystarium's primary production hub houses a multitude of workshops and storerooms under a single roof. A cacophony of crafting rings out day and night, with the facet-affiliated workers joined by a near-constant influx of independent artisans in search of commissions.

J Spagyrics

More than just a simple infirmary, Spagyrics boasts the facilities for mixing its own medicinal tonics and tinctures, as well as training neophyte chirurgeons. Those familiar with alchemical processes will recognize the name from a procedure for separating and recombining a concoction's primordial elements.

K Ballistics

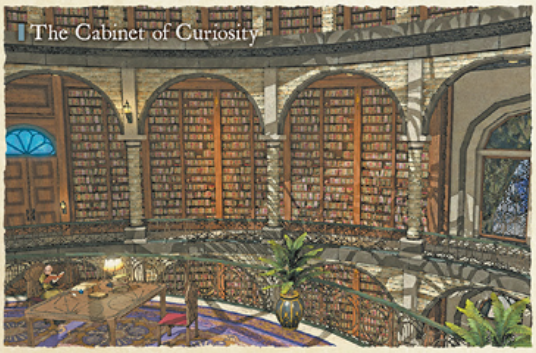
Ballistics is entrusted with developing and storing the weapons and military supplies considered crucial to the city's defense. While the facility originally manufactured more traditional projectile weaponry, they have since shifted production to crystal cannons—magical artillery capable of firing concentrated aether.

L Rapture

Found in the northern district of the Crystarium, these elegant towers serve a myriad of functions. For refugees of the Flood, Rapture provided not only dwellings, workshops, and defensive facilities, but also a much-needed reprieve from the prevailing sense of despair and constant danger.

The Trivium and the Quadrivium

The facilities in these districts support the nourishment of body and mind. Here are citizens invited to reflect upon the seven essential liberal arts, three of which are represented in the Trivium, while the Quadrivium provides space for the remaining four.


The Cabinet of Curiosity

The Hortorium

Musica Universalis

A The Trivium

Located in the city's north, the Trivium's constituent parts represent the scholarly branches of grammar, rhetoric, and logic.

B The Cabinet of Curiosity

This towering vault contains countless scrolls, tomes, and moldering manuscripts salvaged from the farthest reaches of Norvrandt. Representing the grammarian branch of the Trivium, the Cabinet welcomes visitors in search of anything from the most complex academic texts to illustrated works for children.

C The Whispering Gallery

A debate hall for the free and frank exchange of ideas and opinions. In this quite literal incarnation of the branch of rhetoric, many students are eager to share their thoughts on restructuring government policy as the world heads into a new age.

D The Hortorium

Part farm and part research facility, the Hortorium is dedicated to maximizing the yield of aquaculture-grown crops. Deemed the logician's branch of the Trivium, purists would argue that agriculture has little, if any, connection to philosophy—the true birthplace of logic. Others contend that naught could be more philosophical than endlessly exploring the means for survival upon a near-desolate star.

E The Quadrivium

Each of the Quadrivium's divisions is characterized by one of four branches of study—arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, or music. It is these venues wherein the average citizen spends the majority of their time.

F Musica Universalis

Grand in title as it is in size, the Crystarium's largest marketplace is an impressive sight. Its shelves groan under the weight of an overwhelming variety of wares, including those manufactured by the Crystalline Mean and exotic goods imported from locales as distant as Kholusia and Amh Araeng. Its classification as the Quadrivium's branch of music appears to derive solely from its florid appellation.

G The Wandering Stairs

The name of the city's sole tavern is also a warning for patrons wont to overindulge: mind your step when you leave. Classifying this establishment as the long-pointless study of astronomy was a nod to the equally meaningless pastime of drinking, which people continue to pursue all the same.

H The Catenaries

A residential quarter for the Crystarium's citizens. It is considered to represent geometric wisdom due to the extremely regular pattern of its construction.

I The Pendants

Built on a similar scale to the Catenaries, this second residential quarter has a suite permanently set aside for the Warrior of Darkness's personal use. It is said that extensive calculations went into providing as much living space as possible for incoming refugees during construction, a process which solidified the Pendants as the perfect embodiment of the field of arithmetic.

J Sweetsieve

In contrast to the largely water-based experimental agriculture of the Hortorium, Sweetsieve employs traditional soil and tried-and-true methods to produce abundant fruit. Its trees and vines are lovingly tended in the hopes that the resultant yield is as sweet as the name given to the orchard itself.

K The Gangway

As the name implies, the Gangway is a facility for boarding and disembarking passengers when airships dock in the Crystarium.

L Airship Launch

The Crystarium makes scant use of the larger flying vessels, and thus this pier sees little traffic. As relationships with Eulmore continue to improve, however, city officials expect a commensurate surge in airship activity.

The Wandering Stairs

Lakeland

A lush region centered on a great lake known—curiously—as the Source. Rich in aether, this land has long been held sacred by the elves, its original inhabitants. Nowadays, it falls under the aegis of the Crystarium, mankind's final bastion in the war against sin eaters.

The Forest of the Lost Shepherd

The lavender foliage of this Lakeland forest is lovely to behold, but even those familiar with its boughs have been known to lose their way. Legend has it that a local shepherd set off into the woods in search of a stray lamb, and never found his way out again.

Embrasure

The branching trunk of a giant tree has created this naturally sheltered campsite. Elven patrols would take their rest here, likening the gaps between boles to the openings in a parapet.

Radisca's Round

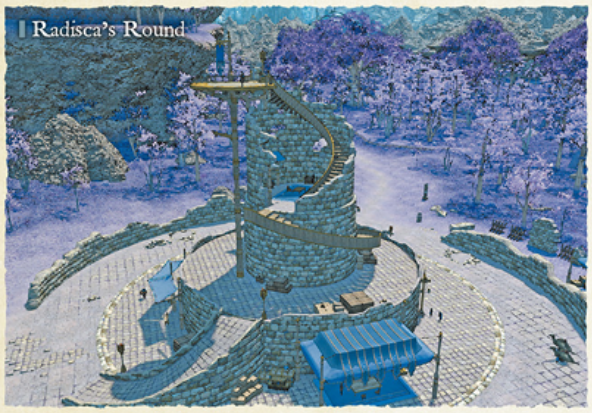
Located in the center of Lakeland, this watchtower is named in honor of a soldier who saved countless lives when he warned of a flying swarm of sin eaters. The soldier himself was slain in battle, having chosen to remain at the tower and delay the eaters' pursuit.

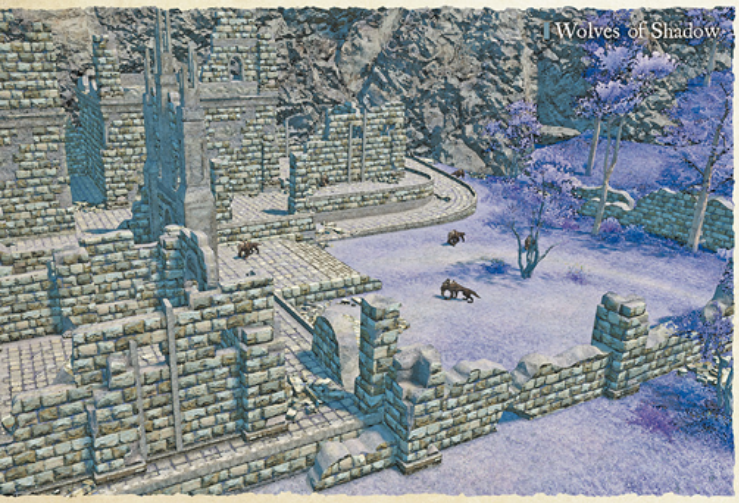
Wolves of Shadow

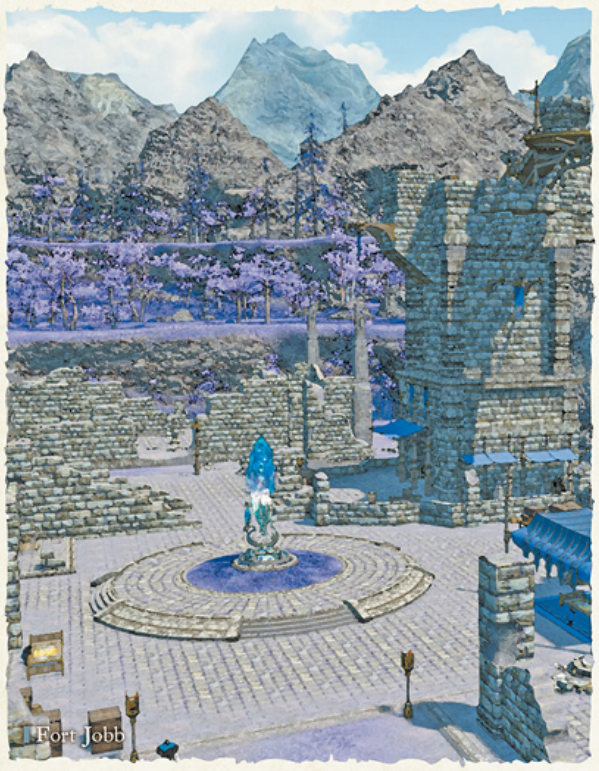
This ruined mansion was once home to a high-ranking elven noble—a man who had pledged fealty to the Shadowkeeper in the hopes of restoring his people's supremacy. In return for his allegiance, he and his entire family were transformed into lupine soldiers, and to this day do they wander the land as fell beasts.

Mortal Irons

Erstwhile home to the wardens of the Hour of Certain Durance, this dwelling was abandoned along with the prison when the region was swarmed with sin eaters, its original name discarded in favor of its present somber title.


Radisca's Round


Wolves of Shadow


Fort Jobb

The Exarch Gate

The main gate leading into the Crystarium proper, a passage so named not through the Exarch's own choice, but by the repeated usage of all those seeking his succor. From here, travelers set foot on the Belt—a road which cuts across the middle of Lakeland.

The Accensor Gate

A final checkpoint for travelers before entering the Crystarium, this gate marks the outer edge of the city's territory.

Fort Jobb

Once the forward base of a long-faded knightly order, these ruins were repurposed to serve as a defensive outpost for the Crystarium guard. The architectural remnants of the Church of the First Light now merely hint at the majesty of a bygone era.

The Church of the First Light

The Church of the First Light was once Lakeland's dominant faith, but the advent of the Flood saw the widespread religion—and its holy places—fall into decline. Historians say that it was barely a decade later when early adopters of Darkness worship began holding their congregations here, in the shell of their predecessor's splendor.

The Bridges

Along with Fort Jobb, the Bridges fortify the Crystarium against intrusions by stray eaters or Nightshade, a volatile group of elven traditionalists.

The Chiliad

Named by the elves in the distant past, this jagged mountain range enfolding the region of Lakeland was believed to offer the promise of a thousand possibilities.

The Ostall Imperative

Weathering

For untold centuries, the wind blowing up from the south has eaten away at this northern rock face. Once the natural border with the neighboring Kingdom of Voeburt, it would have been heavily patrolled by Lakeland's forces.

The Stay

This fortification was originally put into place to help secure Laxan Loft against Voeburtite incursions. These days, however, its walls serve as a vantage point from which to keep watch for Il Mheg's more adventurous faeries.

Northern Staging Point

In the event that the Crystarium guard is required to deploy in force, its soldiers are instructed to muster at this designated site. The staging point saw practical use, for instance, when a rescue company was formed to respond to the attack on Holminster Switch.

Clearmelt

The ravages of the Flood saw Clearmelt's once-famous inn repurposed as a treatment facility for the wounded and the weary. Melted snow streaming down from the northern ranges fills its springs with rejuvenating, crystal-clear waters.

Hare Among Giants

The unusual name given to this simple woodcutter's camp was meant to serve as a reminder: here be monsters. While no actual giants were in evidence, workers were encouraged to return home before dark, lest they fall afoul of the forest's savage wildlife.

The Ostall Imperative

The well-preserved remnants of a fortress dating back to the glory days of Lakeland. This imposing structure was named in honor of one Ser Ostall, who, according to the tales, ordered his men to stand their ground against a ravening horde of sin eaters. The knight himself refused to fall, holding off the abominations until the smallfolk had reached safe refuge.

Inviolate Witness

Situated atop a small plateau and connected to Laxan Loft by a stone bridge, this modest arbor once allowed the elven highborn to enjoy the bracing mountain air in peaceful seclusion. Inviolate Witness, as its ruins were later called, has the dubious honor of being the location where a sin eater was first spotted in Lakeland.

Watts's Anvil

Belonging to an elf by the name of Lorathia, this plot of land was earmarked for use as a Crystalline Mean storehouse. In an unexpected turn of events, however, a group of young dwarves from Kholusia convinced the irascible owner to lend them the spot, which they have since transformed into a factory for manufacturing tanklike conveyances.

Watts's Anvil

Laxan Loft

In the old tongue of the elves, "Laxan" is the word for "Lakeland," and it is here that the region's erstwhile king set his throne. The castle is also infamous as the site of a historical conflict, where the Shadowkeeper led a force of elven dissidents in a final, bloody uprising.

The Hanging Tower

A grim tale surrounds this tower which stands within the walls of Laxan Loft: at the sight of the encroaching host of sin eaters, a knight atop the battlements was struck by such profound hopelessness that he took his own life.

The Hall of the Thrice Born

Three times has this great hall in Laxan Loft been witness to historical shifts in power, and three times has a new ruler arisen to take the place of the one before. The third—and perhaps most memorable—occasion was marked by the infamous battle between the Shadowkeeper and the Warriors of Light.

The Source

According to elven legend, this majestic lake was the wellspring of all existence on the star. Small wonder, then, that their people have ever expressed a deep reverence for these waters and the lands that surround them.

The Isle of Ken

Local folklore asserts that a man known as Ken made his home on this small island, and so has the narrative endured. In reality, the isle is an ancient fae being by the name of Bismarck. Bismarck speaks fondly of the man who once dwelt on his back, a mortal unafraid of the preternatural and conversant in the faerie tongue.

Sullen

Weed, Brick, Knot, and Lap—the fishing village of Sullen sprawls across these four small islands, its bridges connecting each location to the next, and thence to the shore of the Source itself. The settlement's name, it seems, was agreed upon as a self-deprecating nod to the oft-creased brows of its resident fishermen.

The Thirstless Shore

The northern shore of the Source. This edge is perpetually inundated with several ilms of water, its shallows extending inland for some distance.

Dampsole

Proximity to the lake means the ground here is always wet and muddy, a quality which no doubt contributed to the name of this former fishing village. Like many small settlements in Lakeland, it was abandoned after the sin eater host swept through and slaughtered most of its inhabitants.

The Hour of Certain Durance

Built during the elven rule of Lakeland, this prison held those accused of murder, insurgency, and similarly heinous misdeeds. Unable to escape their cells when the hordes came, the prisoners faced unjust punishment at the claws of sin eaters, with many succumbing to the dreadful metamorphosis.

EULMORE

With its influence extending across the majority of the isle of Kholusia, this powerful military nation once stood firm against the onslaught of the sin eaters. Recent years saw a drastic shift in Eulmore's position, with the wealthy upper classes turning their backs on the plight of the world and indulging in an endless parade of decadence and debauchery.

Overview

Flag	Once a red crown on a golden field, the Eulmoran flag was redesigned when Lord Vauthry became mayor. The winged crown was intended to represent the city's newfound harmony with the sin eaters.
Motto	—
Government	Under Lord Vauthry's rule, Eulmore was best described as a dictatorship. This age of tyranny came to a spectacular end, however, when Vauthry, his true nature as a Lightwarden revealed, was slain by the Warrior of Darkness. The citizens cast their votes in the aftermath, and events have since been in motion to return the city to its former status as a republic.
Leader	Lord Vauthry/Chai-Nuzz Mewlah
Ruling Body	Eulmore's municipal government was long staffed by free citizen volunteers and bonded administrators, though these distinctions no longer exist. The mayor remains at its head.
Racial Distribution	Hume: 40% Mystel: 35% Drahn: 10% Galdjent: 5% Elf: 5% Viis: 5%
Religion	Abject veneration of Vauthry was the sole worship permitted, the hearts and minds of the citizens captivated by the tyrant's Lightwarden-born influence. His word was law, his judgment virtue—a belief that evaporated the very moment his spell of control was broken.

Industries	Farming: A number of farming villages lie on the city's outskirts, their fields lined with grain crops and vegetables. The produce of these settlements was regarded as a threat to Eulmore's entrenched meol distribution, but under Chai-Nuzz, the new government has made overtures to repair this strained relationship, even offering labor assistance in the form of Talos to more rapidly secure a steady food supply. Fishing: Ocean waters off the coast of Kholusia remain home to a variety of fish, which long served as an important source of nutrition for those unable to obtain meol. Now, with that tainted foodstuff removed as an option, fishing is becoming an increasingly valued skill. Tourism: In the time when Eulmore was yet known as the city of final pleasures, a sickening quantity of labor and resources was funneled towards maintaining the free citizens' hedonistic lifestyles. Extravagant meals, titillating plays and dances, enthralling music—the list goes on and on. The greater populace of Norvrandt condemned them for this excess, yet it must be said that without it, the arts would not have survived. Following Chai-Nuzz's direction, this talent for entertainment is being put to good use in attracting visitors—and their wealth—to Eulmore.
Beliefs	In recent years, there are few places that have changed their ideology so drastically as Eulmore. Vauthry encouraged the pursuit of debauchery and promoted peaceful coexistence with the sin eaters, all the while asserting Eulmore's status as the world's undisputed leader. With the return of night, however, circumstances were suddenly turned upside down. Mutual alliances with other nations became the way forward, and even privileged free citizens have begun rethinking their attitudes towards wasteful living.
Diet	For much of Vauthry's reign, Eulmore's diet was supplemented with the distribution of meol. This seemingly inexhaustible food's origin—sin eater flesh—was exposed during the despot's downfall, and the city swiftly found itself in the grip of a famine. Aside from the ever-present meol, free citizens were known to amuse themselves with exotic dishes, their tables often laden with all manner of gourmet cuisine.

History

A Free City

At a century and a half, Eulmore's history is comparatively short. The city has its origins in the Hume and Mystel pioneers who landed on Kholusia's coast after fleeing the oppressive rule of the mainland elves. Seeking strength in numbers, several of their modest camps banded together to form the free city of Eulmore, the existence of which initially served little purpose beyond a glorified marketplace. It wasn't until these founders were joined by Galdjent sailors and shipwrights—descendants of pirates who had previously settled on the island—that their ramshackle civilization truly began to thrive. With shipbuilding now its primary industry, Eulmore dipped its toes into deep-sea fishing, and after honing the arts of ocean navigation, launched a trading enterprise which would span the entire near eastern region.

Back on the mainland, the elves kept their stranglehold on Lakeland as they vied for dominance against the burgeoning Kingdom of Voeburt in the north and the Nabaath Empire in the south. All the while, Eulmore quietly amassed a fortune through commerce, and there, on the largely ignored island of Kholusia, did a great new nation arise with unexpected swiftness.

Surviving the Light

Even as the preoccupied mainland states began taking note of Eulmore's growing presence, the advent of the Flood brought an abrupt end to the city's meteoric progress. Unlike Voeburt and Nabaath Areng, Eulmore was left mostly untouched by the disaster itself, but losing its trading partners to the onslaught of Light was a devastating blow nonetheless. The merchant practices which had carried the settlement this far would serve it no longer.

Eulmore adopted new industries in an attempt to establish steady supplies of food and other necessities, whilst also building up an army sufficient to weather the sporadic eater attacks. The mayor, meanwhile, revised the procedure for accepting new citizens, giving priority to refugees possessed of particular talents or knowledge. One such invitation was extended to a displaced order of Voeburtite knights, a vaunted martial clan with which Eulmore had maintained a trading relationship. Seasoned soldiers all, the true prize was the extraordinary girl who accompanied them, said to be immune to the eater transformation. Thus reinforced, Eulmore was to become a major power, home to the greatest military force in Norvrandt. An elite battalion of sin eater slayers was formed, and with Minfilia, the Oracle of Light, as their living banner, the sinbound sallied forth to take the battle to their monstrous foes.

Living with Sin

The sinbound's war against the sin eaters was a bloody, drawn-out struggle, yet no matter their losses, they refused to put up their swords. Should Minfilia perish, they would await her reincarnation. She would be tracked down and trained, and the conflict would continue.

Compared to the endless waves of eaters, however, soldiers' lives were in short supply. Replenishing the sinbound's numbers demanded the populace make ever greater personal sacrifices, and the streets grew thick with an air of discontent. Then, as if to fan the fires, a poorly executed defense against a horde on the city's outskirts left the bulk of the battalion dead on the field. Tempers exploded, and the crowds cried out for Lord Veronth to resign from office. It was at this time that a man robed in black—Emet-Selch—approached the beleaguered mayor. He spoke with persuasive eloquence, convincing Veronth to fuse the essence of a Lightwarden with the unborn babe in his lady wife's womb. Veronth's son, Vauthry, was thus born with uncanny gifts. When they observed how the child could exert his will to tame lesser eaters, it marked the end of the ongoing war—and the beginning of Eulmore's descent into depraved apathy.

An End to Tyranny

The coddled Vauthry claimed the mayor's seat after slaying his parents in a petulant fit of violence. Everything would be as he desired. The sinbound were disbanded, and the most recent incarnation of Minfilia imprisoned. Sin eaters were Eulmore's enemy no more, instead serving the city as an endlessly replenishable workforce. Then came the distribution of meol, a mysterious foodstuff doled out to the people under the guise of magnanimity. Word of this new paradise spread, and the gates were swarmed by refugees desperate for the promise of safety and comfort. Lord Vauthry thus enacted a strictly enforced entry process, along with a twisted hierarchy that would divide the populace into "free" citizens, the privileged class of the upper levels, and the "bonded" residents, who were in the employ of the free. Eulmore slid deeper and deeper into decadence, becoming the famed "city of final pleasures."

With the arrival of the Warrior of Darkness, however, its glittering facade began to fall apart: Lord Vauthry was revealed as a Lightwarden, and meol exposed as sin eater flesh. The despot sought retaliation, but was cast down in the ensuing conflict. So it was that night returned to the realm, and it became clear that Eulmore's governance was in need of reform. The citizens cast their votes, and Chai-Nuzz, the former chief of Daedalus Stoneworks, was chosen to fill the office of mayor. Based on the part he played in ousting Vauthry, expectations are high that his dependable leadership will help Eulmore navigate a new course of alliances and cooperation.

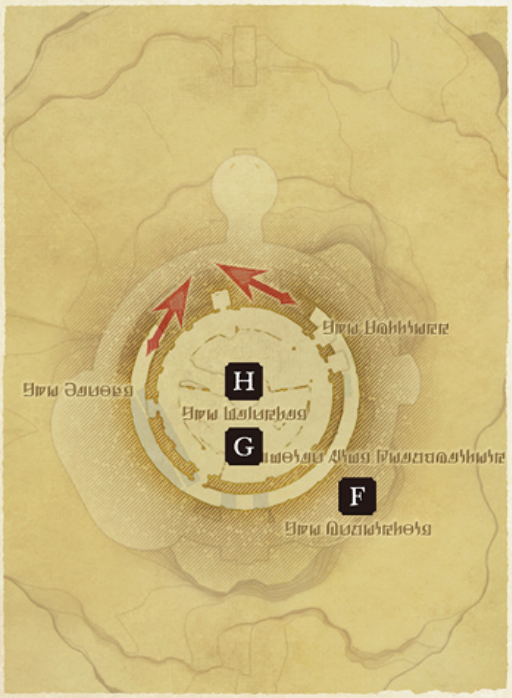
Lord Vauthry

"I am the zenith of mankind and sin eater both, chosen to rule over creation by right of transcendence!"

Occupying Eulmore's seat of power until the age of twenty-nine, the city's former mayor was raised from birth as the king to rule over all. Never disciplined, his every desire answered, Vauthry would meet the slightest divergence from his will with explosive rage. He spent his days in idle luxury, and sought to assuage his boredom by indulging in ever more cruel amusements. A particular favorite was subjecting unknowing souls to "ascension," wherein he would savor his victims' excruciating transformation into sin eaters. It mattered not that they learned Eulmore's rotten truth in that moment, for in becoming an eater they were inextricably bound under Vauthry's control. Thus did many a citizen vanish from the city, and his despotic reign continue unchallenged for nigh on two full decades.

The City of Eulmore

Similar to Limsa Lominsa, Eulmore is a coastal city built upon a spur of rock. Its multitude of levels rest one upon the other, rising upwards and outwards like the branches of a vast, gaudy tree.



Joyous Hall

A The Derelicts

This shanty town provides shelter for the destitute masses which huddle around the base of Eulmore. Many have built shacks with planks scavenged from the derelicts—sea vessels left to rot once the Flood of Light made the oceans impassable—while others simply squat in whatever remains of the ships' broken hulls.

B Nightsoil Pots

This modest nursery grows ornamental herbs and flowers to decorate the chambers of free citizens. An unbearable stench arises from the various planters, the sallow earth enriched with rotting food and nightsoil. Still, the compost's effectiveness is undeniable: one would never guess such a desolate world could produce such vibrant blooms.

C The Buttress

If one were to imagine Eulmore as a giant tree, then the Buttress would be its base. And just as a tree's roots draw in water and nutrients, so does the Buttress siphon away the most promising workers to serve as bonded up above. Beneath it is said to be a prison, its cells once used for storage or shelter.

D The Glory Gate

This grand entrance leads into the Buttress layer of Eulmore—a sudden and jarring shift into a world of splendor. Crowds of hopeful petitioners yearn for the chance to pass through its ironbound doors, but the path to "glory" is far narrower than the width of the gate would suggest.

E Joyous Hall

The entrance hall to Eulmore proper, so named for the elated expressions of successful petitioners. New residents are processed by the Bureaus of Immigration and Registration, before making a stop in the charmingly named Delousery. Outside supplies are also delivered here under the watchful eyes of customs officials.

F The Understory

Continuing the arboreal metaphor, the aptly named Understory is Eulmore's trunk. This level has been repurposed for Eulmore's military, and features makeshift barracks and supply closets. The architecture is deliberately fortress-like, allowing a small force to prevent access to the upper layers in the event of an uprising from below.

Nightsoil Pots

G Eulmoran Army Headquarters

The offices of the vaunted Eulmoran military. Though once ensconced in the Canopy above, the change in policy which accompanied Lord Vauthry's investiture as ruler saw the army fall in prominence, its officers relegated to the mid-layer chambers which once served as the city's gaol.

H The Mainstay

This massive pillar provides a core of support for the layers of city above. As it does not connect with the ground, however, the actual weight of the upper levels is offset by crystals harvested from a floating island. The overall construction supposedly minimizes the impact of tremors.

I The Canopy

The Canopy crowns the top of Eulmore's metaphorical tree, where free citizens enjoy the finer things in life—much as the broadest leaves drink in the most sunlight. An aetheryte stands in the center of a circular plaza, which is itself ringed by the aerial walkway of Skyfront. The mayor's audience chamber and private quarters, meanwhile, are found on a separate level, above even this lofty platform.

J The Beehive

The Beehive is a place of noise and excitement—a little sting to invigorate the safe, pampered lives of Eulmore's free citizens. Regardless of gender, this establishment's bonded workers are often called "honeybees," while the owner reigns above them as "queen."

K The Grand Dame's Parlor

This parlor was established by a Voeburtite noblewoman of high status, her exodus credited as a beacon for gathering the wealthy and influential to Eulmore. The current proprietor is one of her descendants, but is said to leave the running of the place to a free citizen who enjoys the idea of working.

The Grand Dame's Parlor

Kholusia

The largest island in Norvrandt, the greater part of Kholusia lies under the dominion of Eulmore, the city of final pleasures. Compared to other lands, it is known for experiencing few sin eater attacks, a reputation which draws throngs of refugees to its shores.

The Bright Cliff

This section of sheer cliff and the lands at its base are situated such that they bathe in sunlight for the greater part of the day. Bestowed in the distant past, the locale's name gained a touch of irony during the perpetual illumination brought about by the Flood.

Stilltide

The people of this modest fishing village subsist on sea life, reeling in catches from what little of the ocean remains free from Light's stasis. Even here, however, the effects of the Flood have turned the waters' current slow and sluggish.

The Leaky Keel

Stilltide's one and only tavern offers the locals a place to gather and guzzle down bottles of the proprietress's home-brewed mead. Theva runs her place with a sharp tongue, but is known to fuss over her fellow villagers like an overbearing mother hen.

Cracked Shell Beach

When questioned on the rather prosaic name of this coastline, the inhabitants of nearby Stilltide simply point to the carpet of broken seashells. In earlier days, they say the beach was crowded with the comings and goings of local fishermen, but now it is mostly the boots of barbaric hobgoblins leaving tracks along the pebbled shore.

Governor's Row

It is said that Stilltide's mayor took to calling himself "governor" to intimidate Eulmoran officials. The farming plot which shares his grandiose title was given over to the care of a local villager, who has since been lured away by the stories of meol and an easier life.

Greely Sties

This pig farm was abandoned after a pack of wild animals butchered the entire sty. The Greelys' daughter sought a new life in Wright, but tragedy struck again when her betrothed was slain by a stray eater. Locals say she was driven mad with grief and drowned herself in the nearby river.

The Whale's Breach

This promontory leading into Eulmore is said to vaguely resemble the shape of a whale heaved up onto the beach. Once marked only by the paved path of Slowroad, the locale has long since become cluttered with makeshift hovels.

Gatetown

Gatetown is a haphazard mess of shacks and lean-tos—the result of refugees throwing up shelters as they await their chance to embrace the comforts of Eulmore. Though living conditions can best be described as abysmal, the regular distribution of meol and minimal risk of eater attacks has only seen the population increase over time.

Shadow Fault

Even on the brightest day, the glowering cliffs cast long shadows over this stretch of the island. A number of towers keep watch over the dreary landscape, with Stonegazer on guard for bandits and dwarves from the highlands, and Seagazer scanning the ocean for approaching pirates.

Wright

A farming village in the southern reaches of Kholusia. The residents of Wright have refused the largesse of Eulmore, preferring instead to subsist upon barley, vegetables, and other crops cultivated through time-honored methods. Their independence cost them dearly, however, when the appearance of a stray sin eater ended in unspeakable slaughter.

Venmont Yards

Bearing the name of a famous shipwright, these shipyards were once a pillar of Eulmore's commercial industry. With the loss of the oceans to the Light, however, there is little demand for seafaring vessels, and the builders' descendants have thus turned their woodworking skills to crafting homes and furniture.

Wax Seal Mills

This site was once home to a crowded sheep pasture, the air thick with the cries of ovine contentment. Now only the windmills used to full their wool remain, a pair of somber sentinels without a flock to tend.

The Ladder

This enormous mechanism facilitates travel between Kholusia's lowlands and highlands. Its gears once driven by the tireless Talos of Daedalus Stoneworks, the apparatus fell into disrepair after said company retired its operations in the region—a development that all but halted trade with the highland dwarves.

Bottom Rung

This facility oversaw the operation of the Ladder and served as a hub for the transport of trade goods. In earlier days, ore purchased from the highland dwarves would be packed here, ready for shipment to Eulmore, but Lord Vauthry's despotic rule saw the Bottom Rung fall into disuse.

The Lawns

Now a training facility for soldiers, legend has it that this stage-like formation was once the playground of mermaids. Sailors would make blindly for the "lawns" on which these captivating creatures frolicked, only to drown as their ships were dashed upon the many rocks jutting up from the ocean floor.

Venmont Yards

Scree

Encompassing the lower slopes of Mt. Gulg, this jagged landscape is rich with ore deposits. The highlands of Scree are known as the ancestral home of the dwarves, and the Tholl in particular have a strong presence in the region.

Top Rung

As the name implies, this counterpart facility to the Bottom Rung stands at the Ladder's apex. In its glory days, the complex was filled with trundling Talos, shifting and stacking boxes of cargo.

Amity

A thriving center for trade with the dwarves, Amity's importance evaporated under Lord Vauthry's restrictive policies. Its faded status has since made it the perfect hideaway for fugitives fleeing the cruel vagaries of Eulmore.

Pit 8

The dwarves of Tomra built this secret tunnel for Amity's reclusive residents. Disguised as a mining camp, its extensive shafts allow one to bypass the Ladder completely when traveling between highlands and lowlands.

Tomra

One of the dwarven settlements that dot the slopes of Mt. Gulg, Tomra is home to a sizable branch of the Tholl family. Every building is constructed on a scale to cater to the diminutive inhabitants, giving taller races the impression of a village built in miniature.

Longbeard Council

The Tholl elders gather here to debate matters of import. Judging by the sounds of revelry which often echo within, no matter is more important than imbibing copious quantities of Tholl-brewed ale.

Tomra

The Ladder

The Duergar Mountains

This series of foreboding peaks form Kholusia's northeastern mountain range. The very fact that the ancient word for "dwarf" was used to name the mountains indicates just how long the short-statured race has dwelled here.

Dwarven Hollows

Bitter rivals in all things but especially excavation, both Tholl and Gogg lay claim to this cavernous network of mining tunnels. Outsiders simply refer to them as the Dwarven Hollows in a conscious attempt to avoid antagonizing either tribe.

The Duergar's Tewel

The far end of the Dwarven Hollows opens up into a great, crater-like expanse. Geysers here spew volcanically heated water high into the air, spraying the uncaring dwarves as they mine deposits of sulphur and other valuable minerals.

Watts River

Flowing from its source in the Duergar Mountains, the upper stretch of Watts River is spanned at two spots by the Flue and Bowled Oil Bridges. Crossing over to the river's east side puts one squarely in Gogg territory.

White Oil Falls

This waterfall marks the midpoint of Watts River. The sluggish current sends water over the cliff with little force, the cascade cleaving closely to the rock as it plunges down from an impressive height. Upon observing this almost-viscous flow, a renowned poet likened the falls to an enormous trickle of oil.

Komra

Another of the dwarven settlements found on the slopes of Mt. Gulg, Komra is home to a proud branch of the Gogg family. The village was nearly obliterated by otherworldly forces, but the resilient residents have pulled together to rebuild their lives (and their houses).

The Wet Whistle

The village drinkers gather here to imbibe copious amounts of Gogg-brewed ale. On rare occasions, the raised voices actually belong to the chief and the elders as they consult on matters of import.

Excavation Tunnels

The Gogg excavated these tunnels in search of precious ores, but the surprise unearthing of a machine graveyard drew them into a world of deadly mystery instead. The technology found here was completely alien, unlike anything seen in even their wildest engineering dreams.

Amh Araeng

It was on the edges of this vast desert, occupying the southern expanse of Norvrandt, that the Flood of Light was halted. Inhospitable from the beginning, it now lies on the threshold of life and all-consuming radiance.

Qasr Sharl

Literally translated, Qasr Sharl means "Castle North" in the old tongue of Nabaath Areng. This now-tilted fortification stands guard on the nation's northern border, the hulking ruins empty but for the sand and a handful of enterprising merchants.

The Red Serai

This amaro roost was established by Crystarium merchants plying their trade in Amh Araeng. Tucked within the foreboding walls of Qasr Sharl, the waypoint and its stockpiled goods are well protected from both predators and windblown sands.

The River of Sand

Fisherfolk are known to cast a line into this perilous gorge, hoping to snag one of the rare and valuable fish which swim through the stream of quicksand below. Prospective anglers are well advised to take precautions—slipping off the edge is invariably fatal, with a person's own weight sinking them into the "river" with alarming swiftness.

The Fields of Amber

In the days before the Flood, caravans of heavily laden amaro could be seen wending their way across the amber desert. Merchants of the present age yet follow the same routes to market, though they are a far less common sight than they once were.

Samiel's Backbone

According to Mord mythology, these bones belonged to a colossal creature known as a samiel. Many believe its ghost still roams the sands, and young Mord are known to dare each other to spend the night beneath its fossilized remains.

Mord Souq

The Mord have long dwelled in Amh Araeng, and this "souq," or "city," serves as a marketplace to display the curious wares they gather from every corner of the badlands. Merchants and collectors from across Norvrandt can be seen here purchasing ores, oddities, and the relics of Nabaath Areng.

The Rack

This stone tower is easily the tallest structure in Mord Souq. Its spacious interior is used to store all manner of valuable inventory, and as such, entry to the Rack is denied to market patrons.

Pitch

One of several watchtowers constructed to guard against bandits preying on Mord trade routes. Its sister spires are known as Snitch and Twitch.

Samiel's Backbone

Our Ladies' Hands

Built high up to catch the wind whistling through the mountains, this windmill is put to steady use by the Mord to grind popoto-like desert tubers into flour. Its name is an expression of gratitude, the technology replacing what was once a laborious task carried out by hand.

Our Ladies' Feet

Another contraption built by the Mord, this windmill is used for crushing the wildly diverse ingredients mixed into the local brews. Similar to the Ladies' Hands, the technology replaces a process that once involved a great deal of jumping and stomping.

The Inn at Journey's Head

This facility was established as an infirmary for treating victims of eater metamorphosis, though failure to find a viable cure swiftly dashed any initial optimism. It then became the Inn at Journey's Head—a place for sufferers to live out their last days in peaceful seclusion. Recent breakthroughs, however, have been successful in reversing the condition, and what was an air of grim surrender is now one of quiet hope.

The Derrick

This basic wooden outpost was erected to keep watch for winged sin eaters flying into the desert from the Empty. Guard rosters are presently managed by the Inn at Journey's Head.

The Nabaath Severance

This sheer drop was formed in the wake of the Flood. The name is both literal and metaphorical, representative of the physical changes to the landscape as well as the abrupt end which befell the Nabaath Empire.

Mord Souq

Ladle

The Northern Hills of Amber

In contrast to the transient sands of the Fields of Amber, the highland plateaus of northwestern Amh Araeng sit atop a stable foundation of rock. A clan of Ronso relocated here during the reign of the Ronkan Empire, leaving their mark—and their names—on the region's mines and settlements.

Mount Biran Mines

The shafts carved into the side of Mount Biran were the center of a large-scale mining operation which employed the relentless strength of an army of Talos. As is the case with Garik, Kelk, and many other places in the region, Biran was named for a Ronso of historical note.

Garik

Though it was once a bustling mining town, Garik's inhabitants evacuated en masse to escape the approaching Flood. Mord merchants later moved into the abandoned cabins, only too happy to claim such a convenient trading post for doing business with their Lakeland partners.

The Central Hills of Amber

The central hills of Amh Araeng were the heart of Nabaath Areng's mining industry, with trolley tracks cutting north and south through the countryside. One band of young entrepreneurs is determined to repair the railway and return the mining operations to their former glory.

The Dragging Tail

Likened to the long, curved tail of a Mord, this tunnel is a repurposed mineshaft which provides a direct passage from Mord Souq to the central hills.

Twine

In days past, Nabaath Areng contracted a Talos engineer to establish its mining railway, and these cabins were built to provide lodgings for the laborers who would lay the trolley tracks. The settlement was later maintained as a miners' village, but its dwindling population has mirrored the steady decline of the mining industry.

Kelk

Once a Ronso settlement, Kelk had been abandoned in favor of larger cities long before the Flood arrived. Thus, it is known amongst scavengers as a prime location for finding trinkets and relics untouched by conflict.

Lift Station

Scavengers built this pulley-and-rope mechanism to facilitate the recovery of precious artifacts from the ruins of Nabaath Areng. As the city has since been picked clean of treasures, however, the winch's condition has deteriorated from disuse.

Nuvy's Leavings

The history of this mine stretches back to the time of the Ronkan Empire. Ronso workers labored to carve out its winding shafts, but there was a limit to how deep they could dig with only pickaxes and persistence. The Nabaath Empire commissioned a project to reopen the excavation using Talos, but as with many endeavors of that age, the scheme fell by the wayside with the advent of the Flood.

The Southern Hills of Amber

The southern hills are known as the location of Malikah's Well. This famous landmark was built in remembrance of one of the ancient kings of Nabaath Areng, its subterranean waters once providing a welcome source of respite from the desert heat.

Ladle

This now-dilapidated station for Talos-drawn trolleys served the needs of passengers traveling to and from the city. Shipments of water drawn from Malikah's Well were also loaded here for transport.

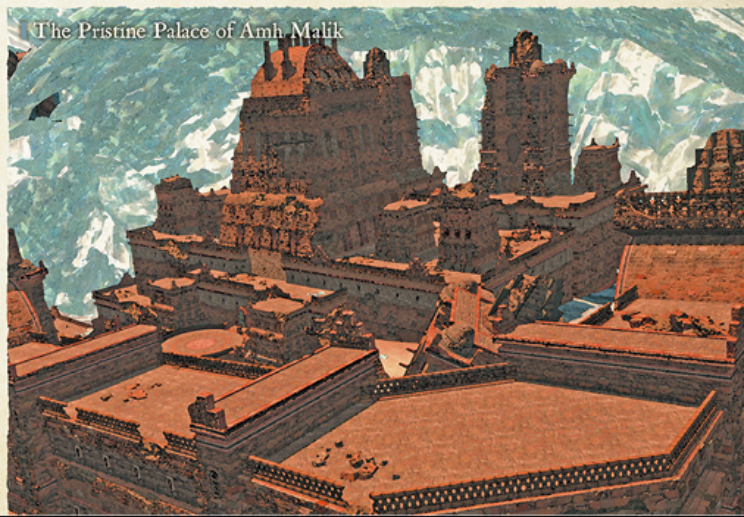
Nabaath Areng

An oasis of desert commerce, the Nabaath Empire's capital built its wealth on the trade of local minerals, both precious and mundane. The civilization now lies broken, the gargantuan wave of frozen Light yet looming in its midst. Flakes of crystallized radiance have fallen away from the main mass, each smaller shard a source of glittering peril.

The Pristine Palace of Amh Malik

In the common tongue, "amh malik" translates to "majestic king," and it was within this royal residence that was housed the core of Nabaath Areng's political and military might. When the Flood came, however, it was halted moments too late—half the palace toppled before a titanic wave of Light like a sandcastle caught by the tide.

Twine


The Pristine Palace of Amh Malik

Il Mheg

Tucked away in the mountains, this enchanted land was once home to the Kingdom of Voeburt. When men abandoned it following the Flood of Light, it instead became home to the fae folk, the playful and childlike pixies chief among them.

Timh Gyeus

The lush fields and rolling hills in the southwest of Il Mheg were once home to mortal shepherds and their flocks of well-tended sheep. Roughly translated, the faeries' name for this region means "our rose-colored bed."

Lydha Lran

Finding it abandoned by its former inhabitants following the events of the Flood, the pixies have claimed this Voeburtite village as their own. The fae have continued the villagers' practice of keeping sheep, making use of the weed-choked pens to raise and milk their wooly livestock.

Phisor Lran

The retinue of trees surrounding this domicile—formerly a shepherd's abode—attracted the pixies' attention. One particularly curious faerie wondered what fruits or nuts the boughs might be hiding, but never returned from their gathering. It was around that same time that an odd beaver-like creature was spotted waddling about the premises.

The March of the Marchioness

The giant tree near the water's edge of Dohn Mheg is referred to as the marchioness. The pixies tell the story of a fierce Voeburtite general who fought against the eaters till the bitter end—and how they "gifted" her with a floral form as grand and beautiful as her spirit.

The Bookman's Shelves

Lately the borrowed residence of a foreign scholar, this manor once belonged to a Voeburtite lord known for the eclectic nature of his hobbies. In a miraculous turn of events, the noble's extensive collection of books and academic apparatus have largely been left undisturbed by curious pixie hands.

Handmirror Lake

This lake on the western edge of Il Mheg was once the site of a royal picnic, or so the tale goes. A Voeburtite princess spent the day here with a gaggle of lords and ladies, partaking of tea and sweets and quite ruining her lip paint. She inspected her reflection, as if the tranquil waters were her personal mirror, and the lake has been known thusly ever since.

Lyhe Mheg

The Garden of Dreams is an ephemeral playground woven by the whimsical Dreamspinners. One can enter this fantastical land in one of two ways: fall asleep and await a fae visit, or petition the pixies for direct passage through the "door" in Il Mheg.

The Bookman's Shelves

Pla Enni

Good Jenanna's Grace

Her Royal Highness Princess Jenanna was daughter to a Voeburtite king of generations past. In the dark of night, this mountain pass catches the light which shines forth from Lyhe Ghiah, the jade glow reminiscent of the princess's beautiful eyes.

Pla Enni

Known for their harmonious relationship with the now-faded Kingdom of Voeburt, the Nu Mou people reside in this cavern under the leadership of their elder, Wyd Aenc. As well as being the name of the village, pla enni is a variety of mushroom the Nu Mou grow to incredible size—large enough for them to hollow out and use as comfortable dwellings.

Longmirror Lake

A creation of the faeries, this vast body of water dwarfs Handmirror Lake in size, and so does its name reflect its expansive shape. Beneath its crystal-clear surface can be seen the remnants of the preceding mortal kingdom.

Thysm Lran

The current residents have dubbed this watery abode "our stately mansion." Once a part of the Kingdom of Voeburt, it now belongs unequivocally to the Fuath.

The House of the First Light

The tallest spire of this sunken house of worship yet peeks above the surface of the lake. All the lands of Norvrandt echoed with prayers to the Light, and Voeburt was no different—churches large and small graced every corner of the kingdom, from the richest town to the meanest mountain hamlet.

Deepwood Swim

In the time of Voeburt, when Lyhe Ghiah was yet known as Gruenes Licht, these ruins were a thriving castle town. Now they languish at the bottom of Longmirror Lake, submerged in the waters drawn forth by the Fuath as the faeries laid claim to Il Mheg.

Deepwood Swim

Saint Fathric's Temple

Wolekdorf

Voeburtenburg

This corner of the former Kingdom of Voeburt is inhabited by the Nu Mou, a fae race which maintained favorable relations with the mortals of that now-fallen nation. In stark contrast to the pixies, the Nu Mou have retained the original Voeburtite names for many of the locales and landmarks.

Wolekdorf

Amaro who have awoken to the old blood have gathered in these ruins to form a communal sanctuary. The settlement itself was built before the founding of Voeburt, and is believed to have been a monastery affiliated with the Church at Dammroen Field.

Sextuplet Shallow

These shallows are fed by streams flowing from half a dozen mountain waterfalls. One of the more macabre legends claims that the pixies sacrificed six infant siblings, interring their souls in the rock to conjure this bountiful source of water.

The Church at Dammroen Field

In the early days of Voeburt's founding, a shepherd was scouring the woods in search of stray sheep. What she stumbled across instead was a long-forgotten church of the First Light, and a weeping statue of its radiant deity. The tales of pilgrims journeying from afar to marvel at her discovery are many and well documented, yet if one is to visit the ruins today, the miraculous sculpture in question is nowhere to be found.

Father Collard's Chambers

With the aid of his Nu Mou assistant, the eponymous monk cultivated mushrooms in this secluded cavern as part of his research into apothecary. The lawless ones coveted the cultivars for their potent effects, and so seized the chance afforded by the Flood to usurp control of the chambers and their fantastical fungi.

Saint Fathric's Temple

This secluded mountain shelf was favored by Saint Fathric of the Church of the First Light as a place to perform rites of penance. Amongst the faeries of Il Mheg, only the Nu Mou would remember or understand the significance of the location's history.

Anden's Airs

Unwilling to abandon his home even in the face of an eater invasion, the shepherd Anden spent his last days as a mortal man among his flock. When the pixies learned of his refusal to flee, they transformed him into a leafman that he might watch over his "sweet fluffies" for eternity.

Mithai Glorianda

Once the heartland of the Kingdom of Voeburt, the castle and its surrounds have long since been claimed as the domain of the faerie king. In the fae tongue, "Mithai" means "mother," and the "Glorianda" it prefaces was known as the legendary Forebear of Pixies.

The Silent Cliffs

After fleeing to the clifftops to escape the eaters, the townspeople were struck dumb when they turned to behold the transformation wrought upon their home. It is thought that most never again had the chance to speak before the faeries came and changed them all into mute leafmen.

Old Earra Bridge

To visit Gruenes Licht on foot entailed an exhausting climb up this series of elegant yet punishingly steep stairs. Inevitably, perhaps, there was also said to be a service offering amaro-back flights to the castle's forecourt.

Lyhe Ghiah

Once the royal seat of Voeburt, Lyhe Ghiah later became a prison for Titania when the faerie king succumbed to the aether of a slain Lightwarden. The castle's name has its origin in both the faerie and Voeburtite tongues, the words thought to translate as the "wings of dreams."

The Silent Cliffs

Lyhe Ghiah

The Rak'tika Greatwood

In this millennia-old forest stood the royal capital of an advanced magical civilization—the Ronkan Empire. The stony remnants of its lost grandeur can still be spied beneath the shadowy boughs.

The Citia Swamps

Dominated by Lake Tusi Mek'ta and blessed with an abundance of water, the swamps are teeming with vibrant life. Their soft ground is an unstable foundation, but the Night's Blessed have persevered, building themselves a home in which they might properly worship the Dark.

Fort Gohn

Built by the Night's Blessed, little now remains of this wooden fortification. By all accounts, a fire broke out during a sin eater attack, and even before the violence had ended, the compound had collapsed into a charred ruin. Survivors of the slaughter had no choice but to relocate to nearby Slitherbough.

The Trip

The protruding roots of these towering swamp trees create a strange and unsettling landscape. Various vilekin and wild birds make their nests in these tangled shelters, contributing to the area's unique ecosystem.

Dyers' Wash

This shallow pool is where the Night's Blessed rinse out the excess dye from their emblematic purple cloth. A practical name for a practical purpose.

The Deliberating Doll

One legend claims that this squat mountain resting by the shore of Lake Tusi Mek'ta is actually a Ronkan guardian, its duty at an end after battling the entity now sealed within Fruit of the Protector. A different legend disputes this tale, insisting that the battle was fought by Lozatl, a giant whose name yet graces the nearby waterfall.

Cleric

The Night's Blessed built this rudimentary cabin in the roots of a giant tree as a place to rest while hunting or gathering in the wood. It also serves as a forward post, where scouts can keep an eye on the comings and goings of a rival faction of Dark worshipers known as the Children of the Everlasting Dark.

Lozatl's Conquest

According to Ronkan legend, the great steps of this waterfall were carved by the giant Lozatl. Historians speculate that this mythical figure was, in fact, an early form of Talos, and likely the selfsame construct responsible for building Ronka's resplendent places of worship.

Woven Oath

This network of caves is home to the Children of the Everlasting Dark—a faction which splintered from the Night's Blessed. Within its twisting tunnels can be found historical artifacts—ancient murals among other things—including a monument inscribed with Ronkan text and its corresponding translation.

The Womb

Hidden deep within the passages of Woven Oath is a humble altar to the Dark. The Children, it is said, were "born" here, guided by the wisdom of Austadia, their founding leader.

The Red Chalice

The Children of the Everlasting Dark believe the waters of Lake Tusi Mek'ta to be tainted by perpetual Light. According to their faith, the Red Chalice lies protected under the canopy of the woods, and thus its blessed liquid is safe to imbibe. In practice, however, their properties are essentially identical.

Slitherbough

The Night's Blessed reside here under the religious guidance of their priests, bound by their shared faith in the Dark. The branches arching over the settlement cast long shadows on the ground, the patterns reminiscent of a coiling serpent.

The Darker

This place of worship has been set up inside a natural cavern, the location chosen to prevent exposure to the merest hint of everlasting Light. The faithful come here to meditate, as well as hold funeral rites for the departed.

Lake Tusi Mek'ta

Ruins of ancient Ronka slumber unseen on the bed of this murky lake. The origin of "Tusi Mek'ta" is similarly unclear—some say the old Ronkan words refer to a watery lair where the great serpent of legend manifests its majesty, while others claim it is simply a poetic rendering of the tree roots that snake out over the water's surface.

Fruit of the Protector

Cradled within the branches of a giant tree, this immense crystal boulder is suspended above the waters of Lake Tusi Mek'ta. The Fruit of the Protector has been the subject of worship since the time of the Ronkan Empire, and even now folk tell the legend of the great entity believed to be cocooned within.

The Husk

Although nestled in a tree's embrace like the Fruit of the Protector, this dull hunk of crystal appears devoid of aether. Such lack of perceptible life energy has led some to assert that whatever divine being may have dwelled within, it has long since left—or perished.

The Covered Halls of Dwatl

The stone halls of this Ronkan Temple were safeguarded by a sect of priests even after the fall of the empire. The rising waters of the lake, however, could not be denied, and rumors of a secret treasure that was swallowed along with the temple persist.

Lozatl's Conquest

Fruit of the Protector

The Morning Stars

Sleepaway Common

The Blind Forest of Yx'Maja

Encompassing the eastern reaches of the Greatwood, this band of forest is named for Yx'Maja, the Ronkan goddess of beauty and the hunt. It is believed that she taught the Viis their hunting skills, and their people have thus protected her sacred lands since time immemorial.

The Wild Fete

In a corner of the forest to the east of Slitherbough can be seen a path of brilliant blue flowers. Believed to be the footfalls of the goddess as she stalked her prey through the woods, the Viis call these floral trails the Steps of Maja.

Bowrest

Lying some distance outside of Fanow, this camp has become a permanent fixture for the hunters who patrol the woods. Some prefer to sleep here rather than the village, often camping out in the wild for months at a time.

Mjrl's Regret

Tales tell of a heartbroken Viis who, for reasons unknown, chose to leave her village behind. Standing before the caves and full of sorrow for her lost home, the tears she shed became the river which now crosses the woods from Lozatl's Conquest to this lonely drop downstream.

The Ox'Dalan Gap

This yawning chasm splits the Blind Forest in half. Running east to west, any attempts to guess at its depth are defeated by obscuring gloom, so it is perhaps natural, then, that it bears the name of Ox'Dalan—Ronkan god of the underworld.

The Isle of Bows

One of several earthen platforms suspended over the Ox'Dalan Gap, this island is oft visited by Fanow youths as part of their rite of passage. The rite demands they craft a bow of their own, and the sacred trees here provide the needed materials.

The Isle of Sisters

A pair of Viis sisters would often come here to escape their chores in the village. Viis are, however, possessed of incredibly sharp hearing, and the siblings' muffled voices could still be heard from the other side of Fanow.

The Isle of Consorts

It is said that male Viis sneak onto this isle before approaching Fanow in search of a seasonal mate, with a warning hail of arrows meeting any suitor unlucky enough to be spotted. The ability to remain undetected until the courtship of a chosen partner has begun is thus considered the mark of an accomplished hunter.

Hopl's Stopple

The entrance here leads to a subterranean network supposedly constructed by the Qitari in the twilight years of the Ronkan Empire. Tunnels sprawl below like a great web, serving as the secret archives for stelae their people engraved with the grand history of Ronka.

Fanow

Unfailingly loyal to the last known commands of the Ronkan emperor, the Viis of this village have protected the ruins of Rak'tika for countless generations. With many of its sister settlements destroyed by the Flood of Light, however, Fanow faces an uncertain fate in its isolation.

Sleepaway Common

A communal rest area. Villagers would remark that the everlasting Light shining through the gaps in the canopy above made for comforting naps, as it helped them to imagine real sunlight. Now that sunlight has returned, villagers remark that the blowing breeze makes for comforting naps. It may, in fact, simply be a comfortable place for villagers to nap.

The K'mul Astropolis

Pyramids honoring the Ronkan gods dominate the astropolis, the surrounding ruins crowded with stone monuments and animated guardians. The energies emanating from the Great Pyramid of Ux'ner suffuse the remnants, lighting every surface with a pale orange glow.

The Morning Stars

These pyramids were built to venerate the four chief deities of the Ronkan religion: Ox'Gatorl, keeper of flame; Ox'Charl, keeper of the winds; Yx'Lokwa, bringer of rain; and Yx'Anpa, bringer of the harvest. For the inhabitants of Fanow, guardians of Ronka's heritage, there are few sites more sacred.

Ox'Gatorl Mul

The pyramid dedicated to Ox'Gatorl, keeper of the flame, god of war and the sun. Represents the star of fire.

Yx'Lokwa Mul

The pyramid dedicated to Yx'Lokwa, bringer of rain, goddess of groundwater and solace. Represents the star of water.

Ox'Charl Mul

The pyramid dedicated to Ox'Charl, keeper of the winds, god of music and the moon. Represents the star of wind.

Yx'Anpa Mul

The pyramid dedicated to Yx'Anpa, bringer of the harvest, goddess of crops and the soil. Represents the star of earth.

The Great Pyramid of Ux'ner

Though still an impressive structure, the largest of the pyramids has lost some of its majesty to a gigantic tree root crushing it from above. The end of the root has pierced through to a lower level, breaking open a wall and creating an opening into the ruins.

The Confessional of Toupasa the Elder

The private chapel of Toupasa the Elder, a hero of legendary status even amongst the ranks of the Ronkan Empire's greatest rulers. The ruins' source of power is said to lie even deeper within.

The Tempest

From the time before the Flood, this stretch of ocean west of Kholusia has been known for its violent storms. Its waters are also home to the Ondo, a tribe of aquatic sea-dwellers.

The Norvrandt Slope

After moving out from the continental shelf, the ocean floor drops away in a steep slope. Ordinarily, mortal men could not survive here, but Bismarck's dome of air makes it possible to breathe—and walk—in the briny depths.

The Ondo Cups

Hidden at the bottom of the Tempest, this Ondo settlement was established by those few foragers who escaped the Flood's destruction of their homeland. "Cups" refers to the hollows on the shore that remain filled with seawater when the tide recedes—miraculous shelters not unlike the Ondo's refuge.

The Flounders' Floor

An antagonistic tribe of Ondo known as the benthos have claimed these caverns as their home. They wish no dealings with the surface dwellers no matter the circumstance, likening themselves to those sea creatures which cleave to the ocean floor.

The Workbench

This facility was built by a Crystarium native—a genius artisan seeking to escape from the distractions of the outside world. Although he simply calls the place his "Workbench," the mundane naming is at odds with the fantastical concept of a forge constructed malms beneath the ocean.

The Crock of Pearls

The hefty pearls harvested from the giant mollusks of this spawning grounds are of immense value—fit for the jewelry of an Ondo queen.

Where the Dry Return

When the Ondo beheld the coral within this cavern, its crimson branches put them in mind of a land-dweller's veins—thus began the legend that it was a resting place for finless ones who had perished at sea. It was not until recently, however, that folk from the surface learned the reason behind the rather ominous-sounding name.

Walls of the Forgotten

Grown over by coral and layers of algae, it is believed these remnants were once part of the civilization which ruled the star in the age before the Sundering. The structures themselves have survived millennia without signs of deterioration, and seem impervious to hammer or blade.

Purpure

The Ondo use the shells they gather from this cave to make dye, the purple hue prized as a symbol of nobility. It is said that Eulmore's obsession with the color purple can be traced back to these underwater origins.

The Ondo Cups

The Caliban Gorge

This ocean chasm is spoken of as the domain of Caliban, a great fish god of legend. The gorge's confusing topography is difficult to navigate, even for the Ondo, but those venturing deep are rewarded with the sight of sunken ships.

The Caliban Gap

The fish god Caliban is thought to have made its lair here, but no sign of the divine wavekin remains. Intruders are wise to be cautious, however, for there are always other predators in the sea.

The Trinculo Shelf

During the age when the elves reigned over Norvrandt, a jester by the name of Trinculo wagered he could walk on the surface of the Tempest. The clever fellow made good on his claim, but was dragged under the waves by a sudden storm. This rocky shelf is thought to be where his remains came to rest.

The Swallowed Spire

Another remnant of ancient civilization, centuries upon centuries of sediment have built up around this tower, leaving only its highest point still peeking out of the rock. How its unburied grandeur might have appeared in its day is a question answered only by one's imagination.

The Workbench

Purpure

The Macarenses Angle

Amaurot

If Ondo testimony is to be believed, this vast city simply appeared overnight. Unlike the ancient remnants which endure silently upon the sea floor, its illuminated towers are of a decidedly different nature—a miraculously new and vibrant metropolis, compelling in its mystery.

Achora Heights

The lift inside this structure carries passengers between its top floor and the ground below. The party of the Warrior of Darkness used this mechanism to enter Amaurot when they first came upon Emet-Selch's phantom creation.

The Polyleritae District

Here in Amaurot's central district were found the institutions vital to the management of the unsundered star. The ancients employed by these offices were all said to be exceptional practitioners of creation magicks.

The Macarenses Angle

A simple aetheryte plaza, the name of which essentially translates as "the land of happiness." In the days of old, Amaurotines would meet visiting or returning colleagues here, and it was common to see groups lingering in the square, engaged in lively debates.

The Hall of Rhetoric

The ancients used this hall for formal debates and discussion, their practically immortal lifespans allowing endless hours to enjoy the exploration of ideas and dissenting opinions. Especially insightful rhetoric was recorded and stored in the building's archives.

Bureau of the Architect

This bureau was responsible for the registration and archiving of concepts, the specific instructions needed to manifest a certain object or entity using creation magicks. Registered concepts could also be borrowed by others upon submission of a successful application.

Bureau of the Administrator

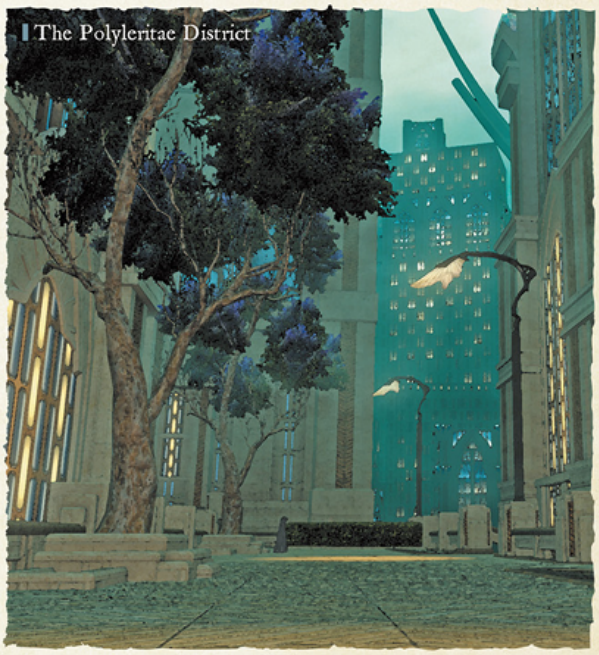
Records for every resident of the star were kept in this institution. Its clerks were also responsible for authorizing visitors to the city's august Capitol.

Bureau of the Secretariat

All manner of official documentation and applications were managed by this office, including the issuance of visitor's writs. It seems that even a grand civilization capable of godlike creation sorceries was unable to free itself from the nightmare of labyrinthine bureaucracy.

The Capitol

This stately building was the meeting place of the Convocation of Fourteen, the ultimate authority whose policies dictated the fate of the star. The debate over how the ancients would overcome the Final Days was held within these very walls.


The Polyleritae District

Bureau of the Architect

WERLYT

Following in the footsteps of its neighbor across the Ghimlyt Dark, Ala Mhigo, this small nation in the far western reaches of Ilsabard recently liberated itself from the Garlean Empire.

Overview

Flag	The flag originally bore the crest of the royal family. However, as their bloodline has long since run dry, and the nation now aspires to become a republic, the interim government has organized a committee to decide on a new design.
Motto	—
Government	Werlyt is presently led by an interim government. After careful deliberation, it has decided the nation will be rebuilt as a republic.
Leader	Talbot Hunte
Ruling Body	The interim government is formed of representatives from several rebel factions that fought against the Garlean Empire.
Racial Distribution	Ilsabardian Hyur: 80% Near Eastern Au Ra: 15% Other: 5%

Religion	Though religion was largely discouraged under Garlean rule, the people of Werlyt were polytheistic, believing in thirteen gods. Their religious practices are said to be largely influenced by the traditions of their western neighbors in Eorzea and its teachings of the Twelve, as well as Corvosi mythology from the east.
Industries	Livestock: The tending of cattle is a longstanding profession of Werlyt, made possible by its lush, far-reaching pastures. A knack for livestock breeding is evidenced by the myriad varieties of both beef and dairy cattle they raise, the latter including an especially rare breed said to number only one hundred. Dairy: In tandem with their livestock industry, the people of Werlyt excel in the production of dairy products, including butter, yogurt, and milk-based beverages. They are well known for their high-quality cheeses, which became a mainstay export to Garlemald. Fishing: The southern edge of Werlyt touches the sea, allowing for a bustling fishing trade in coastal towns. Its many steep cliffs, however, ensure their efforts are focused on but a few major ports. Mining: In the northern mountain range of Werlyt, one can find four mines wherein copper, zinc, tungsten, and several other rare metals are extracted. The process was refined under Garlean rule with the introduction of magitek, and while the equipment remains, the country wants for the ceruleum to operate it. To that end, Werlyt has begun negotiations with Ul'dah to barter for fuel so they may resume their mining operations.
Beliefs	While the Au Ra who migrated from the Corvos region have ostensibly been welcomed into Werlyt, there yet remains a strong sense of social incohesion in this predominantly Hyuran nation. It remains to be seen if these disparate peoples can overcome their differences to flourish in this burgeoning republic.
Diet	Werlyt is perhaps best known for its stewed dishes made using local beef, dairy, and seafood. The intermingling of native wheat-based cuisines and rice dishes brought by the Au Ra also help to distinguish Werlyt cooking. Dairy enthusiasts insist that milk produced in Werlyt is indispensible to strengthening one's muscles when training the body, and indeed, it is thought to be high in protein and effective in reducing muscle inflammation.

History

A Contentious Foundation

In ages past, the western reaches of Ilsabard, known today as Werlyt, were home to myriad Hyuran tribes. There was no harmony to be found between them, however—the ceaseless cycle of war and peace was no different than the changing of the seasons. Some brave few tribes thought to flee from this war-torn land, crossing the Ghimlyt Dark to pillage and plunder on Eorzean soil. They would inevitably return home, richer for their efforts, but these ventures westward would come to a halt when the leadership of Anshelm Cotter united Gyr Abania, Ala Mhigo becoming a shield from further incursions.

With dreams of pushing farther west dashed, and the Hyuran tribes growing weary of conflict, Au Ra outlanders hailing from Corvos saw this pall of languor as an opportunity. They formed an alliance with a handful of local tribes, and together they quickly subjugated the territories that would come to be Werlyt. Despite their pivotal role in its formation, however, the Au Ra would not seek the throne of this fledgling kingdom, knowing their alchemical knowledge and mastery of the mystic arts would prove no match for the sheer numbers of their Hyuran allies. Thus did they concede kingship to the Hyuran elders. With this, some Hyurs came to see the Au Ra as powerful allies, but others would continue to curse them as ruthless invaders.

The Garlean Occupation

Unfortunately, the newly founded nation of Werlyt would not last. The advent of magitek had transformed Garlemald into a heretofore unseen military power, allowing them to take Corvos with ease and subsequently draw Werlyt under the Garlean yoke.

The province was charged with supplying foodstuffs and mineral resources to fuel the burgeoning empire, and in some ways the dissemination of magitek would prove a boon. The mechanization of mining, for example, was momentous, but any such innovations as the Garleans would bring ever remained beyond the reach of the subjugated. For thirty years the people of Werlyt toiled thus, but they would eventually be offered a glimmer of hope. The Empire had begun the second phase of its incursion into Far Eastern territories, a campaign requiring a considerable portion of their military force. Even the occupying force in Werlyt had been greatly diminished, affording rebel factions the leverage needed to reclaim their home.

Their dreams of freedom were fleeting, however, as a young Gaius van Baelsar led imperial forces back to assault the capital of Werlyt and restore Garlean order. As the previous viceroy had been killed by the rebels, Gaius would assume command of the newly reclaimed province.

Two Sides of Governance

Reflecting on the plight of the Werlytian peoples that drove them to rebellion, Gaius, the newly appointed viceroy, well knew that drastic measures were needed to prevent a second uprising. He began by recruiting individuals he deemed competent and capable, paying no heed to their station, race, or place of origin. Indeed, no few Werlytians were sought out for their extensive knowledge of the land, serving in various bureaucratic positions. Over the next twenty years, Gaius would also oversee a more even distribution of the province's wealth; new infrastructure in the form of roads, ports, and harbors; and a compulsory education system that would substantially increase literacy rates throughout Werlyt. But the peace and order he established there was short-lived.

The invasion of Eorzea and its consequences, naturally, left van Baelsar unable to fulfill his duties in Werlyt. The man who would take his place was Valens van Varro, an otherwise unremarkable civilian who had somehow risen through the military ranks. After losing his position amidst political turmoil within the Empire, he was given command of a newly reformed VIIth Imperial Legion. The grim shadow he cast over Werlyt would undo all the good Gaius had achieved and so much worse. Forced labor, imprisonment, and executions quickly became normalcies of day-to-day living. So much so, that it was said one could only find rest under the mortician's roof.

The Treasonous Five

Rather than subjugate the enemy, Valens was satisfied with bleeding both their resources and people dry—a tyrannical approach to governance often said to be heinous even by his fellow countrymen. It was a path that would lead to ruin for the province of Werlyt. Yet despite appearances, he was an exceedingly brilliant engineer, and there was a method to his madness.

Emperor Varis had been assassinated, and as various parties vied for the throne, Garlemald's aristocracy was in the throes of chaos. That is why Valens labored to complete his Weapon project, that he might make a triumphant return to Garlemald, wielding the ultimate tool of war. He well understood the need for urgency, and was more than willing to bring ruin upon Werlyt if it meant assuring his place as emperor.

For all his genius, however, Valens remained ignorant of his coming downfall until it was too late. The orphans he intended to use as test pilots for his project were plotting to use his Weapons against him, and the fruition of their plan would bring the VIIth Legion to its knees. One must not overlook, of course, the significance of Gaius's contributions to their efforts, as well as the rebel factions that also conspired to overthrow the Garleans. Even so, it was ultimately the bravery and sacrifice of five orphans that would spell the end of Valens, and earn Werlyt her freedom.

BOZJA

Nestled in the southern reaches of Ilsabard, Bozja has long been considered the ancestral home of the Hrothgar. Theirs is a troubled history, however, as Bozja has often found itself at the mercy of other, more powerful nations in the region, their most recent oppressors being the Garleans.

Overview

Flag	The sun central to the Bozjan flag represents a queen—the most significant figure in Hrothgar society. Around this noble ruler do her people revolve, much like the comets depicted in orbit.
Motto	—
Government	Long ago, Bozjan tribes came together to choose a queen among queens. Having but recently regained independence, however, the people of Bozja are undecided as to what manner of government would best serve the modern nation.
Leader	—
Ruling Body	The present interim government includes both the head of the Bozjan Resistance and leaders of allied tribes.
Racial Distribution	Hrothgar: 75% Ilsabardian Hyur: 10% Ilsabardian Roegadyn: 10% Other: 5%
Religion	The nation of Bozja was founded by Hrothgar, who naturally gravitated toward choosing a queen to lead them. Tradition dictates the queen be one among the nation's shrine maidens, women gifted with preternatural abilities. It was believed that when each queen passed away, her spirit would ascend to a higher plane of existence, and thus the reigning maiden and her divine revelations served to connect the people and their ancestral rulers. As their voices could be heard from the beyond, her predecessors were paid the same reverence as the current queen.

Industries	Leatherworking: The Hrothgar have a long history of fashioning goods using skins taken from game and cattle. Their unique approach to tanning allows them to produce leather smooth as silk or sturdy as steel. Textiles: Bozja was once well-known for its thick fabrics made of hemp and flax. Due to their sturdiness and resistance to water, they were often exported to nations bordering oceans for use as sailcloths. Explosives: The abundance of mineral resources in Bozja made it the ideal location for the Garleans' sizable gunpowder manufacturing initiative. When the Garleans sought to expand farther eastward, the vast majority of munitions supplied to the front line were provided by Bozja. Fishing: The fishing industry thrived thanks to the lakes and rivers of Bozja, but the Hrothgars' aversion to the sea hindered any ventures into ocean fishing. That said, they are still known to fish along the coast. Stonecraft: Thanks in no small part to its rocky terrain, stonecraft has historically been an integral part of Bozjan architecture. As one might expect, their stonecarving techniques were nigh unrivaled, the beauty of their stone creations—often engraved with magicked insignias—known even in the Far East. Stone sculptures of tigers, in particular, were said to be the quintessential gift to procure here.
Beliefs	The vast majority of the population being Hrothgar has resulted in a great emphasis on community in Bozja. Many Hrothgar kinship groups are known for a specific occupation, yet unrelated individuals who take up said occupation can also be welcomed into the fold. The Verdant Path, for example, is comprised mainly of Hrothgar, but also includes disciples from other races who devote their lives to the path's teachings.
Diet	No foodstuffs are too tough for the sharp fangs and powerful jaws of the Hrothgar. It is for that reason they often prefer tougher foods, and are never troubled by chewy, sinewy meats. In fact, they enjoy sinking their teeth into meat still on the bone, biting through, and even sucking out the marrow. But not all are favored with the Hrothgars' forceful bite, which is why there are two vastly different schools of cuisine in Bozja. A strong stomach and stronger jaw are recommended when sampling traditional Bozjan dishes.

History

The Tragedy of Gunnhildr

The kingdom of Bozja's history dates back to the Third Astral Era. It emerged from a bloody, protracted civil war between the various groups residing in the region, when the land was at last united under the rule of a single queen. Gunnhildr was the name and title given to this first monarch, and one all those who followed her would inherit. Their peace and prosperity would eventually be threatened by Allagan armies from the west, but the queen and her guard—Gunnhildr's Blades—would ensure Bozja kept its independence despite the hardships of war.

Naught could prepare them for the Fourth Umbral Calamity, however—a massive earthquake that brought untold destruction to a still-healing nation. So it was that the nobles and oracles who served as the ruling party under the queen sought to unleash the power of the legendary Save the Queen. Though the blade's power was certain to deliver them from ruin, the life of the one who wielded it would be forfeit. Rather than sacrifice Gunnhildr, who had been wounded in battle against the Allagans, the nobles contrived a plan to install a minor shrine maiden of the Votyasch tribe as queen, knowing full well her reign would be short-lived.

This queen they deemed disposable turned out to be anything but—she did not die wielding the blade to deliver salvation to her homeland, but rather transformed into a veritable god of war. Possessed of immeasurable power, she struck profound fear into the hearts of those who had sought to manipulate her, and for this, she was assassinated. Her tragic death would mark the end of the Gunnhildr line.

A Bozja Divided

In the wake of the queen's death, the nobles grew increasingly distrustful of one another, each fearful they would be the next to taste an assassin's blade. Their doubts and suspicions would erode away what little unity bound them, making it all but impossible to crown a new queen. With no unifying ruler, the people of Bozja began to drift apart, its various groups carving out their own territories under their own leaders.

They would continue to live in this way, together yet apart, until the Sixth Astral Era. The Garlean Empire to the north had been emboldened by its newfound strength in magitek, and the threat of its overwhelming military strength proved the catalyst needed for Bozja to unite once more. As in the days of Allag, the people needed a queen.

Elders from the nation's eight greatest kinship groups convened to consider their options, but the Garleans had already arrived at their doorstep. Bozja's defeat was swift and decisive, earning her a place among Garlemald's ever-growing number of provinces.

Inglorious New Purpose

With the whole of Ilsabard united under a Garlean standard, the continent would quickly transition to imperial governance. Sharing a border with eastern territories, Bozja was deemed to be of particular geopolitical importance, and for that reason was to be heavily fortified. Its capital would become a fortress, to be known henceforth as Bozja Citadel.

After Dalmasca had been brought to heel, further expanding Garlemald's territory, Bozja Citadel could no longer serve to bolster the front lines, and thus needed new purpose. Midas nan Garlond, the Empire's premier scientist, was given leave by Emperor Solus to use the citadel to proceed with the Meteor project. His experiments required the utmost secrecy, making the nigh-impregnable fortress the perfect site for his work.

What the Empire did not realize, however, was that their actions would soon spark the birth of the Bozjan Resistance. A shrine maiden foresaw the coming doom the Meteor project would bring, and the newly gathered resistance force sent a small contingent of their finest to the Garlean capital. Their aim was to kidnap Midas as he presided over the Imperial Youth Magitek Exhibition, and thereby force the suspension of the Meteor project. Their hopes were disappointed, however, thanks to the swift action of two Garlean youths—Cid nan Garlond and Nero tol Scaeva, who secured both Midas's safety and ample time for imperial troops to apprehend the rebels.

The Bozja Incident

Cid Garlond did not hesitate to do battle with the Bozjan Resistance to save his father, but he could not help but wonder what compelled them to target the esteemed engineer. His curiosity would lead him to discern the true nature of the Meteor project and the danger it posed. The building of a transmission tower to communicate with Dalamud in and of itself was not a problem. But what would happen should the satellite respond, and their facilities be ill-equipped for the surge of energy that might be directed back toward the tower?

Midas himself had begun preparations for such an eventuality, but Cid was certain they were insufficient to avert disaster. Though Cid pleaded with his father to review and reconsider his computations, Midas had long since been subjugated by the dreadwyrm Bahamut, who slept within Dalamud. The Meteor project proceeded as planned, and the city was evaporated in an instant, Garleans and Bozjans alike vanished in the blinding light of the lesser moon.

The Resistance Returns

Though Bozja Citadel was destroyed, not all the people of Bozja perished with it. There still remained conscripted soldiers called to faraway lands, and those who lived in settlements outside the city. These wayward souls would band together and re-form the Bozjan Resistance. When word reached them that Doma had regained its independence, they would soon reach out to the Eastern alliance for aid, and thereafter begin down the arduous path to independence.

As the fight for freedom raged in Bozja, an altogether different conflict was taking place at the imperial capital. In the wake of Emperor Varis's assassination, the IIIrd Legion clashed with the Ist—who remained loyal to the late emperor—and before long civil war had thrown Garlemald into disarray. The IVth Legion, led by Legatus Noah van Gabranth, sought to take advantage of the situation to claim Bozja and Dalmasca for their own and create a new nation free of the Empire's influence.

Gabranth's was an ambitious dream, and there were those among the Bozjans who shared in it. Misija Votyasch was one such individual, and she played a significant role in nearly making it reality. Much like any other Bozjan, she despised the notion of imperial rule, leading the Resistance to believe her an ally. In truth, she harbored a deep hatred for the people of Bozja. As the last descendant of Queen Gunnhildr, she knew the truth of the queen's assassination at the hands of her countrymen. Coupled with her own mistreatment for no reason other than being lowborn, she believed the nation Gabranth labored to build was preferable to anything the Resistance could achieve. To aid him in his seemingly righteous endeavor, she would wield the legendary blade, Save the Queen, to transform herself into an eikon and do battle against the Resistance. With aid from the Eastern alliance, and a renowned adventurer who helped liberate Doma, the Bozjan Resistance sealed a narrow victory. This would mark a decisive turn in the battle for Bozja, as the Resistance then struck the IVth Legion troops led by Menenius sas Lanatus in Zadnor. With the last of these soldiers routed, Bozja could at last claim her hard-won freedom.

OLD SHARLAYAN

Though this polity in the Northern Empty is the Sharlayan people's home nation, many have taken to calling the colony established in the Dravanian hinterlands simply "Sharlayan," appending "old" to the name of the motherland for greater specificity.

History

A Volcanic Temper

Though the Northern Empty now boasts a respectable population, the region was once as sparse as the name suggests. In the Fifth Astral Era, people queried on the center of civilization in the northern seas would have pointed to the archipelago of Aerslaent, the islands of the Northern Empty being little more than brief stops where Sea Wolf pirates and fishermen could stock up on fresh water.

At first glance, Sharlayan seems more suited to habitation than Aerslaent, being both larger in size and lusher with vegetation. So why had settlers not flocked to its shores? The answer lies in the island's volcanic activity, with eruptions said to have been frequent and violent. Sea Wolf folklore described it as the abode of a wrathful fire god, and while they took their chances dropping anchor for supplies, none were fool enough to risk building a more permanent outpost.

The Deeds of Nyunkrepf

It was during the aftermath of the Sixth Umbral Calamity when settlers finally came to the isles of the Northern Empty.

As any student of history knows, the great flood inundated Eorzea, causing catastrophic damage and loss of life. Nyunkrepf Nyunkrepfsyn, later to be counted among the legendary Twelve Archons, was one of the heroes of this time. A towering Roegadyn of the Sea Wolf tribe, he foresaw the rising waters through astrology, and prepared for their coming by building a great ship of wood. He sailed out from Aerslaent with a crew of volunteer sailors, steering his vessel towards the stricken realm of Eorzea and saving a great many souls set adrift on the seas. When a colossal wave bore down upon them, however, he was forced to cast a dangerous spell of teleportation, which deposited the ship and its weary passengers in the mountains of Abalathia's Spine. Joined by other refugees seeking higher ground, food and other resources soon became scarce, and deadly squabbles over scraps all too common. Nyunkrepf made another difficult decision, leading his followers down into the hinterlands where they made a new ship. They braved the yet-tempestuous seas to sail back to the north, in a journey recorded as the Long Descent.

Occupying the Northern Empty

In this author's humble opinion, the most noteworthy aspect of the tale is that Nyunkrepf chose not to return to the familiar harbor of Aerslaent, but instead guide his charges unto the Northern Empty. He knew the ways of his people, and feared that handing the refugees over to his piratical brethren would see those he rescued sold into a life of slavery. Thus, with reason and compassion incongruous in one raised in such brutal society, the Archon charted a course for unsettled lands. Had he chosen otherwise, then Sharlayan, the city of learning, may never have existed.

As it was, Nyunkrepf and his shipmates landed near a colony of auks, and it was upon this hill that they began to build their new home. It became known as Journey's End, and is now the most populous residential district in Sharlayan. Those who live here yet proudly remember their refugee ancestors, and honor the teachings of the wise Archon Nyunkrepf with grateful humility.

The Fires Extinguished

Sharlayan continued to grow under the hands of a people who valued knowledge above all else. In an apparent miracle, the once-explosive volcano remained tranquil for all fifteen hundred years of the Sixth Astral Era—but this was neither good fortune nor cosmic coincidence. The water-aspected calamity had tipped the aetherial balance, calming the fiery energies that had built up beneath the earth and quieting the mountain's volatile rage. It is assumed that when Nyunkrepf settled on the Northern Empty as a destination, he had predicted the effects of this elemental upheaval.

Yet even the wise Archon did not foresee all that was to come. To the island's rich natural resources, the now-inert volcano added another boon: a vast subterranean hollow beneath the city.

Upon discovery of the yawning cavern, the immediate concern was for the foundation's stability, with the logistics of relocating the settlement becoming an urgent topic of debate. However, numerous surveys found no danger of collapse, and discussions turned to how this sheltered sanctuary could best be used to Sharlayan's advantage. It was given the name Labyrinthos, its cavernous depths eventually becoming the focal point for aetherial sea observations. It was here that the Forum conducted preparations for the great exodus, and consequently played a vital role in the efforts to avert the Final Days.

Organizations

The Studium

True to its reputation as the cradle of knowledge, Sharlayan is home to numerous private study halls and schooling facilities, but it is the prestigious Studium which represents its foremost institution of learning. The academy opened its doors in the year 432 of the Sixth Astral Era, and for over a thousand years has established a history for producing accomplished Archons and contributing to breakthroughs in every academic field.

While initial classes focused on the formal study of the arcane, the occult, and astromancy, it was from these subjects that aetherology—the exploration of magic's fundamental theory—was derived. This signaled the beginning of a more diverse curriculum, the main trunk branching out to include mundane fields such as the natural sciences of astronomy and biology. These were joined by the social sciences (law and economics), the humanities (philosophy and history), the formal sciences (mathematics and statistics), the applied sciences (alchemy and medicine), and more on the spectrum of learning. Not all faculties are of equal size, however, with some professors teaching only a handful of pupils. This situation is exacerbated by compound disciplines such as somanoutics—combining the study of aetherology, sorcery, and medicine—the introduction of which leads to no few students transferring between faculties during their academy career.

While there are those simply satisfied with graduating from the Studium, others remain to continue further research and submit a thesis to qualify as a full-fledged professor. Earning this qualification, however, does not grant one the title of Archon—this honor is won through a distinctly separate process.

Montichaigne Mongrignois

"I've always believed that curiosity should be nurtured, not stifled."

Archon and Studium scholarch, this seventy-four-year-old Elezen academic is responsible for establishing and codifying a host of arcane techniques—and many magicks have become considerably safer to cast as a result. Montichaigne is a remarkable mage in his own right, skilled at exceedingly delicate manipulations of aether. He is known for teaching his pupils with the aid of floating implements, but it is his effortless ability to control their every movement without need of wand or staff that truly sets his talents apart. Managing to maintain friendships with controversial Sharlayans such as Louisoix, Matoya, and Galuf while remaining firmly ensconced in the Forum is also testament to his social and political acumen.

The Gleaners' Guildship

Gleaners are named for the folk who trail after the reapers in the fields, picking up every grain that was missed—an acknowledgment of their meticulous and demanding profession. Tasked with securing goods that are especially difficult to obtain, these specialists in procurement belong to an organization known as the gleaners' guildship.

The procurement service they provide covers everything from rare books to live specimens of exotic plants and animals, with each category of acquisition necessitating a specific set of skills and knowledge. Requests might come in from government branches, educational institutions, or even on an individual basis, which the guildship then allocates to the gleaners most qualified to complete them. This distribution of labor closely follows the systems implemented by Eorzean nations, relying on leve postings for crafting and harvesting tasks, and guildship hunts for the capture of beasts or culling of pests.

Gleaners will often travel the world alone in pursuit of their clients' requested goods, which can require carrying water, provisions, and extra clothing, as well as camping gear such as a simple tent and bedroll. Any man or woman walking through Sharlayan with a heavy pack resembling the one in the illustration provided is almost certainly in the gleaning profession.

Vtorak Vetasch

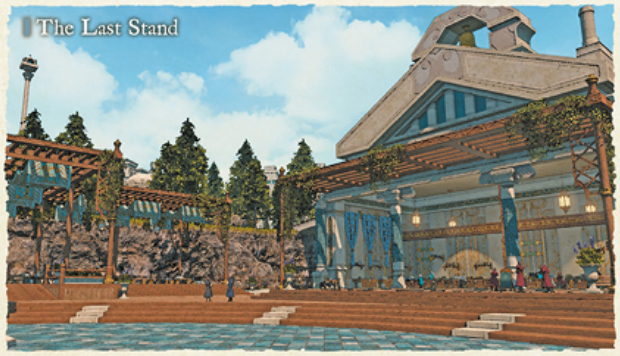
"This side up."

The guildmaster of the gleaners' guildship is something of a legend among their ranks: it is rumored that Vtorak is so resourceful that he—or possibly she—can procure goods that are not of this star. Ever on the road in pursuit of requested goods, this elusive figure of indeterminate age and inconclusive gender has apparently not been seen for several decades, and the younger members are in doubt as to whether such a person even exists. Interestingly, when gleaners argue over who was first to procure a particular item, the debate is referred to as a "VV" matter. In cases where no conclusion is forthcoming, the unspoken rule is to register the item under the guildmaster's name, and thus the *Bibliotheca Historica* and the Archeion's catalogs are replete with acknowledgments of one Vtorak Vetasch.

Southeastern Sharlayan

The southern edge of the city faces the ocean, its well-constructed harbors prepared to dock even the largest of seafaring ships. To the east, across the flow of Oinops, are found the neat residential rows of Journey's End.

Scholar's Harbor


The Last Stand

The Scholar

A Scholar's Harbor

Although known for its distinctively curving piers, the most prominent feature of the city's port is, without a doubt, the towering statue of Thaliak. Sharlayan's patron deity faces out towards the water, His eternal gaze watching over every vessel that arrives and departs by sea.

B The Last Stand

An eatery established by a pupil who quit the Studium in a rage, incensed by the tasteless meals prepared by an institution lauded for its research into nutrition and culinary arts. In the words of the current proprietor, the café is a cultural outpost—the final defense against those who would condemn Sharlayan's diet to blandness and monotony.

C Nyunkrepf's Sight

This spur of rock was where the eponymous Archon is purported to have sat when he had matters upon which to meditate. The famous anecdote encourages those frustrated by their studies to linger here in hopes of sudden revelation.

D The Thaliak Stoa

This path leads to the harbor's great statue of Thaliak. History tells of the philosophers who gathered here to espouse the merits of a reasoned life ungoverned by passion, and are thus credited with the birth of the word "stoic."

E The Scholar

This colossal statue depicts Thaliak, patron deity of Sharlayan. A set of doors at its base lead into a chamber known as the Pathless Way, the interior of which is a mystery to any who has not been inducted into the ranks of the Archons.

F The Peristyle

Cargo unloaded from arriving ships is stored here temporarily before being carried off to its final destination. Under the guildship's management, the peristyle also serves as a counter for assigning leves and hunts to dependable agents.

G Worldly Affairs

This unassuming post is where applications for entry into Sharlayan are processed. Until recently, the duty-bound nation had maintained strict information protocols, closely scrutinizing the comings and goings of residents and visitors alike with entry records aetherically linked to the citizen registry.

H Journey's End

Occupying the eastern side of Old Sharlayan, the residential district takes its name from the tale of the city's original settlers. History tells that it is upon this hill, alongside a colony of auks, where the refugees of the great flood chose to build their new homes.

I The Leveilleur Estate

This elegant mansion has stood for three centuries, and is a treasured example of Sharlayan's architectural heritage. For generations, it has served as the home of House Leveilleur—a noble family from which have arisen many distinguished Forum members.

J Auk's Landing

Complete with picturesque fountain and ample seating, this modest park is frequented by book readers and poetry reciters. Its name has its origin in the auks that once existed here, a gesture likely lost on the water birds displaced from their colony so many centuries past.

The Peristyle

The Leveilleur Estate

Northwestern Sharlayan

North of the harbor is the mercantile center of the Agora, and beyond that, the offices from which the city is governed. To the west is a wooded glade where stand the dignified edifices of Noumenon and the Studium.

The Rostra

The Nymphaeum

The Agora

A Archons' Design

The city's political and financial center honors the seven individuals whose contributions were instrumental in the founding of Sharlayan. These noteworthy figures were also the inaugural Archons, a title now bestowed in recognition of great achievements.

B The Rostra

This building houses the assembly hall where the Forum debates Sharlayan national policy. Once a simple outdoor plaza, the Rostra would ring with heated discussion through rain, wind, and worse. Following a death by lightning strike, however, plans were drawn up for the imposing stone structure which now crowns Archons' Design.

C The Hall of Artifice

This hall houses a lift which descends into the cavernous depths of Labyrinthos. No other method of access is made available for public use.

D The Nymphaeum

A small garden dedicated to legendary spirits of water. In Sharlayan, water is a reminder of the great flood which precipitated the birth of their nation, and a symbol of the knowledge that flows from Thaliak's divine ewer. For this reason is the city populated with an abundance of fountains and other water-based decorative features.

E The Confluence

This research facility is known for deciphering the underlying principles of Allagan aetherytes and reconstructing that ancient technology for the modern age. In addition to the production of replacement parts, researchers here are also developing a new, experimental type of aetheryte.

F The Agora

The Agora was once a simple city square where people gathered to barter for goods. Eventually, enterprising merchants began to construct stalls, and the area evolved into an orderly marketplace.

G The Baldesion Annex

The Students of Baldesion built their headquarters on the Isle of Val, but as they often found themselves with reason to frequent the city, it was determined that a secondary office was required. So it was that the Annex—and the convenient nap rooms of the andron—became their home away from home.

H Tranquility

Adhering to the philosophy that man thinks his deepest thoughts in natural surroundings, these enchanting woods were chosen as the site for Sharlayan's first private school. Later becoming known as the Studium, the now-legendary institution ensures that its tranquil surrounds are carefully tended and preserved.

I The Speaking Monopteros

Found near the entrance to the Studium, this stone arbor is witness to a steady stream of potential spectators. As crowds are often called upon to decide the victor in a debate, pupils have claimed this spot as their preferred arena of argumentation.

J The Silent Monopteros

In contrast to the Speaking Monopteros, the pupils have an unwritten rule that conversation and disruptive noises are forbidden in this place. It is a spot for quiet reflection, or losing oneself in a good book.

K Phenomenon

Within the Studium, the central structure of Phenomenon is considered the most historied and the most illustrious. As well as housing auditoriums for both formal lessons and public lectures, it also features the Makers' and Searchers' Meets, known for hosting constant visits from the industrious gleaners.

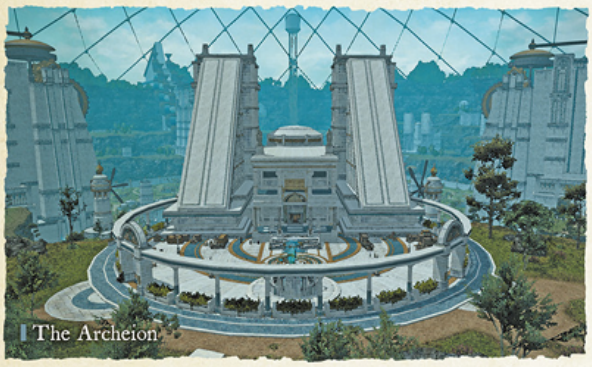
L Noumenon

The pride of the Studium and parent institution to the Great Gubal Library, this massive collection of scrolls and tomes is the largest of its kind. Knowledge from every corner of the world is collected here, and efforts to compile the *Bibliotheca Historica*—the ultimate repository of wisdom—is an endeavor without end.

Phenomenon

Labyrinthos

Deep below the streets of Old Sharlayan lies a vast subterranean environment created as a repository for tomes and treatises on every subject imaginable, gathered from all corners of the world. To protect the priceless and irreplaceable, the climate of Labyrinthos is aetherically regulated.


The Archeion

The Outer Circuit

Following the most fundamental maze design—concentric circles—Labyrinthos resembles a giant mortar, with each successive ring lower than the one before. This district is the outermost of those layers, up near the mortar's rim.

The Path of Artifice

This massive lift is one of several that connect the surface of Old Sharlayan to the subterranean research and storage complex of Labyrinthos. At the end of its descent, the mechanism opens up onto the hub of upper Acrinthos, from where passengers or cargo continue onwards towards other facilities.

Upper Acrinthos

Cargo brought down the Path of Artifice is stacked in this primary storage facility, where neophyte gleaners await to take inventory and deliver supplies to the various facilities. This task is considered training for the guildship's newer members, teaching the best methods for identifying and handling a wide range of shipments.

The Archeion

As Noumenon serves as Sharlayan's literary archive, so does this structure house the city's wealth of material data. Its shelves groan with a world of variety, from relics unearthed in ancient ruins to live samples of exotic insects and viable plant seeds.

The Aesthete's Tholos

A mineral vault of ores and rough gemstones collected by the gleaners from every region on the star. As preparation for the great exodus, researchers studied these deposits to formulate the most efficient method for mining and refining resources in an alien environment.

Passemerrant Pasturponics

This research facility was responsible for selecting the most adaptable species of livestock, focusing on resilience, quality of meat versus feed required, and other innate advantages. Passemerrant is counted among the city's seven luminary Archons for his contributions towards domesticating wild animals during the early days of Sharlayan's founding.

Troglophile's Deep

This cavern serves as a breeding ground for certain subterranean species deemed vital to ongoing research efforts—including a study into creating fertilizer from the subjects' phosphorous-rich excrement. Troglofauna reproduction is, however, an inexact science, routinely resulting in excessive numbers of cave-dwelling offspring spilling out into nearby habitats.

The Thirty-third Facet

Serving a dual purpose, this mineshaft was excavated not only to extract ore, but also to continue the gradual development of Labyrinthos. This was the thirty-third such construction project undertaken by Sharlayan to artificially expand the natural hollow left behind by retreating magma.

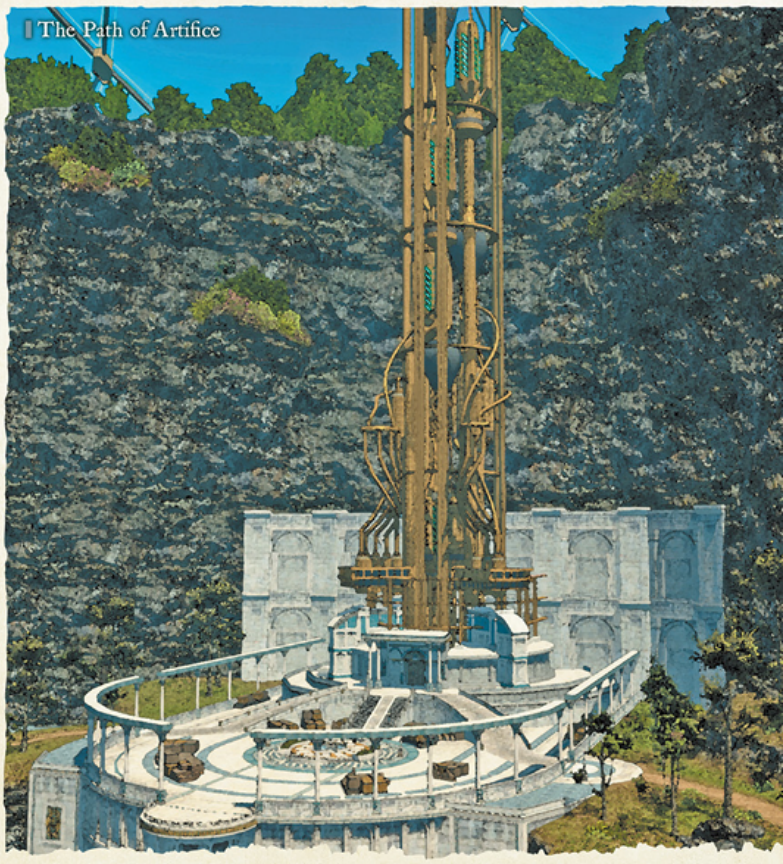
Mornveil Forest

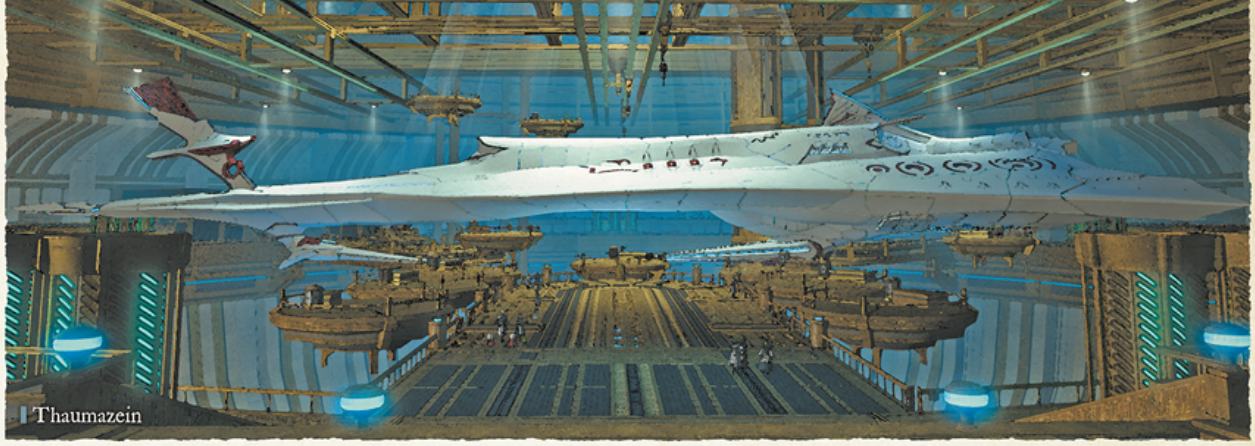
A wooded region in the northeast sector of the Outer Circuit. Though manmade, the forest's ecosystem is carefully balanced with the deliberate introduction of insects, rodents, birds, and even a colony of trolls amongst the trees and plant growth.

Mistloom

The technicians here are responsible for overseeing the mist sprayers located throughout Mornveil Forest. Mistloom also regulates the water- and earth-aspected aether transmitted by the elemental reactors in order to maintain optimal humidity levels for the delicate forest environment.

Passemerrant Pasturponics


The Path of Artifice


Thaumazein

The Medial Circuit

This district occupies the middle ring of Labyrinthos, and the facilities here, such as Meryall Agronomics and the mitato, are primarily concerned with research into effective food production. The general populace is not permitted access to areas beyond the Medial Circuit.

Meryall Agronomics

In this experimental crop farm, researchers explore agricultural methodology and study the growth of seeds collected from various regions across the world. It is named after Meryall—one of the seven Archons instrumental in Sharlayan's foundation—whose botanical knowledge helped enrich the island's barren soils and resolve food shortages.

Psyche

At first glance, this large tower appears no different from an ordinary windmill. However, Psyche—taken from the archaic word for "breath"—does not turn wind into motion, but rather circulates the air with its powerful sails.

Phoibos

This facility regulates Labyrinthos's artificial sun, which also shares the name of Phoibos, i.e. "the radiant." Brightness levels are adjusted by time and season to correspond with the climate of southern Ilsabard.

Pneuma

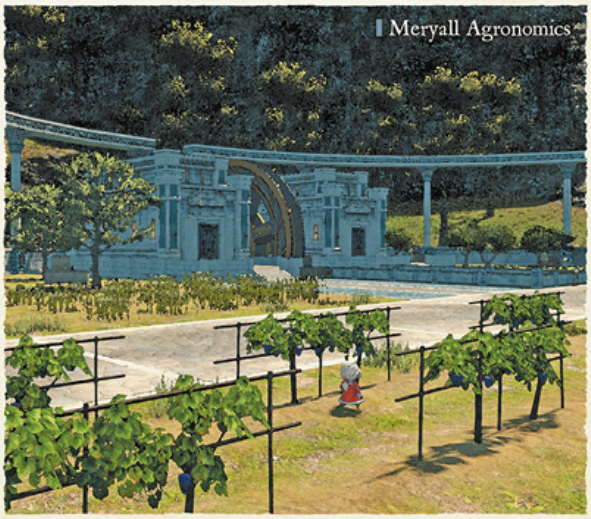
Another wind generator, constructed at the same time as Psyche. The Logistikon coordinates these towers, adjusting the speeds of their rotating sails to imitate natural air currents, even mimicking the occurrence of monsoons and other seasonal wind patterns.

Lower Acrinthos

Located directly below upper Acrinthos, this facility is concerned with the efficient transportation of delivered goods. The cargo lift inside the structure is in constant motion, moving both incoming and outgoing shipments.

Mitato

Researchers here seek to improve upon the traditional techniques of animal husbandry and food preservation. The science behind hams, sausages, cheeses, and butters is rigorously analyzed, and the foodstuffs thus produced are gratefully consumed by Labyrinthos's hard-working inhabitants.


Meryall Agronomics

The Central Circuit

Here in the lowest section of Labyrinthos are found the city's most confidential projects: the Aitiascope, where Sharlayans communicated with the will of the star; and the shipyard, where the ark was built to carry Hydaelyn's hopeful to the moon. Entrance is forbidden to any without the Forum's express permission.

Sharlayan Hamlet

Located in the Central Circuit, this self-contained settlement provides housing for Forum-authorized researchers. Due to the highly confidential nature of their projects and a strictly enforced information protocol, the men and women here are rarely permitted egress to the city proper.

Logistikon Alpha

One of Labyrinthos's three climate control centers, Alpha artificially generates rain and cloud formations by siphoning subterranean water and expelling it as vapor. This technology was devised to enable Sharlayans to alter the atmosphere of an alien star to offer more favorable conditions.

Aporia

The command center coordinating efforts for the great exodus was aptly named after the archaic term for "perplexity." The same word might also apply to the Sharlayans' mindset after learning Hydaelyn's truths, yet it was to face that very challenge that this complex was built.

Kokkol's Forge

The brightest and boldest engineers in Sharlayan gathered here under the leadership of the brilliantly eccentric Kokkol Dankkol. Heavily involved in the ark's design, his name will ever be known as the man who pioneered the development of the vessel's revolutionary aetherburner.

Thaumazein

Thaumazein, or "wonder," is the emotion one feels at the onset of the quest for knowledge. Such a quest was begun here, in an effort to pierce the mysteries of the aetherial sea, yet what researchers encountered was the will of Hydaelyn Herself. The site became a shipyard, where they would construct an ark destined to reach the very moon.

Sharlayan Hamlet

RADZ-AT-HAN

This bustling city on the Near Eastern isle of Thavnair is renowned as a prosperous trading hub and the birthplace of alchemy. Over the course of its storied history, it has produced countless influential figures and ingenious creations that have since made their ways to distant shores. Perched atop a massive pillar of rock, its ornate buildings boast vibrant hues rivaled only by those of its locally produced textiles.

Overview

Flag	Dominated by two primary colors, the blue in Radz-at-Han's flag represents the indigenous Matanga, while the red is symbolic of the peoples who crossed over from the mainland. In its center is the divine eye, believed to pierce falsehoods and behold the truth of all things.
Motto	Embrace the Many, Thrive as One
Government	Satraps of the Alzadaal bloodline have guided Radz-at-Han since the nation's inception, yet this appointment has ever been a ruse. The great wyrm Vrtra is, and always has been, the true satrap, with the Alzadaals merely serving as his public facade.
Leader	Vrtra
Ruling Body	The Hannish administrative body is both appointed and headed by the satrap.
Racial Distribution	Near Eastern Hyur: 50% Near Eastern Au Ra: 25% Matanga/Arkasodara: 20% Other: 5%
Religion	The majority of people in Thavnair put their faith in a pantheon of diverse deities. Originally two warring factions, legend has it that the manlike Manusya and the beastlike Mrga resolved to trade heads, and harmony has reigned among the gods ever since. Historians hold that the former were part of the belief system brought to the isle by the mainland Au Ra and Hyur, while the latter were divinities worshipped by the native Matanga.
Industries	Alchemy: Radz-at-Han is renowned as the birthplace of alchemy, and boasts a long history of excellence in the field of medicinal remedies. Its practitioners have also been credited with reinventing a number of alchemical processes once lost in the fall of the Allagan Empire. Trade: As a natural geographical midpoint between the eastern and western seas, Thavnair has become a regular port of call for merchant ships, with the local bazaar evolving into a hub for international trade. Eorzeans in the market for Far Eastern wares are thus able to visit Radz-at-Han to make their purchases, forgoing the need for a longer journey. Textiles: The unique silk fabric known as Thavnairian weave is a much sought-after product. Its vibrant colors, added by an advanced alchemical dyeing process, are especially valued by highborn patrons. Fishing: As an island nation, fishing is a mainstay of Radz-at-Han's industries, with fishing villages dotting the shores up and down the coast. Fishermen can be seen plying their trade from small platforms erected in the shallows, or putting out boats to cast nets into the sea. Livestock: Hamsa have long been kept as livestock in Thavnair. The flightless cloudkin are reared for their meat and eggs, with their poison glands also fetching a good price as alchemical ingredients. Quarrying: Thavnair is home to several giantsgall quarries. While admired for its coloring, the stunning stone material is mostly prized for its uncanny density and high aetherial conductivity.
Beliefs	Radz-at-Han is a nation of diverse peoples, and as their motto affirms, those differences are to be celebrated. Its three main tribes—Matanga, Au Ra, and Hyur—are often seen working side by side, having long grown accustomed to the idea that their unique strengths and shortcomings can be balanced to create a whole greater than the sum of its parts.
Diet	Food soon spoils in Thavnair's heat and humidity, and so the locals learned to preserve their food with spices. These flavorful ingredients are used liberally in cooking to enhance aromas and stimulate appetite, with curry being one of Hannish cuisine's signature dishes. Many of the region's meals are made with hamsa meat and eggs, as well as the sweet, juicy flesh of the amra fruit.

History

Brood-siblings

In the twilight of the Third Astral Era, the Allagan Empire sent an invading force to the continent of Meracydia. The southern people rallied around the commanding figures of Bahamut and Tiamat, and fought fiercely to repel the would-be conquerors, but with Bahamut's defeat the tide turned against them. Desperate to seize any advantage, the Meracydians resorted to summoning a succession of primal entities. In response, Emperor Xande then forged a covenant with the Cloud of Darkness, sovereign among the all-devouring denizens of the void. Thus bolstered by eikons on one side and voidsent on the other, the two armies clashed in a battle of unspeakable carnage.

Roused by Tiamat's roar of defiance, Vrtra and Azdaja sped to Meracydia to support their embattled brood-sister. Yet no matter how many fiends they cast down, more rose from the abyss to take their place. Faced with an unwinnable war of attrition, Azdaja risked her all on a final gamble, plunging through the voidgate itself to strike at the root of their strength. Vrtra followed Azdaja to the Crystal Tower, but no sooner had his sibling entered the rift when it collapsed behind her.

In the end, the seemingly invincible Allagan Empire brought about its own demise, and the arts to open a wyrm-sized voidgate were lost in the shattering destruction of the Fourth Umbral Calamity. Vrtra thus began scouring the far reaches of the star, searching for another means to enter the void and rescue his beloved Azdaja. It was during his endless wanderings that he at last uncovered a planar fissure in the depths of the Bounty—yet it was far too narrow to admit his scaly bulk. The defeated wyrm withdrew to a nearby isle, making a lair of a great rock where he spent his days in grief and lamentation.

Arrival of the Matanga

Opinions are divided on what year the Matanga appeared upon Thavnair, the island which harbored the grieving Vrtra. The prevailing theory presumes that they crossed over during the Age of Endless Frost, when the Fifth Umbral Calamity had frozen the Corvos Narrow solid. The opposing view argues that they could very well have arrived earlier, during the forgotten days of the Fourth Astral Era. Whichever the case may be, it is certain that the Matanga were well settled before the subsequent arrival of the Hyur and the Au Ra.

The Matanga people built small settlements all across the island, and lived in relative tranquility. They had learned of the great dragon which dwelled in the rock, but chose to keep their distance. It showed no interest in the settlers, and they feared its wrath should they disturb its solitude. Thus did the centuries pass.

Alzadaal Khan

The oldest written record of Matanga is found in an Auri epic from the beginning of the Sixth Astral Era. The ballad sings the deeds of Alzadaal Khan, beginning with his nomadic tribe's arrival on the shores of Thavnair. He had led his people through the lands of the Near East, a winding path which brought them to Corvos (Locus Amoenus) in southern Ilsabard, but their destination was embroiled in seemingly perpetual conflict. So did they take to the seas, crossing the Narrow in search of calmer frontiers.

Alas, it was not to be, for upon beaching their vessels, the Au Ra found the island Matanga at war amongst themselves. A territorial battle raged between two tribes: the Gajasura, who recognized only strength; and the Arkasodara, who valued wisdom and knowledge. The belligerent warriors of the Gajasura saw the Au Ra as intruders to be slain, whilst their scholarly rivals invited the khan to feast and parley. Alzadaal, desirous of a safe haven for his people, chose to ally with the latter. The Au Ra joined the field alongside the Arkasodara, driving their foes from Thavnair, and bringing an end to long years of Matanga bloodshed and kinslaying.

As for the defeated Gajasura, they withdrew to the east, homeless and aimless, a deep hatred for the Au Ra burning in their breasts. Their tale, however, is for another time.

Radz-at-Han Is Born

The Matanga war was over, but Thavnair had not seen the last of its troubles. A tribe of Hyur landed on the island, and fresh from the incessant battles of their homeland, were quick to take up arms against the Arkasodara and the Au Ra. Several encounters resulted in small skirmishes, and escalation into full-scale conflict seemed inevitable.

Alzadaal Khan would not allow this to happen. Having heard tales of Thavnair's ancient and reclusive dragon, he set out alone to scale the colossal rock and beseech the creature's aid. Had Alzadaal only sought to ensure his own tribe's victory, Vrtra would likely have turned him away. However, after begging the great wyrm to descend and quell the fighting, the khan instead proposed that Vrtra himself become ruler of Thavnair.

All too aware of the misery territorial disputes had inflicted on the mainland's southern reaches, Alzadaal sought a different path. He saw in the dragon an opportunity to ensure generations of peaceful coexistence—a leader who would endure many mortal lifetimes. It is possible that his startling proposal awoke in Vrtra the memory of the Meracydians, and the concerted stand made by those disparate peoples. Needless to say, the wyrm made a pact with the khan, and henceforth guided Arkasodara, Au Ra, and Hyur in the founding of a new nation. Together they flourished, and the city of Radz-at-Han was born.

A Neutral State

Although Vrtra agreed to become the city's ruler, he feared that his own vast power would be as a lodestone for the ambitious and the covetous. Thus did he lead from behind the curtain, while entrusting successive "satraps" of the Alzadaal bloodline to uphold his public facade.

Radz-at-Han thrived as a well-situated trading hub, advancing its expertise in alchemy and sericulture, and improving techniques for textiles and stonecutting. In the latter years of the Sixth Astral Era, Thavnair was the only land the voraciously expanding Garlean Empire would not invade. Many attribute this unusual development to Emperor Solus's respect for the ancient city in the Bounty, which he demonstrated by allowing it to maintain a position of neutrality. It is more likely, however, that the Ascian Emet-Selch was aware of the true satrap's existence, and deemed it wise not to poke the dragon without good reason. Whichever the truth may be, it is interesting to note that Radz-at-Han's continued independence is what enabled it to strike back at the threat of the Telophoroi.

Organizations

Meghaduta Administration

An administrative body based in Meghaduta governs the policies of Radz-at-Han. Following in the footsteps of the first Alzadaal, the khan's descendants would assume the satrap's public facade, and administer the affairs of state at the head of an army of palace clerks and officials.

Until now, the ruling office had passed unbroken from generation to generation, but with the untimely death of Ahewann during the chaos of the Final Days, Vrtra of the first brood stepped forth from behind the curtain to become satrap in name as well as deed. The palace announced that henceforth the great wyrm would undertake the satrap's duties directly, and in his absence, a member of the Alzadaal family would stand in his place.

Aside from the satrap himself, the Meghaduta administration's postings are not hereditary. Any citizen of Radz-at-Han is eligible to take part in the yearly qualification exams, but the acceptance rate is known to be exceedingly low. Some determined applicants have been unsuccessful ten years running, while others have passed out in exhaustion from the sheer volume of study required. As such, this rigorous screening process ensures that every official in the palace is both sharp-minded and highly competent.

Ahewann bin Alzadaal

"Reveal your true self to our people, Vrtra, and guide us to salvation!"

While yet a young Auri man of twenty-two summers, Ahewann found himself thrust into the satrap's seat after the sudden passing of an older Alzadaal patriarch. The Garlean Empire had begun its rise to power, and the new satrap worked closely with Vrtra to navigate this difficult era. Ahewann's guidance was well received, and his respectful demeanor towards everyone from pauper to political envoy resulted in a strong swell of support from the Hannish people. He played the part to perfection, never begrudging his status as a dragon's mouthpiece, though Vrtra ever considered him more invaluable ally than loyal underling. When Radz-at-Han was besieged by the horrors of the Final Days, Ahewann counseled the great wyrm to drop his veil of secrecy and lead the city as its true ruler. Prescient advice, perhaps, for Ahewann was to perish in the chaos, giving his life to protect a man from a rampaging beast. Fifty years of age at the time of his death, Ahewann is to be succeeded in his duties by his nephew.

Varshahn

"Your Excellency, may I present our honored visitors."

Appearing as an Auri boy of twelve, Varshahn presented himself as the satrap's attendant for almost two years—a fiction maintained through various invented details, such as being poor at swimming. In truth, the youth is a simulacrum controlled by the dragon eye embedded in its torso, providing Vrtra an unobtrusive vessel with which to traverse the city. Its realistic form was fashioned in secret by the alchemists of the High Crucible, and is but one of many such creations. Previous attendants have been young and old, male and female, and were often sent abroad as permanent envoys to allow the dragon to assume new identities. With Varshahn's true nature revealed, the people are now realizing that certain acquaintances they made in the past were actually with the great wyrm himself.

The Radiant Host

The Radiant Host is a state-established military order under the satrap's command. In keeping with Radz-at-Han's neutral standing, its soldiers rarely deploy to foreign territories, their main duties being to patrol local lands and maintain order.

Since the Host's inception, the men and women in its ranks have been proudly known as Radiants. The title was coined, it is believed, when Alzadaal Khan first made his alliance with the dragon. He gathered to him a cadre of skilled warriors, brilliant as the stars above, and bid them swear on their lives to serve the people of their nascent nation. Scholars familiar with tales of the first brood also point to Vrtra's traditional association with the stars as a potential source for the name. The Radiant Host considers the dragon their patron deity, and their preference for armaments bearing designs of wing and fang symbolizes their deep bond with the wyrm of Thavnair.

Qulsun bihn Aphmau

"Even the sharpest sword cannot sever the strings of fate..."

The high commander of the Radiant Host, Qulsun bihn Aphmau was a valiant warrior who fell whilst fighting the abominations of the Final Days. Coinciding as it did with that of satrap Ahewann, her death was left deliberately unannounced so as not to further torment an already distraught populace. As things stood, only a handful of veteran soldiers knew the truth of her demise, and so diligently did they manage the Radiant Host that the commander's absence went unnoticed for a time. An officer by the name of Shirabaht was one of these veterans, responsible for coordinating with Radz-at-Han's military allies. When the chaos lifted and the fires died down, knowledge of Qulsun's death was made public. Soldiers and civilians alike reacted with shock and grief, and the general was deeply mourned alongside countless other victims.

Guilds

In the same manner as Eorzea's city-states, the various industry workers and tradespeople of Radz-at-Han have banded together to form organized guilds. Merchants from across the island formed an organization to enforce rules against undercutting and swindling practices. The harbor guild, meanwhile, manages port maintenance and assigns liaisons for visiting traders. A wide variety of professions have followed in their wake, with weavers, alchemists, stonecutters, and freight-handlers all belonging to their respective guild institutions.

The Meyhane of Choice

Radz-at-Han's finest drinking establishment offers a range of unique spirits distilled through alchemical processes, as well as a menu of well-spiced local cuisine. The proprietress, Mehryde, employs a troupe of traditional dancers to entertain her patrons while they drink and dine, the slice of Hannish culture represented in the meyhane made all the richer by the bright Thavnairian weave of the performers' costumes. It is a favored spot for business deals, and is frequented by many an entrepreneur in search of new mercantile opportunities.

Mehryde bihn Shinan

"Welcome to Mehryde's Meyhane! Please make yourself comfortable."

Mehryde, a Hyuran woman of forty summers, was once a server in the very meyhane she now owns. Local legend has it that she settled a vehement disagreement with the former proprietor by means of a drinking contest, all the while cheered by a roomful of regulars, and as a result won the deed to the establishment. The meyhane's reputation has only improved since, even receiving orders from the palace to provide food and dancers for the benefit of visiting dignitaries. It should have been a disastrous place to be when the Final Days struck the city, but as fortune would have it, the beasts which spawned here seemed intent on finding their way outside. Mehryde spoke soothing words to her patrons and huddled with her terrified workers, which in hindsight likely prevented an awful situation from becoming infinitely worse.

Southern Radz-at-Han

Whether walking across Gajasimha Bridge or descending from the airship landing, most visitors first arrive in the southern district of the city. With stairs leading up and down and the profusion of passages and walkways, most first-time visitors also find themselves hopelessly lost.

The Loyal Rise

Paksa's Path

Gajasimha Bridge

Alzadaal's Peace

A Gajasimha Bridge

Built as it is atop a massive outcrop of rock, Radz-at-Han can be entered on foot by this one bridge alone. The structure is named for Gajasimha, a ferocious deity from local mythology described as a gaja crossed with a lion, and known as a vigilant sentinel against the incursion of evil.

B The Gate of First Sight

Radz-at-Han's main gate is adorned with a sculpture of the national symbol, the all-seeing divine eye keeping watch for those who would enter the city with wickedness in their hearts.

C The Loyal Rise

Once through the main gate, visitors are greeted by a grand stair before entering the city proper. These same steps are said to have been climbed by the ancestral Arkasodara, Auri, and Hyuran allies upon pledging to uphold the peace and harmony of their newly founded nation.

D Alzadaal's Path

This broad avenue begins in the south, leading northeast to the aetheryte plaza and the bustling heart of the city. Climbing the stairs from Alzadaal's Peace will take one in the opposite direction, towards Paksa's Path and the entrance to Ruveydah Fibers.

E Alzadaal's Peace

Within this mausoleum is interred the mortal remains of Alzadaal, leader of the Auri tribe which sailed to Thavnair from the mainland. By joining the might of his people with the Arkasodara, Alzadaal tipped the scales against the Gajasura, bringing an end to the internecine war of the Matanga tribes.

Airship Landing

F Paksa's Path

The paved surface of this city thoroughfare provides passage from the main gate to the district of Dharma. Paksa is the name of an Arkasodara monarch, made famous by the alliance forged with Alzadaal Khan.

G Airship Landing

This sturdy pier, originally constructed for flying mounts, was refitted to accommodate the growing popularity of airship travel. As well as already serving as a departure point for supplies being flown to Ilsabard, the facilities are being prepared to welcome the arrival of regularly scheduled flights.

H Yuj

Meaning "bind" in the Arkasodara's classical tongue, this covered walkway sits between the eastern and western halves of the city. The tip of the aetheryte and the Gate of First Sight can both be spotted from its elevated position.

I Kama

The largest residential area in Radz-at-Han is represented simply by the Arkasodara term for "love." It is a fitting name for a place where families are born, raised, and nurtured in a harmonious community.

Yuj

Northern Radz-at-Han

The northern sections of the city contain Radz-at-Han's political and financial districts. Northeast is Artha, for those with mercantile interests, while Dharma waits at the top of the stairs for those who have official business at the palace.

Balshahn Bazaar

Hall of the Radiant Host

Mehryde's Meyhane

Meghaduta

A Artha

Artha, or "wealth" in the Arkasodara tongue, is the commercial quarter where fortunes are built. Sanduruva, the goddess of riches, is understandably popular among the merchants and peddlers who make their living here.

B Hall of the Radiant Host

Radiant headquarters once occupied the area now filled with the stalls and storefronts of the bazaar. Trade became the city's lifeblood, and the business of battle was relegated to this secluded hall far from the haggling merchants.

C Sundrop

High-ranking foreign delegates gather here to share intelligence, the visits likened to an assembly of stars fallen onto the city. Becoming a center of operations during the Final Days, it was in this room where blasphemy countermeasures were devised and adopted.

D Balshahn Bazaar

If commerce is the lifeblood of Radz-at-Han, then these roofed market stalls would be its heart. Balshahn himself was a legendary merchant who made a vast fortune through trade with other nations. It was his final wish that his estate be spent on the construction of a great bazaar, ever flowing with coin and wares.

E Mehryde's Meyhane

Mehryde, the eponymous owner, runs this famous meyhane tucked in the deepest pocket of Artha. Popular with locals, its reputation extends well beyond the borders of Thavnair, and the establishment often plays host to traders and travelers visiting from faraway lands.

Ruveydah Fibers Rooftop Garden

F The High Crucible of Al-Kimiya

Radz-at-Han's state-sponsored alchemical workshop creates everything from military-purpose coating agents to household detergents, and is constantly researching new compounds and formulae. Similar in pronunciation to the modern word, "Al-Kimiya" is an archaic mainland term for alchemy.

G Dharma

Named after the Arkasodara word for "order," Dharma is where word passes into law. It is the home of Radz-at-Han's bureaucracy and judiciary offices, and produces the rules that prevent the independent state from falling into ungoverned chaos.

H Meghaduta

The palace of the satrap serves not only as a residence, but also as the center of Radz-at-Han's government. Meaning "cloud messenger" in the old Arkasodara tongue, Meghaduta was built at the summit of a rocky megalith, its great doors admitting an endless stream of servants, petitioners, and official visitors.

I Nilopala Nourishments

Hamsa were originally reared for the sole purpose of harvesting their venom, until a breeder by the name of Nilopala devised a technique to remove the creatures' toxin glands. The birds suddenly became a viable source of tender, succulent meat, and, before long, hamsa dishes were considered a staple of Hannish cuisine.

J Windweft

This mulberry orchard is maintained by Ruveydah Fibers, primarily for the production of leaves to be fed to the silkworms. This is not to say that the remainder goes to waste: the fruit is also edible, while the bark possesses useful medicinal properties. There are few plants considered more valuable in Hannish culture.

K Ruveydah Fibers

This state-sponsored workshop is famed for producing silk thread of exquisite quality. Its sericulture and weaving techniques were once jealously guarded secrets, but security measures have become lax since Ul'dah and other nations began manufacturing their own silk fabrics.

L Ruveydah Fibers Rooftop Garden

Hidden from view atop the workshops of Ruveydah Fibers is a squat golden statue of a gaja, surrounded by a garden of mulberry bushes. Sitting upon the statue is said to bring good fortune, the proof of which is tested as one wanders about the unfenced rooftop.

Thavnair

In the Bounty's southeastern waters lies the isle of Thavnair, where tropical coastline soon gives way to dense rainforest—though the intense heat and sweltering humidity remain much the same. The region is known as a rich source of the magically infused stone giantsgall, and the distinctive violet glow from its rocky outcrops lingers in the memories of visitors long after they depart its shores.

The Great Work

Saltwind's Welcome

As the name implies, this southwestern shore is caressed by a constant breeze of brine-filled air.

Yedlihmad

Meaning "new harbor" in a language brought to the island's shores by mainland settlers, Yedlihmad is Thavnair's main port town. Owing to the shallow waters surrounding the island, however, larger trading vessels are forced to anchor at Alnair, and ferry over to the harbor in smaller boats before making their way to Radz-at-Han.

Ussaqeyiq

This tiny island is in wading distance of Yedlihmad, and is occasionally used as a supply station for seafaring merchant vessels. In the old mainland tongue, its name means "the ship's lover."

Tebqeyiq

More of a sandbar than an island, Tebqeyiq or "the ship's predator" has a reputation for snaring the hulls of unwary helmsmen who fail to account for the shallows' unruly currents.

Akyaali

This small fishing village is built on the white sands for which it is named. Local fishermen still follow the traditional ways, casting their lines into the shallows from atop stilt-legged platforms, or taking their sturdy boats into deeper waters to trawl with wide-flung nets.

Svarna

These buildings were once used as storage by a merchant consortium, but after suffering a downturn in business, the premises became the property of Kancana, a job broker based in Yedlihmad. Svarna presently serves as the headquarters for the Hippo Riders and their growing delivery service.

Alnair

An isle off the coast of Thavnair, Alnair has the only harbor with waters deep enough to accommodate the larger ocean-going vessels. Over the years it has thus become the port of call for foreign merchant ships seeking to trade in the city.

The Perfumed Rise

The descriptive name of the hills north of Saltwind's Welcome is attributed to their expansive fields of medicinal herbs. There are those, however, who insist the perfume in question arises from the Great Work nearby.

The Great Work

Even in Thavnair, the birthplace of alchemy, the practitioners of House Daemir are renowned for the craft of their concoctions. It was they who founded the settlement of the Great Work, and to this day, many talented alchemists choose to reside here and carry on the family's peerless endeavors.

The Hamsa Hatchery

This hatchery was once known at home and abroad for the quality of the meat and eggs produced by its hamsa. Abominations emerging from the Tower of Zot, however, brought a ruinous end to both its livestock and its business.

Giantsgall Grounds

Quarried here by the wagonload, the purple-streaked stone known as "giantsgall" is one of Thavnair's most coveted exports. Incredibly dense and possessed of high aetherial conductivity, it is prized not only as a building material, but also as a component in the crafting of unyielding arms and armor, and the brewing of alchemical concoctions.

Kadjaya's Footsteps

Known as the mother of the Kriegstanz, Kadjaya is honored in both name and form at this open-air stage for dancers. Those who carry on her legacy perform here beneath her stone-carved likeness, strutting and twirling for the glory of their gods and ancestors.

Narunnair

Formerly little more than a convenient fishing spot, this island became too dangerous to approach after the Telophoroi manifested the Tower of Zot. Fortunately, the Scions were able to banish both the spire and its monstrous inhabitants, returning the location to its previous idyllic state.

Jnanamandapa

Legend has it that this sacred "stage of sagacity" is where the Mrga, who bear a deep affinity with the sea, invited the Manusya (allegedly poor swimmers) to parley and trade heads. Those who worship the Mrga deities are yet known to swim out to the platform as part of their pilgrimage or ascetic rites.

Khadga

This massive rock formation tapers toward a point like a gigantic sword, the weapon represented by its name. One myth states that the Manusya forged a majestic blade to smite their Mrga foes, but when they laid down their armaments in favor of peace, the sword became encased in layers upon layers of stone.

Jnanamandapa

The Font of Maya

The Shroud of the Samgha

Dense jungle vegetation grows wild and unchecked across a wide band of Thavnair's inland region. Amongst the trees, however, can be found a sprinkling of shrines and temples dedicated to the pantheon of locally worshipped gods—holy sites where once resided the ranks of the faithful.

The Wakeful Torana

All those traveling into Radz-at-Han by land must first pass through this stone gateway at the far end of Gajasimha Bridge. In times of need, the entrance can be barricaded in order to protect the city.

Palaka's Stand

Named with a traditional word for "guardian," this village is where the stewards of the jungle's shrines and tombs reside. It was originally populated solely by its Arkasodara architects, but as with most places on the island, the inhabitants now include descendants of the mainland settlers.

Pavana's Remorse

Pavana was a renowned Arkasodara ascetic who chose the spiritual path after living a life of unspeakable villainy. He meditated daily to purge himself of all ill intent, and the tears he shed during this journey of self-reflection are said to have collected in this jungle pond.

Agama Temple

This temple was raised in service of the pilgrims who come to pay their respects at Agama's tomb. An Arkasodara warrior monk, Agama was enshrined as a holy man for his part in quelling the violence between the warring tribes—saving countless lives that would have been lost had he not intervened.

Ksiroda

In local mythology, a deity is said to have scooped mud from this riverbed to sculpt the first Arkasodara. It is argued that the name, meaning "sea of milk," originates from the aforementioned muddying of the waters, although the less-spiritual explanation ascribes it to the cloudy murk produced when ocean fish swim upstream to spawn their eggs.

The Font of Maya

This temple was once the abode of an order of Arkasodara ascetics who sought divine enlightenment through the spiritual power that is maya. Abandoned for a stronghold deeper in the jungle, the structure now sits derelict and half-submerged in rainwater.

Purusa

People once believed that meditating in this temple, dedicated to both Manusya and Mrga, allowed communion with the souls of one's forebears. Those who had lost their path in life would make the pilgrimage to Purusa, seeking to learn ancestral wisdom from the departed.

The Burning Field

This Radiant training facility was opened to select adventurers following the upheaval of the Final Days. The distinctive wooden dummies placed in this area were manufactured with the cooperation of local alchemists.

Night's Watch

Located near the port town of Yedlihmad, this plateau was used in the manner of a watchtower during a less lawful age in Thavnair's history. Sentinels would be posted here at all hours of the day and night, eyes peeled for the sails of incoming pirates.

Palaka's Stand

Purusa

Garlemald

Despite being situated on the frozen plains of northern Ilsabard, the imperial capital overcame the natural disadvantages of its location—and many other obstacles—with the power of magitek. The rise of this burgeoning industry spurred rapid urban development in recent decades, until the sprawling metropolis was brought to its knees by civil war.

The Eblan Rime

Garlean settlers came to this land some eight hundred years ago. Determined to one day return to their homeland in the south, they refuted the permanency of their stay by keeping the area's indigenous name rather than renaming it in their own language.

Camp Broken Glass

Abandoned when the Telophoroi's schemes plunged the capital into chaos, the village of Laterum was once a checkpoint for travelers as well as being a home to rig workers and their families. The site later became an outpost for the Ilsabard contingent, its members likening the ice cracking constantly underfoot to the sound of broken glass.

Horrea Campi

Termed simply "field warehouses" in Garlean, these buildings were filled with grains brought in from the Empire's provinces to be transported into the metropolis as the need arose.

Monitoring Station G

These family domiciles were built to house the chief and executive officers responsible for overseeing operations of Juturna Platform G. Exclusive to Garlean purebloods, the isolated abode was rarely approached by the provincial workers who labored under its residents' command.

Victors' Spoils

Former imperial military officers would often move south to the warmer climes of Locus Amoenus, or retire to the capital's outskirts to live in villas such as this one. To thus reap the rewards of one's service was a symbol of one's success, and the goal of many a career soldier.

Camp Broken Glass

Cerulea Ingens

A frozen lake lies to the south of the Eblan Rime, its striking blue color caused by the ceruleum spring beneath melting and mixing into the ice above. Of the ceruleum fields which exist in close proximity to the city, Cerulea Ingens is believed to be the largest.

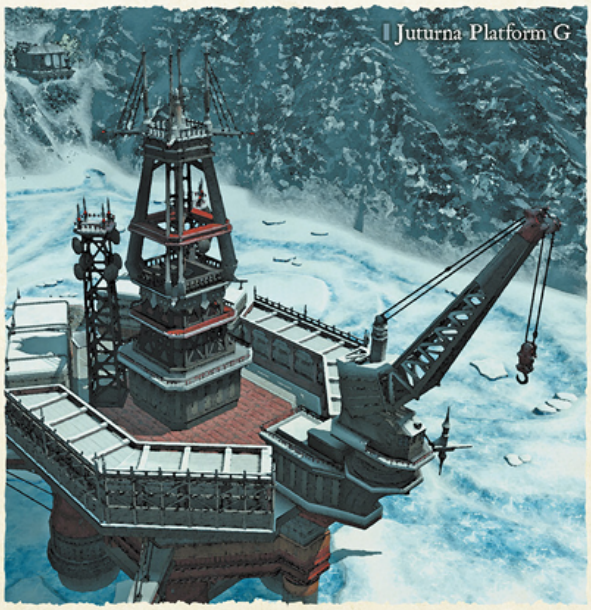
Tapper's Den

A small number of laborers dwell here in this natural cave on the edge of Cerulea Ingens. Having miraculously escaped the influence which corrupted so many others, they have survived by extracting—or "tapping"—ceruleum from the lake, which they then burn for warmth or trade for supplies.

Juturna Platform G

This mining platform is designed to pump vast quantities of ceruleum-rich water from the icy depths of Cerulea Ingens. Six more rigs were built within the region for the same purpose, but the eruption of civil war brought all operations to a standstill.

Victors' Spoils


Juturna Platform G

The Enceladeum

Senaculum Imperialis

Palatium Novum

Regio Domorum

With a steady stream of laborers being ferried in from the Empire's annexed territories, the capital was forced to expand on its edges to contain the growing population. As such, this sprawling residential district was one of the capital's most recent developments.

Liminal Station IV

The fourth station along the imperial capital's rail network. The name of this stop was intended to represent its tentative position on the threshold of the city, poised to be enveloped by the gradual expansion of Regio Domorum.

The Runaway Train

A Mark XLIX passenger train was forced off the tracks by tempered soldiers as it attempted to flee the capital, its twisted bulk left to rust in the ice and snow. Only nobles, high-ranking officers, or citizens with special dispensation were permitted to ride this exclusive service.

Tertium

Tertium is the third station along the rail network that serves the imperial capital of Garlemald. Equipped as a dispatch yard with generators and other facilities, it was taken over and fortified by the remnants of the Ist Legion following the city's fall into ruination.

Forum Patens

Open plazas such as this one were once popular as a place to gather and relax. Now it lies eerily vacant, a silent witness to the devastation of the capital.

The Enceladeum

This factory complex houses the Empire's foremost facilities for cutting-edge weapons development and warmachina production. While magitek contraptions of all kinds have been manufactured within its walls, its researchers were most recently fixated on perfecting combatants of manlike form.

Regio Urbanissima

Here did beat the heart of the Empire—a district pulsing with political, financial, and military authority. Yet these institutions, which once sought dominion over the world, now lie in ruins. Any structure not outright destroyed in the war of succession has been torn apart, its materials cannibalized for the construction of the Tower of Babil.

Senaculum Imperialis

Once the center of government for the Republic of Garlemald, this stately building would later house the Emperor's advisory council. Within its walls, countless campaigns were planned and executed—decisions that would result in untold bloodshed, and bring ever greater prosperity to the Empire.

Palatium Novum

One of the young Solus's first acts upon becoming Dictator, supreme commander of Garlemald, was to erect a shining landmark in the center of the capital. Once serving as the proud "new palace" of the royal family, the towers now sit scarred and broken amongst the piles of rubble.

Forum Solius

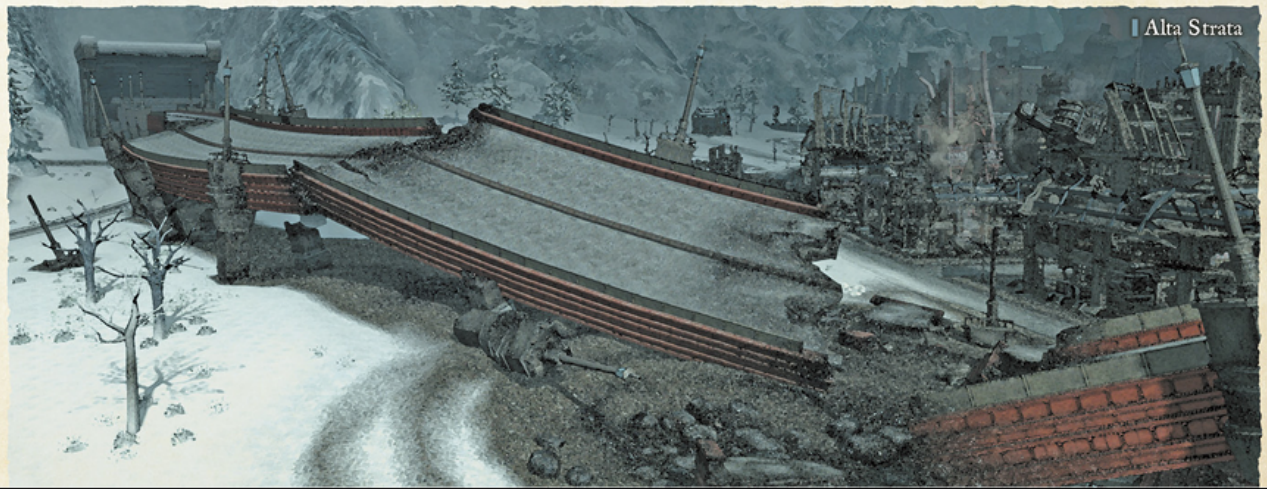
It was in this square that Emperor Solus inspected his troops before embarking upon his second campaign into the Far East. The imperial legions were ultimately successful in their subjugation of the Kingdom of Dalmasca, and officials celebrated the grand victory by transforming the parade ground into a commemorative public park.

Alta Strata

With advances in technology came the construction of new architecture of impressive scale. For the Garleans, the sight of magitek vehicles speeding along this elevated thoroughfare was but a hint of better things to come, whilst provincial conscripts were left awestruck by the Empire's engineering marvels.

The Stainless Course

Processed and purified, water from the city's outskirts was pumped into this canal after its ceruleum content had been removed. It is said that engineers once burned large quantities of that same ceruleum to prevent the waterway from freezing over.


Alta Strata

Mare Lamentorum

Though its name may conjure images of the briny deep, this region of the moon is awash with naught but arid basalt. It is far from devoid of interest, however, as Hydaelyn's purpose can be seen manifested in the artificial structures that dot its surface.

The Watcher's Palace

Sinus Lacrimarum

The crater to the southwest of Mare Lamentorum is dominated by a towering aetheryte. Directly in front of the rotating crystal is the Watcher's Palace, a steadfast sentinel keeping guard over Zodiark's prison.

The Watcher's Palace

A structure of enduring design, this brooding tower stands resolute in its vigil of untold millennia. The aetherially conductive plate encircling its spires is reminiscent of a certain architectural style, one found only in the depths of the ocean on the First.

Southern Mare Lamentorum

The southern side of Mare Lamentorum slopes gently down towards the Cradle of Darkness, with the largely flat terrain doing little to obstruct the sweeping view. The ground is, however, rent asunder by deep canyons, making traversal to the northern side all but impossible on foot.

The Cradle of Darkness

The ancient primal Zodiark was sealed within this massive hollow, a cradle intended to lull the omnipotent entity into tranquil stasis. Six sword-like monoliths surround the site, but these chains which kept the dark god imprisoned were deliberately shattered by the Telophoroi.

Vallis Vulneris

Precipitous chasms radiate from the Cradle like a sunburst, as if the sundered Zodiark's agony had opened jagged wounds in the moon's surface. Whatever the truth of their origin, they present a daunting obstacle to overland travel.

The Chlorophosgrot

This cavern is crowded with softly glowing fungi. The phosphorescence illuminates a path to the Chlorophospond, where truly adventurous anglers can indulge in a spot of lunar fishing.

Northern Mare Lamentorum

The northern half of this sizable crater is where the Loporrits make their burrow. The rabbit-like creatures can often be seen scurrying about the landscape, engaged in only Hydaelyn-knows-what manner of inscrutable endeavors.

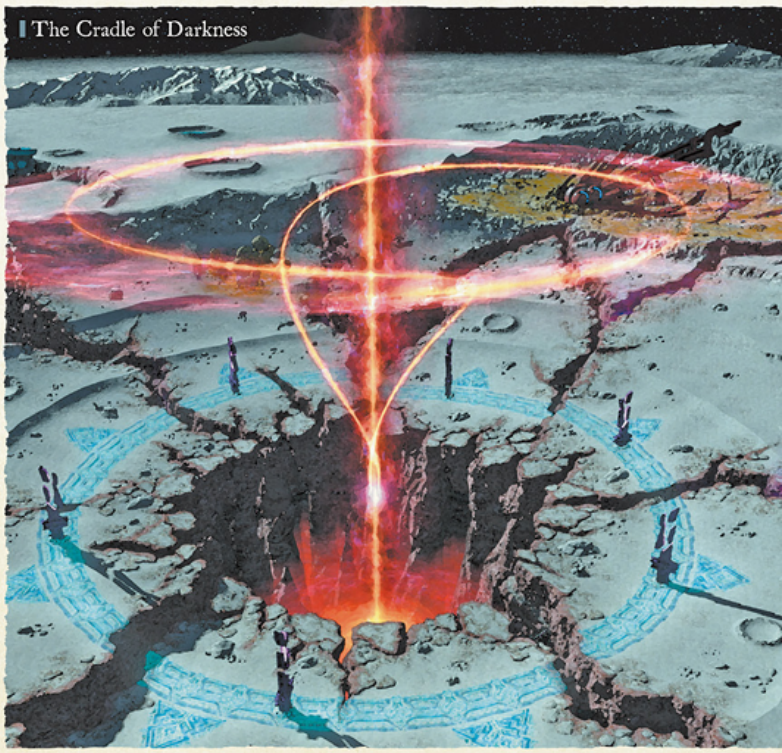
Lovingway's Darlings

This "flower garden" was lovingly planted by the location's eponymous Loporrit, Lovingway. It appears that the well-intentioned horticulturist misinterpreted the terrestrial references, resulting in a ghastly fungal exhibit to haunt the dreams of all those who behold it.

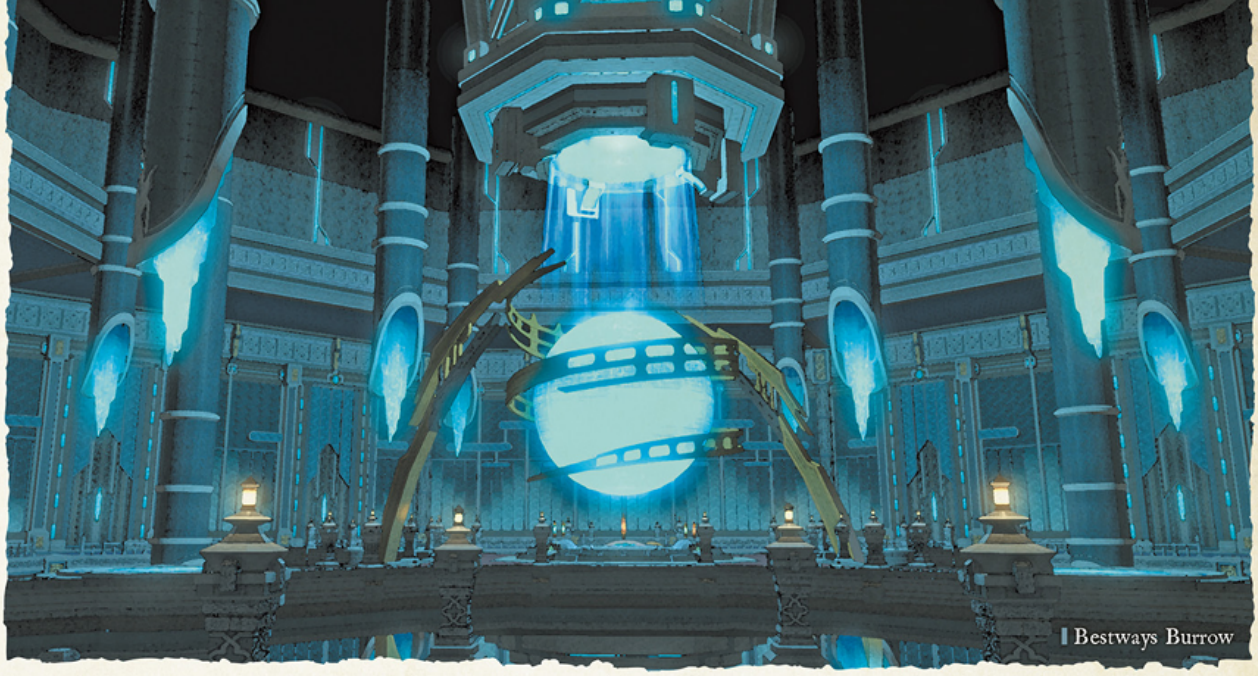
Kydonia Knolls

This lifelike face of enormous scale appears to peek out from the surface of Mare Lamentorum. Obviously no natural formation, it is nevertheless unknown who carved this piece, or indeed, whose features it is meant to resemble. One thing is certain: the model would not find the depiction particularly flattering.

Kydonia Knolls



The Cradle of Darkness


Bestways Burrow

Heimdall's Last Sight

The Carrotorium

Sinus Tormenti

The impact of a Heimdall-class observation vessel not only created this crater, but also breached an underground bioplant constructed by the Loporrits. The fungal strains they were cultivating spread to the surface, introducing vegetation to the heretofore barren surface of the moon. As to how these varieties evolved into ambulant, sentient fungi, the main theory suggests contact with chimera incubation fluid leaking from the Allagan craft.

Heimdall's Last Sight

The ancient Allagans launched this Heimdall-class vessel into the heavens to monitor Bahamut's prison, Dalamud. When that colossal satellite awakened around the time of the Seventh Umbral Calamity, the observation craft was shot down as it attempted to halt the activation process.

Bestways Burrow

This cavernous abode is home to the Loporrits—the servants created by Hydaelyn to pilot the moon and carry mankind to a new home should the Final Days prove insurmountable. The name "Bestways" represents the Loporrits' aspiration to live up to their chosen appellations to the fullest extent.

Moonsail

Beyond these doors are found all the facilities required for operating the moon as a star-faring vessel, including various observational instruments and communication arrays, a pilothouse for navigation, as well as a central command center. Although everything was in perfect working order when the Loporrits awoke, the anticipated journey was thankfully—and perhaps a touch disappointingly—unnecessary.

The Carrotorium

This district was specifically designed to sustain the continued existence of mankind, and, more importantly, as a wonderful place to cultivate the miraculous orange vegetables known as carrots. In the mind of a Loporrit, any trial or trouble becomes easier to bear when one holds a carrot in one's paw.

Greatest Endsvale

The architect of this district envisioned an ideal forest—a place where the new residents of the moon could sit or wander amidst arboreal splendor. The fact that it resembles a forest in only the most abstract sense of the word detracts somewhat from the intended effect. As they say, however, it's the thought that counts.

Greatest Endsvale

Elpis

Existing in the time of the ancients, Elpis was a floating garden of biological experiments. Here, researchers would observe specimens released into the controlled ecology, and determine each concept's worthiness to join the world below. As such, a visitor could be greeted with all manner of unfamiliar creations that were not publicly on record at the Bureau of the Architect.

Philomythes Notos

Located in the south of Elpis, this area consists of over half a dozen isles of various sizes, most of which are connected to the central land mass by sturdy spans of worked stone.

Propylaion

This structure is known as the foregate of Elpis, and houses a teleportation device bound to the main metropolises. Similar facilities were said to be found not only in Amaurot, but in every single region of the ancient world.

First Bloom

A small island welcomes visitors descending the stairs from Propylaion, its fluttering inhabitants offering a first taste of the creative marvels which await them in the environs beyond.

Anagnorisis

Named for an ancient word meaning "recognition" or "discovery," this settlement houses those whose job it is to assess the creations admitted to Ktisis Hyperboreia. These observers study every aspect of their charges, and determine if a concept will add to—or detract from—the environ for which it was designed.

The Twelve Wonders

As well as continuing the general duties of observation, this vibrant garden is where Elpis's assorted climates are maintained and adjusted. Should the ambient aether exhibit an excess of any one aspect, aetherial agglomerations of the overabundant element form at the Wonders, allowing for environmental balance to be easily monitored.

Noetophoreon

A lone tree grows on this small isle found in the southwest of Philomythes Notos, the species of its blossoms said to vary depending on the season and ambient aether conditions. Planted soon after Elpis was constructed, its ephemeral beauty convinced researchers to allow it to grow long after they had concluded their observations.

The Mourning Dew

No research is conducted on this isle where observers come to sit and read, or simply stretch out on the warm flagstones. Situated in the east of Philomythes Notos, the aether-rich winds blowing over from Lethe also attract familiars seeking to restore their flagging spirits.

The Cthonic Horns

The researchers of this small facility are unlike their colleagues in that they seek to manifest new creations without the aid of creation magicks. Their natural breeding program pairs creatures with differing characteristics, relying purely on chance to conceive heretofore unimagined possibilities.

Propylaion

Noetophoreon

Anagnorisis

Poieten Oikos

Kallimelios Zephyros

This westernmost area of Elpis, composed of a single large isle, is whimsically named for its melodious breeze.

Poieten Oikos

Beautiful residences line this observation hub nestled in the woods. In addition to being a base for observers, it also serves as a site of conference for taxonomists, whose ofttimes poetic endeavor to name creations earned the hub its appellation.

Metabaseos Thalassai

An annex to Ktisis Hyperboreia, this facility is mainly concerned with the observation and evaluation of sea life. Although its construction appears too narrow to support such an ambitious project, the building's interior harbors six separate marine habitats, each painstakingly re-created via arcane means.

Peripeteia Krystalline

All of Elpis's observational and testing records are archived at this facility, where they are stored in crystal. Its name, meaning "an unexpected twist," is believed to refer to the chaotic revelations contained within its orderly halls.

Rumination's Ramble

Though this brook for freshwater aquatic life was given an official name upon its creation, after many an idyllic stroll along its banks, Elpis's observers took to calling it by its current moniker instead.

Ethoseletikos Boreas

Although relatively small in size, this northern isle is home to Ktisis Hyperboreia, Elpis's foremost facility.

Ktisis Hyperboreia

The most extensive facility in Elpis, Ktisis Hyperboreia is a sprawling complex of magically simulated environs. Concepts awaiting evaluation are brought here for the last stages of observation, and, upon meeting the appropriate criteria, are finally released into the world at large.

Misopses Euros

As particularly unruly creations are allowed to roam these two northeastern isles, Misopses Euros is kept under the strictest oversight.

The Hungering Gardens

An observation facility dedicated to dangerous plantlife, be they poisonous, predatorial, or both. Visitors are urged to tread warily, for the garden is mercilessly true to its name.

Lethe

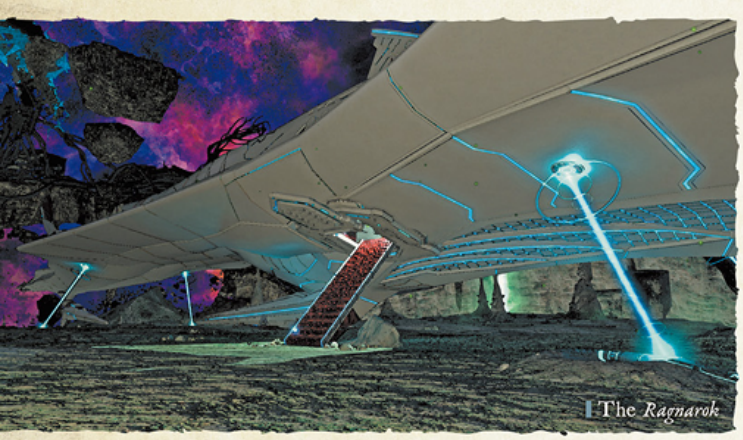
Following a process of exhaustive testing, a creation deemed unsuitable for release into the world is brought to this lake, where its life energies are magically unbound and allowed to dissipate. It is at once the most beautiful as well as the most sorrowful locale in Elpis.

Ktisis Hyperboreia

The Hungering Gardens

Ultima Thule

Having become the Endsinger, Meteion used the power of dynamis to forge her domain, dubbed Ultima Thule by the Forum on account of its location at the edge of existence. Here she has re-created those dead civilizations she encountered in unsettling detail, and shaped them in a manner reminiscent of a bird's nest.



The *Ragnarok*

Ostrakon Deka-okto

This sector is a re-creation of the eighteenth civilization encountered by Meteion and her sisters. Ruined and desolate, the world it represents was once the abode of a proud race of dragons who were driven to extinction in a titanic struggle against mechanical invaders from the Alphatron Star.

The *Ragnarok*

Due to an as-yet-unexplained quirk of physics, the starship *Ragnarok* remains perpetually present at this landing site, despite simultaneously existing at its dock in Old Sharlayan.

The Vitrified Fort

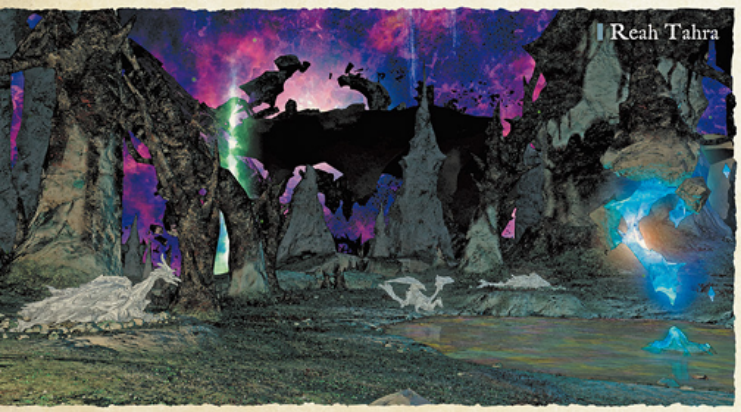
The ruins of an outpost built by Alphatron forces during their invasion of the Dragonstar. Its severely melted state serves as proof of the defenders' fierce resistance.

Reah Tahra

In the dragons' ancient tongue, the name of this nesting ground may be rendered as "a journey cut short"—a sorrowful reference to the fact that dragonlings had come to be born infirm, if at all, and only extinction awaited their kind.

Ahm Nohl

Standing scattered here are the remains of dragons who were carbonized in an Alphatron attack. Though a hatching ground may be found, those eggs that were fortunate enough to escape destruction spawn only malformed dragonets that cannot long survive. Thus did the area come to be called "a dragonsong unsung."



Reah Tahra

Ostrakon Tria

This sector is a re-creation of the third civilization encountered by Meteion and her sisters. Known collectively as the Ea, the entities that reside here have cast off their corporeal shells and endure eternally in purely spiritual form. An awareness of the universe's inevitable end, however, has blighted their immortal gift with existential misery.

Abode of the Ea

A community of those Ea who still cling to their sanity. As the beings are not possessed of corporeal forms, the settlement is completely different from those of creatures of flesh. For instance, rather than houses, they occupy crystals that hold their aether as needed.

Hollow of the Flesh

Upon discovering that all life in the universe was doomed, some among the Ea came to yearn for an ephemeral existence once more. These traditionalists developed this facility as a means to reclaim their flesh, but as they had long forgotten their original forms, the endeavor ended in failure. Even now, they continue their experiments in hopes of one day fulfilling their dream.

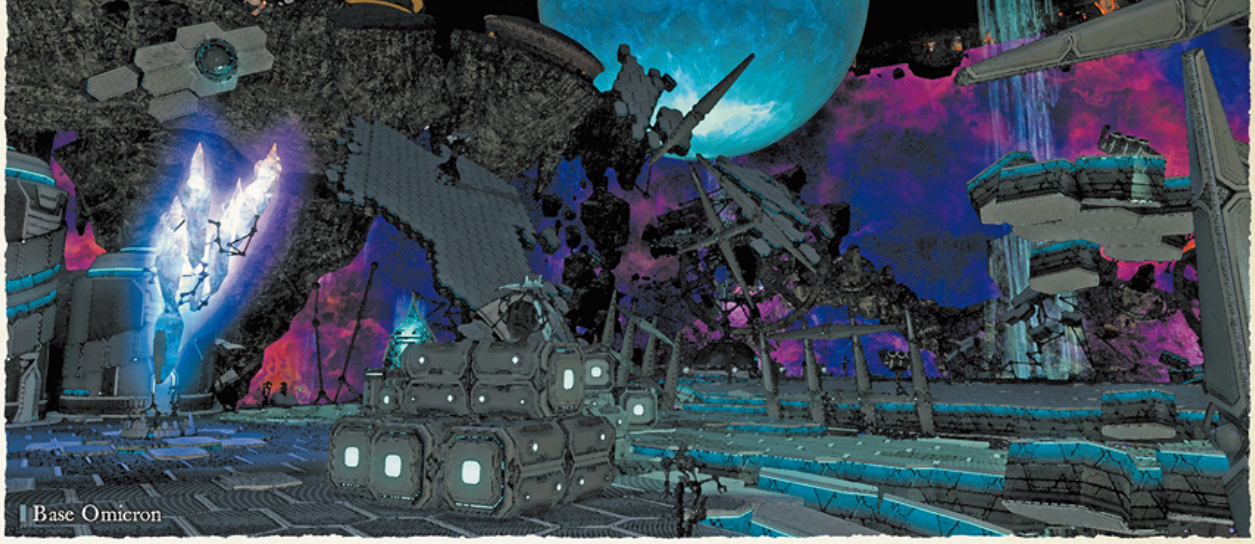
The Wellspring of Regret

Here many an Ea is said to have perished, unable to decide whether to embrace oblivion or endure to regain a vessel of flesh.

Elegeia

Etched upon this cluster of stones are the testaments of those Ea who despaired of living and chose to unmake themselves. Many, however, did not leave any words at all, reasoning that it would achieve naught—certainly not the universe's salvation.

Abode of the Ea


Base Omicron

Ostrakon Deka-hexi

This sector is a re-creation of the sixteenth civilization encountered by Meteion and her sisters. Although definitive answers remain elusive, it is speculated that the reconstruction echoes the Alphatron Star as it appeared in its last years, or perhaps even an Omicron outpost built upon an invaded world.

Base Omicron

A hub of operations for the Omicrons, the mechanical life-forms that call the Alphatron Star home. With its maintenance facilities, weapons stockpile, and tracking systems, the base presents a bleak scene consistent with its military purpose. While there is no leisure to be had, the inhabitants appear welcoming enough to interstellar travelers.

Stigma-1

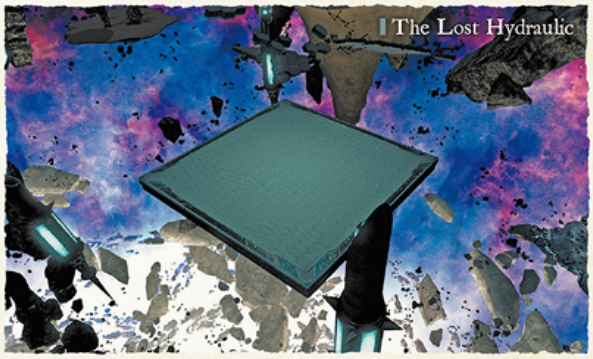
The prime decision-making authority for an entire machine civilization, this mechanism has been faithfully reconstructed in Ostrakon Deka-hexi. Originally hailed as strategic matrix Alpha-1, catastrophic damage inflicted upon its systems resulted in its currently assigned designation.

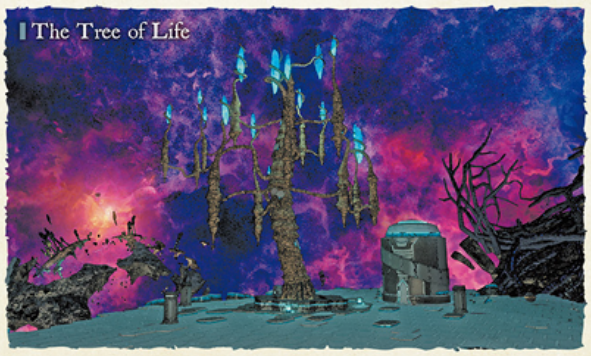
The Tree of Life

A live specimen collected from a conquered star, this tree is being inexplicably preserved despite having undergone study as per protocol. As the environment from which it hails is vastly different, it requires an intervening device to simply survive, yet it is undeterred from extending out its branches and producing seeds.

The Lost Hydraulic

Once a maintenance platform for conquest weaponry, this hydraulic drifts abandoned but not forgotten.


The Lost Hydraulic


The Tree of Life

Ostrakon Hena

This sector is a re-creation of the first civilization encountered by Meteion and her sisters. The structures are whole, but hauntingly empty—as if all life had come to an abrupt end.

The Nekropolis

The remnants of an extinct civilization re-created by dynamis. Round towers rise up high in the area, with an establishment reminiscent of a bar set into the base of one. The shape of the furnishings suggests that the race who once abided here resembled mankind, but the truth may never be known.

Absolute Horizon

Situated beneath the dead star at the heart of Ultima Thule, this floating isle is abloom with the first entelechy—the Elpis flower.

The Last Dregs

A café jointly operated by the Loporrit Jammingway and the Omicron N-7000. By utilizing Stigma-4's powers of replication, they are able to construct staff and patrons from lost civilizations.

The Last Dregs

PROTECTORS OF THE REALM

For every star in the sky, there is a martial technique that has neither been recorded in any book nor engraved upon any soul crystal. This is but a small collection of such skills, along with the names of members of the Eorzean Alliance who have wielded them to great effect.

Limsa Lominsa

Merlwyb Bloefhiswyn

Coronach

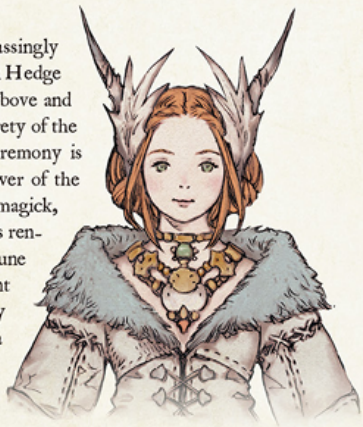
Legendary are the two firearms carried by Admiral Merlwyb: Death Penalty and Annihilator. Coronach is a technique performed with the latter, in which she unleashes a shower of aetherial bullets to rain upon those foolish enough to find themselves within range, and usher them beyond the veil with a dirge of gunfire. Needless to say, it proves her a master of firearms and aetherial manipulation both.

Gridania

Kan-E-Senna

Irmin Hedge

When summoned, the surpassingly esoteric ward that is the Irmin Hedge extends far into the heavens above and earth below to shield the entirety of the Twelveswood. A lengthy ceremony is required to call upon the power of the elementals and manifest this magick, during which time the caster is rendered helpless as they commune with the great one. In recent years, it has been used only twice—to protect Gridania during the Seventh Umbral Calamity, and to cleanse the poisonous blight of the blasphemy Gleipnir.



Ul'dah

Raubahn Aldynn

Immortal Flame

By releasing the aether stored within Tizona, the wielder can cause grasping claws of flame to burst forth from the earth. To maintain control in the midst of an inferno which scorches one's enemy and self alike requires an equally fiery conviction—a spirit that never gutters nor dies.

Doma

Hien Rijin

Meikai Kyokyo

Derived from weapon-crushing techniques developed by a foreign nation's demon slayers, Meikai Kyokyo was perfected by Lord Hien's forebears and taught to him by his loyal retainer Gosetsu. The wielder infuses their weapon with Kenki and transforms it into an imposing blade of light, with which they may strike foes to unleash a series of explosive Kenki bursts.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

BOOK

IV

SERVANTS OF FATE

FACES OF THE CRYSTARIUM

A true melting pot of class and creed, the Crystarium is considered by many to be the final bastion of hope in Norvrandt.

Feo Ul

"Such a heartless thing our sapling is! Cold and cruel and heartless!"

An inquisitive pixie yet newly blossomed by fae reckoning, Feo Ul is known to have forged a pact with the Warrior of Darkness—the bonds of "branch" and "sapling" granting them the ability to traverse the rift between the First and the Source.

Societal laws are essentially nonexistent within a pixie community, and for the most part, its members are content to remain in a place where instinct and whimsy make the rules. Not so, Feo Ul. Driven by insatiable curiosity, they are exceptional in their desire to explore the realm outside the comforting confines of fae territory.

Their appreciation of mortal struggle is considered another oddity amongst an eternal race fixated upon amusements, and it is for this very reason that their brethren took to calling them Madbloom. As far back as they can remember, Feo Ul has enjoyed frequenting towns and cities to observe mankind, and it is said there is no settlement they treasure so greatly as the ever-changing, ever-bustling Crystarium. When complaints of a mischief-making pixie reached the ears of the Crystal Exarch, he spent many a fruitless effort toward Feo Ul's capture—a wild-amaro chase which ended only when Feo Ul, now fascinated with the Exarch himself, approached him with a truce. Now crowned Titania, the reigning monarch of the fae, Feo Ul predominately resides in Lyhe Ghiah. When their magicked double isn't sneaking glances at their adorable sapling, it is flitting through the Crystarium to engage its inhabitants in exuberant conversation.

Moren Morkirk

"Wh-What I mean to ask is, have you brought any books with you!? A rumpled scroll, even? A scrap of scribbled-on parchment...?"

Head librarian of the Cabinet of Curiosity, this Crystarium native has been an avid reader since he learned his letters. Perhaps the previous head librarian saw potential in the young, wide-eyed Hume who frequented the Cabinet more days than not, but the course of Moren's life would be shaped by the ardent proclamations of his predecessor. To ensure the future of Norvrandt by sharing its knowledge—it was this creed to which Moren would dedicate himself, lending out rare books most archivists would sequester, and proactively scheduling reading circles for younglings. Over his thirty-one years as a student of life, Moren has cultivated the uncanny ability to determine the origin and age of any tome simply by appraising its binding. Currently, the most vexing issue to plague his halls of knowledge are the patrons who carelessly shove books into shelves without regard to their proper filing.

Bragi

"New to the city, friend? The spinning head and wide eyes give you away."

Silence is silver, negotiation is gold—a motto worthy of the face of Musica Universalis. Not the type to seek the limelight, Bragi nevertheless made his name by going above and beyond the call of duty as the Crystarium's foremost merchant. In a land plagued by supply shortages, he is a master of collaboration, be it securing the cooperation of the city guard to accompany shipments, or working alongside the Crystalline Mean to ensure a steady supply of daily necessities for the citizens. To say he acts as the beating heart of the city would hardly be exaggeration, and indeed, this soft-spoken Ronso of thirty-four summers is often ruled by his compassion, sparing no effort to help others with their individual needs.

Chessamile Lakirk

"Prince's kiss, they call it,
but if you ask me, it should be crone's kiss!"

As Spagyrics's Chief Chirurgeon, Chessamile personally compensates for the infirmary's staff shortages, her role extending to everything from mixing medicine to attending patients. As a child, the sight of the Crystal Exarch working tirelessly on behalf of the city inspired her to become a servant of the people, and at sixty-two summers young, this elven expert continues to concoct her invigorating—albeit unpalatable—cures.

Szem Djenmai

"Any Zun worthy of the name could do it, of course, but the Exarch sent you to me. Ensuring you arrive safely is my responsibility."

Master of Beasts at Temenos Rookery, this forty-eight-year-old Zun was reared as many Zun are—in close proximity to amaro. Boasting unparalleled skill as both caretaker and rider of these noble creatures, Szem's dream is to build a sprawling stable outside the city limits. Rumor suggests he is secretly in talks with a native of Holminster Switch to this end, but whether his plans will come to fruition remains to be seen.

Glynard of the Ninth House of Pinehome

"We should gather the others and toast their memories! Heroes of eld, brave and true, to be remembered forevermore!"

Tavernkeep of the Wandering Stairs, this genteel Galdjent will work miracles to keep the ale flowing even when supplies run dry. Glynard, it seems, has listened to enough sob stories in his fifty-six summers to recognize true need when he hears it, and—despite his chronic grumbling—the veteran barkeep is keen to help where he can, hiring a server of dubious identity to wait tables, or sourcing work to ragged bounty hunters desperate for opportunity. As a means to repay such kindness, these wayward ruffians are known to gather in the tavern after collecting on their quarries, spending coin freely as they indulge in drink and good cheer. In his free time, Glynard is an avid crafter of stained crystal, and is the unsung artisan responsible for the Crystalline Mean's leve plates.

Cassard of the Third House of Elmsby

"Here we are—Mord Souq!
By the blessed shadow, I love this town!"

In the wake of the Flood and subsequent loss of regular patrols on once-well-traveled roads, the profession of caravan merchant has become more alike to adventurer than entrepreneur. Though traders suffer fewer casualties now that the city guard keeps an outpost in Amh Araeng, those peddling their wares may yet encounter wild beasts, errant sin eaters, or any number of other dangers on their journey. With strength enough to carry five crates at a time and the know-how of forty-five summers, Cassard is the ideal caravan leader, traversing diverse lands to breathe life into Norvrandt's ailing trade routes. Yet this cheery, good-humored Galdjent bears the weight of a grief he shows to none, as all the comrades with whom he began his mercantile aspirations have long since met their untimely ends.

Tobyl Mudplowe

"Wheresoever you may go, I hope that you will think of the Crystarium when you eat the food that we prepared for you."

Tobyl is the senior groundskeeper of Sweetsieve and all too aware of how vital his role is to the Crystarium's food supply. Always striving to provide palatable, nutritious, and reliable crops, this thirty-nine-year-old elf's success may well be traced to the notebook passed down from his great-grandfather, filled to the brim with botanical wisdom and secrets to better soil.

Pitrig Horfyst

"Aha, got you!
Now, I just need you to do this brief survey for me.
It will only take a few moments of your time."

A standing member of the Settlement council and officer of the city guard, this sprightly Hume of twenty-nine summers is ever eager to improve the lives of his fellow Crystarium residents. Pitrig can trace his heritage back to a northern land since swallowed by the Flood and the brave clan leader responsible for bringing so many refugees to the safety of Lakeland's borders. It is this familial pride that formed him into a defender of the public and inspires him still to this day.

Theyler Skyehand

"Don't give up. Don't give in.
I keep those words close to my heart."

Everything would change for Theyler the night he witnessed a spectacular starshower—in truth, a vision of the Final Days conjured by the Ascian Elidibus. Awakened to the Echo, this Hume of only twenty-five summers quit the Crystarium city guard to seek adventure alongside his friend Vonard and emulate the heroic deeds of the Warrior of Darkness.

Vonard of the First House of Oakbridge

"It's all about having the will to help your fellow man, and the resolve to see it through!"

Driven by the same sudden calling as Theyler, this twenty-four-year-old Galdjent axeman was all too happy to set off with his comrade in search of adventure. The two former guards make for good traveling companions, being of similar age and upbringing, but the absence of ready cures has them on the lookout for a competent healer to join them on the road.

Hanji-Fae Bajih

"No breakfast is too simple,
no feast is too grand for the Second Serving!"

Proprietor of the Second Serving, the place to go for everything from breakfast pastries to seven-course feasts—or so is the oft-recited claim. But while this Mystel of only twenty-two summers has seized the hearts and stomachs of Crystarium denizens with succulent sausage sandwiches and crisp coffee biscuits, she often forgets her propriety when it comes to sweets, devouring any potential profits to acquire heaps of delicacies catered to her own personal tastes.

Nutsy

"Nutsy, your fearless leader!
Still alive and kupoing, I'll have you know!"

Leader of Clan Nutsy, this ageless moogle never feels so alive as when facing imminent death. Her bloodlust is so insatiable, it is said that she will happily fight even her comrades-in-arms simply for the thrill of it. As a result of this unique disposition, daily operation of her organization typically falls to her underlings, and she only returns to the Crystarium to repair and replenish her well-used weaponry.

VANQUISHERS OF VIRTUE

Bounty hunters who deliver death to dangerous quarries are plentiful, but few would dare stand against the Cardinal Virtues—and fewer still live to tell the tale. Yet stand some did, earning bittersweet victories over the great sin eaters that so resembled the First's Warriors of Light.

Granson Ketchthane

"I couldn't care less who you are or what you've done. The only thing I'm looking for these days is a like-minded partner."

Granson was once a game hunter who lived a humble-but-happy life with his beloved, Milinda. That life was irrevocably changed the day he returned home to witness his village under attack by a Cardinal Virtue, and his bride-to-be transforming into a sin eater. Knowing the finality of such a metamorphosis, Granson's last gift to his love was death's respite. It was then that he took up his blade in pursuit of larger prey—namely the fiend who robbed him of everything, Dikaiosyne. Aided by the Warrior of Darkness, he finally achieved his revenge, but not before learning of his bitter enemy's own tragic loss. Inspired by Branden's commitment to justice, Granson now dedicates himself to others, journeying across the recovering realm to deliver succor. Still, this Hume of twenty-eight summers often finds himself reflecting upon the days he spent with Milinda, and has found no meal he likes so well as the soup she used to make.

Mournful Blade

Granson bought this nondescript greatsword for a song from a Derelicts scavenger. Seeing it was in far-from-perfect shape, Milinda made use of her skills as a goldsmith and furnished the blade with a new guard. The weapon means more than life itself to Granson, and he ensures it is always in prime condition.

Lue-Reeq Chalah

"May the best hunter win!"

Born among the free citizens of Eulmore, Lue-Reeq never knew the love of his parents. He was raised almost entirely by his wet nurse, Olvara, whose cooking he still adores to this day. She was the one to tutor the Mystel boy in everything from etiquette to literature, but of all the subjects she taught, archery was by far his favorite. He practiced this skill with ardent focus, eventually choosing to abandon his pampered Eulmoran life for a career in bounty hunting. Unfortunately, his isolated upbringing had left him socially stunted, and he struggled to make allies, let alone true friends. It was only after encountering the Warrior of Darkness that Lue-Reeq took some time to reflect on his shortcomings and find the means to slay Andreia, one of the Cardinal Virtues. The story of her past was an unexpected boon, gifting the eighteen-year-old a much-needed lesson in bravery.

Cry of the Wherwetrice

Olvara's old bow that she passed on to Lue-Reeq when he decided to set out on his own. Its name comes from the bow's glittering adornment—a fist-sized crystal Olvara procured from the stomach of the Wherwetrice.

Cerigg Morpurse

"I'm a bounty hunter, not a phooka herder."

A twenty-five-year-old bounty hunter who calls the Crystarium home. Well aware of the dangers of his profession, Cerigg leaves no stone unturned when preparing for a job. His decision to hunt Phronesis, too, was made only after thorough consideration of the reward offered versus the risk involved. Likewise, the moment Cerigg witnessed Phronesis's ability to open dimensional hollows, he resolved to find a mage who could negate said perils. Cautious as he is in his work, however, he fails to apply the same diligence to his own life. It is perhaps fortunate, then, that Taynor—the young ward whom Cerigg took under his wing—has proven such a dependable companion.

Taynor Lakplowe

"Clearly, I still have much to learn about this world..."

After he was rescued from a dimensional hollow, it became apparent that Taynor was born in a time before the Flood. He and his dear friend Nyelbert were raised by a consortium of magic wielders, their innate sorcerous aptitude honed for the purpose of summoning creatures from other worlds. While Taynor was perfecting this art, however, he was sucked into the rift through a gate he had created. Only countless moons later did he manage to escape via another portal summoned by Phronesis, but though a hundred years had passed in the First, his physical appearance was just as it was when he vanished—that of a ten-year-old boy. Eventually coming to terms with his situation, Taynor would elect to fight alongside Cerigg and the Warrior of Darkness, and help bring an end to Phronesis's tragic tale.

Giott

"Don't you know better'n to sneak up on a dwarf mid-flagon?"

The Tholls' strongest warrior at two and twenty summers, Giott was tasked by their village elders with slaying the sin eater Sophrosyne—it and its uncanny resemblance to Lamitt, infamous disgrace to all dwarvenkind. Pursuit of that goal found the frequently soused dwarf in the Crystarium and the company of a resourceful adventurer. During their travels together, Giott learned the truth behind the narrative surrounding Lamitt, and was forced to examine the cruelty perpetuated by dwarven tradition. The hunter would go on to defy that tradition in the name of defeating Sophrosyne and, more significantly, helping Lamitt's spirit find peace. Head held high in exile, Giott can generally be found at the Wandering Stairs, downing copious amounts of grog and threatening fools with a righteous dwarven decking.

The Ol' Barrel

The hollow head of this otherwise ordinary warhammer is generally filled with hard liquor to be consumed in the case of emergency. Unsurprisingly, the liquid sloshing around inside makes for an unbalanced weapon, causing Giott to abandon it in favor of a fist or two when the situation calls for finesse—or simply swifter violence.

Cyella Valthane

"What is that look for? I'm still a tavern wench, aren't I? We all have our parts to play."

An initially unassuming elf in the employ of the Wandering Stairs, Cyella has a knack for wrangling unruly patrons—Giott in particular. Ten millennia old in truth, her outward identity is naught but one of many masks she has worn over the years. Her true home is the Thirteenth, which she valiantly attempted to save from being overcome by Darkness. Although blessed with the powers of a fledgling champion, she found no companions to support her struggle, and at the end of a long and lonely battle suffered defeat.

Rescued from the brink of death by the Ascians, Cyella swore to their cause after receiving their gift of immortal life. It was at their behest that she made her way to the First under the guise of "Cylva," where she met the adventurer Ardbert and conspired to join his party. Whilst appearing to help them on their journey to awakening as the Warriors of Light, Cylva was secretly feeding off her new allies' energy, building her strength as the Shadowkeeper. She was ultimately bested by Ardbert, thus ushering in the Flood of Light.

Decades later, upon learning of the misuse of her former companions' bodies, Cyella assumed her role at the Stairs. After seeing to it that the Cardinal Virtues were vanquished, she confessed her dark past to the Warrior of Darkness, desirous of death to release her from shame and remorse. The Warrior instead urged her to continue living and find a different way to atone for her sins. Alongside Unukalhai, a fellow native of the Thirteenth, Cyella has chosen the difficult path of restoring her home world.

MAKERS OF THE MEAN

A crafter's hub providing essential resources and materials for the Crystarium, the Crystalline Mean abounds with knowledgeable minds, expert artisans, and more than a few distinct personalities.

Iola Waldhand

"In my forge, I see everything my artisans do...or don't do, for that matter."

Iola, a Hume blacksmith of eighteen summers, is affiliated with the Facet of Forging and runs a private forge known as the Iron Bellows. Growing up surrounded by smiths has nurtured a no-nonsense attitude, but even she can be brought to tears. Her gratitude when her colleagues helped reclaim her father's ring from Walden, an unscrupulous moneylender, was beyond compare—but the experience also taught her the emotional impact of sobbing, and she has since developed an unfortunate habit of derailing conversations about wages with weepy displays.

Thiuna

"The lute has brought many people together. Perhaps one day it'll bless us orphans with families of our own too."

A restorer of the Facet of Crafting and the proprietor of Cherished Memories. Now twenty-four, Thiuna was yet a small child when her parents died. She was taken in and raised alongside Owell, another orphan, and it was their surrogate father, Master Harig, who inspired her to become a restorer. Thiuna believes her repair work preserves the special bonds and memories present in objects of sentimental value, and was thus anxious to enlist the help of the Warrior of Darkness in fixing Master Harig's old lute. Aside from the comfort the young Viis derives from strumming its strings, the lute itself holds historical value, having once belonged to the archmagus Noah. It is said to have come to the First with the Crystal Tower, and was gifted to Harig by the Crystal Exarch.

Bethric of the Second House of Pinehome

"Oh, what I wouldn't give to chase the wind and touch the sky... TO BE AN AMARO!!!"

The resident veterinarian and overseer of the Facet of Nourishing. Whilst he is an avid member of the shoebill appreciation society, Bethric spends the majority of his time at Temenos Rookery tending to the amaro, and most would be surprised to learn that this jolly Galdjent of thirty-six summers was once a hardened sellsword. His road to becoming a veterinarian was a grim one. An amaro leapt to Bethric's defense as he fled a sin eater, sustaining serious wounds in the process. In attempting to treat his savior, he accidentally took its life by giving it medicine not intended for animals. This episode still scars Bethric, and he is yet unable to administer medicine with his own hands.

Qeshi-Rae Kaapoh

"I believe that, one day, life will return to where light now rules. That the world will return to the way it once was."

As the chief of the Facet of Gathering, Qeshi-Rae is always on the lookout for rare specimens of wildlife, vegetation, and minerals. Her latest fascination is the samiel, having formed a special search squad designed to seek out said creatures. Though the trait is not considered particularly becoming, this impulsive Mystel is prone to abandoning her current duties to fly off in pursuit of some newly discovered interest. That said, her actions are not entirely without thought—for many of her thirty summers, Qeshi-Rae has been consumed by the idea of helping her world recover from losing much of its flora and fauna to the Flood.

Frithrik

"I'd much rather be reeling in fish than scrawling numbers in a ledger, but such is life..."

This Ronso of twenty-six summers found himself leading the Facet of Fishing when he happened to catch more fish than any of its members. Initially, Frithrik struggled to convince the elder fishers of his leadership ability, but he gained their respect after proving that the consumption of specific—if not always appetizing—catches can treat all manner of maladies.

Eismon Valhand

"Did I hear Iola say something about halving my wages? She wasn't being serious...was she?"

An elven artisan of thirty-one summers and employee of the Iron Bellows. Duty kept Eismon at his place of work even when it fell upon hard times, Iola's father having saved him from a life of poverty by giving him a job at the forge. No stranger to starvation, Eismon can cope better than most when coin is scarce—with past experience having taught him which worms make the meatiest treat.

Colana of the Sixth House of Oakbridge

"We walked away when things got tough, left her to rebuild the Bellows alone... It's about time we returned the favor."

As a smith, Colana has a knack for the delicate side of ironwork, but as the Bellows' resident bruiser, the fiery twenty-seven-year-old is just as happy to use her hammer to crack heads. She has a known habit for instigating quarrels after a drink or two, and while this has served to hone her fighting instincts, such behavior is not compatible with her main profession. Since leaving the Iron Bellows, Colana had been dismissed from every subsequent job for workplace brawling.

Walden of the Final House of Elmsby

"Trade!? Do I look like a flea market to you!?
I only deal in cold, hard coin!"

An unprincipled Galdjent moneylender who was born into a fortune amassed by his parents' spice business. Drawing on his family's wealth, this brutish parasite of three and forty summers makes a point of lending coin to those who cannot repay him, claiming whatever he desires as collateral.

Owell Freehand

"Though we might have food to fill our bellies and a roof over our heads, what's it all worth if we don't have hope for the morrow?"

A Hume orphan raised alongside Thiuna by Master Harig, Owell long believed that the duty of a Crystarium artisan was to craft items with an everyday, practical purpose, and thus struggled to understand Thiuna's focus on repairing sentimental objects. It was not until he heard the lute she restored with help from the Warrior of Darkness that he reconsidered his opinion on the subject of inherent value. At twenty-seven years of age, he remains a solitary man, sustained by his work and a love for warm milk.

Yalana of the Grey House of Ashgrave

"The chief alone is enough of a handful—
I can't chase you down as well!"

A twenty-five-year-old researcher of the Hortorium, Yalana was one of the victims strong-armed into Qeshi-Rae's Samiel Search Squad to help with sample analysis. Despite her outward reluctance, Yalana performed her examinations with great thoroughness, finding herself fascinated by the subject matter's ancient mystery.

Mervyl Stonehand

"I've been earning a living here since you were but a cub, so don't tell me how to do my job!"

A member of the Facet of Fishing, this seasoned fisher has helped feed the Crystarium for many of his fifty-two summers, and it was this very familiarity with providing food for the masses that caused Mervyl to clash with Frithrik when the younger man suggested changing their methods. Though at first unwilling to even entertain that the proposed dietary adjustments might benefit people like his ailing daughter, Hurielle, his better nature won out in the end.

Sue-Rend Maihov

"I imagine you were quite concerned for the future of the Bellows, what with the forge being manned by these dullards."

The brains of the Bellows—or so he would like to believe. At twenty-nine summers, there is much this Mystel does not know, and the pearls of wisdom he dispenses with such affected aplomb are, more often than not, simple common sense. Sue-Rend holds the utmost respect for Iola's father, having been inspired to pursue his profession by the great artisan. He has less respect for Colana, who tends to soil his outfits with vomit whenever they go drinking together.

Recording Node

"<beep> Error. Aether blockage detected.
Firm blow required. <buzz> Hit me. Hit me."

Acting as a helper to Thiuna, this peculiar spheroid device is Allagan in origin, having found its way to the First alongside the Crystal Tower. The node's main purpose is to record all manner of information, which it then stores as visual data. After enduring long beyond its intended working lifespan, however, "Noddy" is prone to malfunctioning, although these issues can often be remedied with a firm strike delivered at just the right angle.

Skip

"For nigh on a century I have longed for the companionship I once shared with man."

This Berube skipper—a breed of amaro from a region long since lost to the Flood—may be the last of its kind. Gifted with the power of speech and longing for its former life among people, Skip made its way to Lakeland only to fall victim to the poison of poachers. The veterinarian Bethric nursed the deathly ill amaro back to health, and Skip has since come to roost in the Crystarium's Rookery where it acts as an intermediary between the stablehands and their livestock.

Mao-Ladd Moshca

"I for one am keen to see what other mysteries can be attributed to the samiel!"

Being a great admirer of Qeshi-Rae, Mao-Ladd specifically chose to work at the Hortorium rather than the Facet of Gathering, reasoning that the analysis tasks of the former would afford him more interaction with the inquisitive Mystel than the often solitary expeditions of the latter. The twenty-three-year-old's logic was rewarded when he was summarily enlisted in Qeshi-Rae's Samiel Search Squad.

Hurielle Stonehand

"Delicious!
But is this truly the key to overcoming my illness?"

Mervyl's twenty-two-year-old daughter, Hurielle, used to help her father with his fishing until she succumbed to crysteosis, an illness which greatly restricted her activities. Frithrik realized this was the result of an unbalanced diet, suggesting she expand her palate to include prospero eels and the like, and Hurielle's symptoms soon improved dramatically.

FACES OF LAKELAND

This region, centered around the Source, is populated by all sorts—from soldiers on the lookout for sin eaters to fae and errant young dwarves.

Callea Skyekirk

"As cruel as it sounds, I couldn't care less that he died a hero! I wanted him to live!"

It was once was Callea's father, Colphas, who took charge of treating injured soldiers at Fort Jobb, with her acting as assistant. When she learned that her father had perished while attempting to treat the wounded at Holminster Switch, the twenty-seven-year-old considered withdrawing to the Crystarium, but ultimately resolved to carry on her father's infirmary.

Nielden of the First House of Oakbridge

"If yer ever findin' yerself overwhelmed by it all, you can always give Uncle Nieldy a shout."

This experienced Galdjent warrior of forty-eight summers is a member of the Crystarium's city guard. Nielden counts a knight of Voeburt among his ancestors, which is perhaps where his skill with the lance originates. He was close friends with Colphas, and has known his daughter, Callea, since she was but a young girl. Ever since her father's passing, Nielden has done his best to look after her.

Mauwyl Mudkirk

"As far as I'm concerned...I thank the gods for their mercy that my best friend is still with me."

A woodcutter of twenty-three summers, Mauwyl earns his keep harvesting lumber and herbs in Lakeland. His dear friend, Tolas, fell to melancholy after surviving a sin eater attack and, unsure of where to turn, Mauwyl approached a passing adventurer for advice. Through their combined efforts, Tolas was able to overcome the emotional scars that had plagued him.

Tolas Valkirk

"If I had stood with my men on the front lines, served as their shield, how many lives could I have saved?"

Friend to Mauwyl and a member of the Ostall Imperative guard, this elf of twenty-three summers struggled to hold his sword steady after losing fellow soldiers to the sin eater assault on the Crystarium. With the aid of the Warrior of Darkness, however, he overcame his trauma and found the strength to help Mauwyl in his own hour of need.

Bismarck

"This world is in twilight.
I wait for the sun to set. I wish only to sleep."

Born around the time that a single seed had grown to an entire forest, Bismarck now inhabits the lake known as the Source. As he shares numerous similarities to the primal worshiped by the Vanu Vanu on our own star, it is possible that the two share roots in a single concept conceived by the ancients.

The First's Bismarck is primarily known to Lakeland residents as the Isle of Ken, for trees and shrubs adorn his back, and only once in living memory has he moved. According to regional folklore, the eponymous Ken was a man of unknown origins who dwelled upon Bismarck before the Flood. Though the great whale never learned the common tongue, Ken spoke with him in fae, and the two developed an irreplaceable friendship.

Ozogg

"The feeling of having an idea and seeing it come to life right before your eyes... It's indescribable!"

A dwarf of twenty summers who counts herself among the Goggs. Much like her childhood-friend-turned-rival, Ronitt of the Tholls, Ozogg believes herself a proud descendant of the great Watts, a legendary dwarven blacksmith. While she had initially set her sights solely on Ronitt's prized possession, Watts's hammer, Ozogg found herself fascinated by the Rollin' Tankard, Ronitt's newest creation. Ultimately joining forces with her fellow dwarf, she became a key part of Watts's Anvil, developing countless inventions to suit her every whimsy.

FACES OF KHOLUSIA

Kholusia is broadly divided into two areas: the coast and the mountains. The former is dominated by Eulmore, whereas the latter is home to the dwarves and their unique culture.

Kai-Shirr Olkoh

"No, no, it has to be Eulmore! That's where all my friends are. We made a promise that we'd live together in paradise..."

A Mystel lad of but seventeen summers, Kai-Shirr called a small island off the coast of Kholusia home until the tragic day that his family was set upon by sin eaters. The boy escaped into the open waters, and was eventually rescued by a fisher who took him to Gatetown. Here, he lived alongside two other orphans—Bosta-Zia and Anfrigg—until they were invited to join the ranks of the bonded in Eulmore. When night returned to Norvrandt, they were at last reunited, and remain determined to forge a new path together.

Tristol Horpurse

"Should I forgive you? Hate you? Perhaps it's not even my place to judge."

This realist painter spent long years in Gatetown practicing his craft with what supplies he could scrape together. His hard-won talent eventually attracted the attention of the free citizens of Eulmore, who granted him passage into the city—only to grow bored of his work's lack of aesthetic indulgences. The thirty-nine-year-old could doubtless have made a decent living for himself had he bent his principles, but remained dedicated to his style. After incurring the wrath of the Chais by producing a solidly realistic portrait of Dulia, Tristol found himself quite literally cast out of the city.

Eueliss Hylplowe

"It has been but a year, and we are all still suffering."

Barely twenty-two summers at the time, Eueliss lost her father—the former mayor of Wright—in the aftermath of Dikaiosyne's attack on their village. Although grief consumed her, Eueliss was determined to carry on her father's work, growing barley in the hopes of producing high-quality ale. Though poor growing conditions added an additional hurdle, Eueliss combined her efforts with those of family friend Sai-Lewq Jinal and the dwarf Ronitt in pursuit of success, and Wright ale has reclaimed its title as one of the most renowned drinks in the region.

Sai-Lewq Jinal

"What comfort can I offer those whose loved ones were needlessly slain?"

When Dikaiosyne ravaged Wright, Sai-Lewq was keeping watch on the outskirts of the village. Tragically, he mistook the monster for a villager, and sounded the warning bell too late for the residents to properly evacuate. His mistake cost half of the village their lives; both his wife and his dear friend Cliftol were among the dead. As he struggled to come to grips with reality, he found a beacon of hope in Cliftol's daughter, Eueliss, and her efforts to follow in her father's footsteps. At her behest, the fifty-six-year-old Mystel took up the mantle of mayor, and now labors to restore the village to prosperity.

Theva Valfyst

"This your first time in a tavern? It's customary to buy a drink if you mean to loiter. What'll you be having?"

Sole proprietress of the Leaky Keel in Stilltide, this elven woman of thirty-seven summers has been invited on more than one occasion to leave her life behind and join those venturing to Gatetown and beyond. Never once has she paid them any mind, and remains steadfast in her resolve to maintain normalcy in the way she chooses.

Irvithe Ketchand

"We're shipwrights with no ships to build, only shacks. While it's a living, we all itch to do something greater."

As children, Irvithe and his friend Grithil found themselves in Venmont Yards, hoping that learning the shipwrights' trade might grant them a means to survive. Much to their dismay, however, few have need of ships in a world where the sea itself has been swallowed by Light. As such, the twenty-six-year-old considers himself far better at constructing shacks than ships, but he nevertheless harbors dreams of building a grand vessel of his own.

Grithil Ketchpurse

"Seeing them Eulmore types wake up and smell the ashes was miracle enough for me."

A shipwright of Venmont Yards, Grithil claims that his connection to Irvithe is the only reason he wound up in his current role, but is a fine tradesman nevertheless. Though the twenty-six-year-old's primary desire is a life free of complication, he is nevertheless content to hear Irvithe talk of his grand dreams over a mug of ale.

Xamott

"What the bloody hells do you think you're playin' at, consortin' with Goggs! Bunch of stinkin' scruffybeards, the lot of 'em!"

At the age of fifty, Chief Xamott is Tomra's highest authority and has the beard to show for it. He seems determined to make the most of this status by shouting as much as possible, and indeed, some have alleged that his booming voice echoes as far as Komra. Like his forefathers, Xamott has made it his mission to only ever use automata as helping hands, and does not approve of the Goggs utilizing them as weapons.

Korutt

"Our beards are soft and luscious and smell like freshly tapped ale! Gogg beards are dry and crusty and smell like a knocker's arse!"

A Tholl of nineteen summers, Korutt's skill as a miner far surpasses even that of other dwarves. Despite his lack of martial skills, the lad is an expert on the geography of the Duergar Mountains, and one of the few who know where to find earthseed, a rare ore steeped in magic. After learning of the Crystal Exarch's many exploits, Korutt often finds inspiration in thinking of the Exarch and the Warrior of Darkness fighting side by side in lands far from his own.

Glagg

"Watch your tongue, Xamott,
or I'll pull it out with my pliers!"

Komra's eldest elder has seen over seventy-two summers. In line with the policies of his ancestors, Glagg has always possessed a healthy interest in deploying mechanical weaponry to defend his people. However, after mysterious machines of unknown origin devastated the village, he grew uncharacteristically paranoid and temperamental. This condition appears to have abated at present, though the suddenness with which he recovered himself leaves certain questions about the nature of his affliction unanswered.

Ronitt

"I'll just put the hammer in a safe place somewhere...
I mean to be a famous smitty myself someday,
so I'd best not lose it again!"

Despite his mere fifteen summers, young Ronitt is a talented crafter of automata. As co-founder of Watts's Anvil, he naturally holds the utmost respect for his ancestor Watts, and has surely done him proud with the creation of the Rollin' Tankard.

Beott

"Well, polish my helm and shine my horns!
Ronitt, you've learned to give a proper greeting!"

One of Tomra's many strong personalities, Beott tasked the Warrior of Darkness with befriending her less-than-social son Ronitt. The efficacy of this strategy cannot be denied—though she has found that when otherworldly heroes are unavailable, one of her homemade pies will cheer the lad up just as surely.

Anogg

"There are secrets to be found here, and we'll be the ones to bring them to light—and possibly to market, depending."

Found as orphans by the dig site chief, Anogg and her twin Konogg endured much hardship in their early years, eventually becoming infamous throughout Komra for their myriad schemes. Though officially members of the Gogg, their origins and ages remain unclear. Recent events have revealed, however, that

Konogg

"Sometimes I hate being the reasonable one."

By contrast to Anogg, Konogg favors a more measured approach to life—at least insofar as is possible for a dwarf. Those in Komra were well aware that each twin thought the other both beloved sibling and indispensable foil, giving rise to consternation when Konogg departed the village alone following an assault by mysterious machines.

FACES OF EULMORE

Once known as the "city of final pleasures," Eulmore was a veritable paradise where one could obtain anything their heart desired. Its free citizens have but recently opened their eyes to the disparity between their sheltered lives and those of the common man.

Ran'jit

"The world is dead, and writhe as we might,
like maggots in its rotting corse, it will not be reborn."

The leader of an infamous band of assassins, Zal'bard, found himself in Eulmore at the time of the Flood at its mayor's request. His home swallowed by Light, he chose to remain in the city and work to exterminate the sin eaters. Ran'jit, his son, would inherit this duty, leading the Eulmoran Army and fighting on the front lines with the Oracles of Light he diligently raised.

The fact that Ran'jit remained a military asset at eighty-eight may be attributed to rigorous training. It is also speculated that one of his forebears was of a longer-lived people, though this heritage was deliberately obfuscated—his clan's assassins encouraged to seek mates of myriad races that their offspring might ply their trade undetected. Regardless, Ran'jit was a force to be reckoned with until he met his end by the Warrior of Darkness's hand, joining his Oracles of Light in death.

Gukumatz

Gukumatz was born of forbidden magicks that use the caster's blood to give a familiar its shape, the creature's strength increasing with its master's daily meditation. Ran'jit first summoned Gukumatz when he was but a boy, and eighty summers of blood and meditation later, it was possessed of incredible power—enough to bear its master aloft or shroud him in ability-enhancing apparel, among other things.

Chai-Nuzz Mewlah

"We must accept the reality of our circumstances.
We must move forward."

Chai-Nuzz is the heir to Daedalus Stoneworks, known for its contribution to mining ventures in Amh Araeng, though the Flood's effects left him struggling to carry on the business. He relocated to Eulmore some fifteen summers past, and though his talents were key to creating a Talos great enough to reach Mt. Gulg, he prefers to prioritize time with his beloved over finding new uses for his technical skills. Currently the mayor of Eulmore, this Mystel of forty summers insists that he is merely taking temporary charge of the city until the confusion has subsided—though he appears to be enjoying the role of public servant.

Dulia-Chai Mewlah

"I approve of this one, dearest! I am positive he will paint us the most delightful pictures."

Dulia-Chai has known her husband for most of her forty summers. As the two hail from the same town, she was one of the first to see Chai-Nuzz's Talos spring to life, delighting them both. She happily accepted his proposal at age twenty, and offered him constant support during the difficult transition to Eulmore. There, the couple grew accustomed to the finer things—indulging in excess on occasion. But unlike those citizens who bemoaned their reduced comfort following Vauthry's deposal, Lady Chai is not the least distressed, for she is content to enjoy her remaining years with her husband, no matter what form they take.

Red Jongleur

"Greetings to our hopeful petitioners, one and all!
Eulmore extends its warmest regards!"

A loyal servant to Vauthry, this young woman did everything from distributing meol to striking down malcontents—all while speaking in rhyme. Before the recent reforms, children of the bonded were viewed as property of the city, and were assigned to roles within and without the Eulmoran Army. The eighteen-year-old red jongleur was but one of many who served the city's elite thus.

Blue Jongleur

"Ah, just look at those expectant faces!
What could you possibly be waiting for!?"

Of an age with the red jongleur, the blue jongleur counted her crimson counterpart a close friend. The Eulmoran elite made a point of educating children of the bonded to separate the wheat from the chaff, and the grueling process ingrained her with unwavering loyalty to Eulmore, compelling her to risk her life in defense of its hedonism.

Mowen Freepurse

"As chairwoman of the Boutique of Splendors, I consider it my duty to nurture the artisans of today and tomorrow."

Skilled trader and chairwoman of the famous Boutique of Splendors, forty-one-year-old Mowen is driven by a goal far purer than profit: the revitalization of industry in Norvrandt. With dedicated traders in her employ, she naturally ensures that the Boutique remains lucrative, but rates this of secondary importance to the good her business can do for the realm.

The Queen Bee

"Well, well! How wonderful it is to see my employees engaged in such lively conversation."

Any attempt to ascertain the Queen Bee's true identity is considered a fool's errand—indeed, even his gender remains a mystery, though he allows the use of pronouns for his honeybees' convenience. There are but two things a customer must know: that the Queen Bee always aims to provide a sting of excitement to those who pass through the doors to the Beehive, and that he will brook no harm to his honeybees.

Tista-Bie Amari

"Welcome to the Beehive, my little drone.
Seeking the sting of excitement to liven up your day?"

Tista-Bie is an expert gambler, said to have attained her free-citizen status with the wealth she amassed via games of chance. Thanks to her countless contests with bonded and free citizens alike, she possesses a network of contacts larger than most—none of whom can claim to know the Beehive quite so well as this Mystel madam.

The Canary

"...So that's it? What am I to do if I can't sing...?"

A professional singer at seventeen summers, this "canary" spent her days serenading the free citizens of Eulmore until her voice could no longer produce the dulcet tones her superiors were accustomed to. Her master suggested she take the opportunity to "ascend," and she happily acquiesced—never to be heard from again. The details of her fate may never be known, but it bears noting that a table stocked with butcher's knives and placed suggestively near a cell packed to the brim with eaters has since been discovered in Eulmore's gaol.

Hathenbet Ketchkirk

"We hunt high and low for whatever we can scavenge, and it's barely enough to fill our bellies."

Something of a leader in the Derelicts, Hathenbet is known for asking newcomers to surrender their meol, but also for distributing what little food is available to those most in need, including the settlement's many orphans. Now, at sixty-seven summers, he finds himself charged with conveying his people's views to Chai-Nuzz.

Thoarich Skyeplowe

"A town of nightmares, it is.
Not for this ship's rat, oh no no."

This Hume apothecary may appear far from professional at first glance, but his skill is such that many would question why he never followed the path of the bonded. At seventy-three, however, he is one of the Derelicts' oldest and most longtime residents, and thus is well aware of just how many souls entered Eulmore and failed to return. Having made peace with this truth, he has chosen to revel in his ungilded environs.

Anfrigg Morhand

"As the saying goes here in the Beehive, 'fancy a shake?' Reactions vary, as I'm sure you can imagine."

Hailing from the Derelicts, Anfrigg trained his culinary repertoire whilst tending to the needs of his fellow orphans. Upon the occasion that the city was recruiting for kitchen hands, he became one of Eulmore's many bonded. Now twenty-one, the young bartender has found himself harboring romantic feelings for a fellow orphan-turned-honeybee, but she remains blissfully unaware.

Bosta-Zia Panpah

"Giving away a bit of booze is one thing,
getting them to stay is another."

This nineteen-year-old dancer at the Beehive counts fellow orphans Anfrigg and Kai-Shirr among her friends. She was given leave to enter Eulmore when a free citizen discovered her dancing to the faraway melodies of the city. The Mystel honed her skills faithfully during her training, though of late, her preferred pastime is monitoring Kai-Shirr's love life.

FACES OF AMH ARAENG

Once part of the kingdom of Nabaath Areng, Amh Araeng is now little more than a wasteland. Only those of the stubbornest stock remain, making full use of what those before them left behind.

Ghen Gen

"No such thing as a thing no one needs!"

So says the resourceful and enterprising leader of Mord Souq. This Mord of thirty-nine summers keeps his marketplace bustling with traders seeking rare discoveries, freshly unearthed and polished. Whilst he is immensely proud of his son, Ghun Gun, the elder mord does worry that his child works himself far too hard.

Rhon Ron

"Take your time! Stare and sniff before you choose! But no drooling on the merchandise, yes?"

Catering to those who prefer their food warm and wriggly, and with dubious-sounding specialties such as Mushloaves, Everburning Bounties, and Chewy Skewers, Rhon Ron is unique amongst culinarians. He himself will happily eat white worms raw, but has been endeavoring to make them more palatable to other races through pickling and other creative methods.

Tesleen Stoneplowe

"It's never easy, ending a life you've cared for. Even when you believe they go on to a better place."

The maternal side of Tesleen's family was forced from its ancestral home in Nabaath Areng by the Flood, and she inherited much of what her forebears learned during this arduous period, including basic combat skills. These would be vital when she found herself fleeing her village at the young age of eleven, her mother having been injured in a sin eater attack and subsequently sentenced to death. The pair made their way to the Inn at Journey's Head, where young Tesleen would remain for the next seven years, caring for those afflicted by Light long after her mother had passed.

Halric of the Gold House of Aldermere

"M... Mother... I..."

A Drahn of but nine summers with a particular fondness for nectarines, Halric once resided in a mountain village near Amh Araeng. While he and his mother foraged for food, the pair was set upon by sin eaters, leaving the latter dead and the boy severly injured. Upon realizing Halric was starting to turn, a fellow villager brought him to the Inn at Journey's Head, where Tesleen treated him with the utmost care. Although his affliction has stunted his emotions, Halric was once a cheerful, expressive lad, and there is hope that the treatment regimen provided by Alisaie and Beq Lugg will see him restored to his former self.

Magnus

"I thought to try and drown my sorrows... but somehow...the bottle's never deep enough."

After Daedalus Stoneworks withdrew from the area, leading to the mining industry's further decline, this Ronso engineer decided to leave the Hills of Amber behind for his family's safety. The eaters found them anyway, claiming the life of Magnus's son, Skuli. To honor his memory, Magnus returned to Twine to set the trolley in motion as his boy had always wished and, after three years of trial and error, it was clear that a new Talos heart could provide the motive power required. Agna, a superb prospector and Magnus's beloved wife, labored extensively to retrieve the necessary materials—until the mining tunnels suffered a collapse, leaving Magnus twice bereft at the age of thirty-five. The trolley sat silent on its tracks for four long years, awaiting the day that he would be moved to action once more.

Thaffe Morhand

"Where the hells would the tracks even go?"

Apprentice to Magnus, this budding engineer lost his parents at an early age, but has been helped along by the neighboring Motplowe family these twenty-four summers. He got on especially well with their boy Jeryk, even coming to share his interest in the trolley.

Though he previously was forced to mine the meager local supply of ore and apply his unusual talent for scrubbing laundry to make ends meet, Thaffe has recently been able to focus on more mechanical work. At times he feels overwhelmed by his friend's passion for all things trolley, and the pair are frequently at loggerheads over the optimal size of such a vehicle—Thaffe preferring the sensibly compact. Still, he is happy so long as his nearest and dearest in Twine are content.

Jeryk Motplowe

"Honestly, I don't understand how he can remain unmoved by the clang, clang, clang of the trolley. Or the ding, ding, ding of the bells."

Friend to Thaffe and only one year younger, Jeryk proudly considers himself a trolley engineer despite the fact that he has spent most of his working life as a repairman, occasionally putting his dexterity to use in trimming the bangs of Twine's residents. Such is his love for the vehicle that his first word was "trolley," and when his family abandoned their inn and left Twine for more profitable work elsewhere, Jeryk chose to remain in his hometown and let his trolley-related hopes spur him onwards. Now that the device is operational, Jeryk is living his dream—but only a fool would think this ambitious Hume has arrived at his vocational destination, as Jeryk is resolute that when it comes to trolleys, more is more.

Ghun Gun

"Only thing sweeter than a hand full of shinies is a purse full of jinglies!"

Son of Ghen Gen, this Mord of nineteen summers is seen by many as the future leader of Mord Souq. Although he professes his hobby to be constant work without any rest, Ghun Gun possessed quite the opposite temperament as a child. Not only did he loathe working, he neglected his studies and ignored social invitations in equal measure. His sloth would forever be changed by the words of one of his oldest friends, who now somewhat regrets the part she played in his transformation. Although his newfound productivity was initially welcome, Ghun Gun's health has become a chronic source of worry for those around him. His latest passion is the study of Nabaath Areng's history, an interest sparked by a fortuitous meeting with Jamial and a certain adventurer.

Jamial Nabaath

"History is all around us, if we know where to look."

This Hume, aged some sixty-four summers, is a descendant of the Nabaath royal family. Though at first unsure whether or not to burden his progeny with the chaotic history of their people, Jamial ultimately resolved to pass on his secretly kept knowledge of the happenings surrounding the Flood, a decision largely influenced by his acquaintance with Ghun Gun.

Guthjon

"Every time I step out of those mines the sky seems to get brighter. I'd never leave them if the air weren't so stale..."

A thirty-four-year-old miner who calls Twine home, Guthjon mentors Thaffe just as he himself once received instruction from Agna. Whilst the Ronso harbored feelings for his teacher long ago, he was far too reserved to express them, particularly as he knew full well of her love for Magnus. When Agna and Magnus married, he happily bid them both a felicitous union.

Horthur

"Both races worked together to build this place, though some of you younglings seem to have forgotten this."

Former leader of the Miners' Guild, this veteran prospector has worked tirelessly to strengthen the bonds between Ronso and Mystel miners. The decline of eligible workers forced him to close the doors upon his precious guild, but Horthur, now fifty-three, holds high hopes that the recent return of the night sky heralds a second dawn for the mining industry.

Kee-Satt Lye

"Oh, did something try to attack us? Sorry, I was too engrossed in my digging to notice."

Hailing from a remote region of Kholusia, this Mystel of twenty summers left home after growing tired of the other villagers' obsession with Eulmore. On his travels, Kee-Satt learned of Nabaathium from a veteran artisan with long hair and, feeling it was his destiny to mix the alloy, made for Amh Araeng. With the cooperation of the locals and one particularly helpful adventurer, he ultimately succeeded in reviving the methods once used to create this metal.

Rhal Ral

"Outdone by armadillos! I'll never live this down!"

Rhal Ral is a Mord scavenger from Amh Araeng who spends his days searching the wastelands for treasure by means of ancient maps and dusty tomes. Whilst this twenty-seven-year-old is both rich in knowledge and olfactory capabilities, he barely knows the pointy end of a sword from the other and thus relies upon Darmal's services for protection.

Darmal Morfyst

"Bugger the treasure! I'd rather be poor than dead!"

For much of his forty-five summers, this Hume earned his keep by protecting merchant caravans with his axe, but nowadays most of his work comes through the scavenger Rhal Ral. Despite differences in age and upbringing, the two get along famously, and Darmal will never turn down a job from Rhal Ral—nor miss an opportunity to complain about it. More than the treasure itself, he appears to enjoy raising a toast to a valuable find, even if that toast is of Mord swill.

AWAY WITH THE FAE

Not even the elite knights of Voeburt could save their kingdom from its fate, and with its fall, its unforgiving peaks were relinquished to the fae. These fantastical creatures have since proven themselves as alluring—and deadly—as the terrain they now inhabit.

Aenc Thon

"Give me a crescendo! Give me a fortissimo!"

It is yet debated whether "Lord of the Lingering Gaze" or "Lord of the Lengthsome Gait" better describes the leader of the water-bound Fuath, but all agree that Aenc Thon's magical prowess is formidable. The idiosyncratic nature of the Fuath seems to bespeak a lack of unity, but unified they are in their awe at Aenc Thon's magnificent castle of illusion, Dohn Mheg—and the numerous perilous traps therein. When they are not causing others to literally prostrate themselves in wonder, Aenc Thon is dreaming of becoming a grown-up as mortals do, very occasionally bending their glamours to gleefully achieve a similar effect for themself. It is said they at times add a stringed instrument as an appendage, leaving scholars to assume their adult persona is a musician of some sort. In truth, Aenc Thon is as old as the flick of a disappearing tail—as to what that means, only the fae know.

Seto

"Perhaps I too will go on a little adventure.
Ride the winds, seek the horizon... Yes.
I think perhaps I will."

Leader of the Tupaq Amaro who reside in Wolekdorf, Seto is thought to be at least one hundred and forty years of age. In his youth, he was owned by a particular swindler who mistreated and malnourished him, and he doubtless would have met his end if not for Ardbert's intervention. After collecting the bounty on the swindler's head, Ardbert used his share to buy Seto, bestowing the battered amaro with a name and a better life. Seto cherishes many precious memories from their adventures—among them the delicious catsfoot chews made by Ardbert's hand—but for too long, his greatest regret was his inability to comfort his master in the wake of the Flood. Over time, he has come to acknowledge that his feelings reached his friend even without words, and the weight of Ardbert's old medallion is enough to bring him comfort as he whiles away the rest of his years in peace.

An Lad

"Why must you torment me? I only want to fill this hole in my heart. A hole where a friend used to be."

As old as the first blush of petals from a bud, this colorless pixie came suddenly into being and inextricably entwined with the former Titania's dissipating aether. Inheriting the lingering feelings and beliefs of the deceased king, An Lad proved a very odd pixie in their inability to spin fun dreams—only nightmares. However, thanks to the succor provided by the Warrior of Darkness, Tyr Beq, and Ezel II, they were able to come to terms with their nature. Although the former Titania will always be part of who they are, An Lad now focuses their energies upon cheerier tasks, such as playing in the whimsical Lyhe Mheg, learning how to craft happier dreams, and partaking in Tyr Beq's delicious flossy candy.

Ezel II

"Well, of course I'm enormous. It would be impossible to contain all my cuteness otherwise."

This presumable piglet of a porxie was created by the Nu Mou Lugg Aenc to devour dreams. Though most familiars require consistent direction, the hat bestowed upon Ezel II by its master allows this one to operate independently, so as to better guzzle nightmares at will. And guzzle it does, with delight and gusto—although dreams woven with particularly potent magicks often upset the poor porxie's stomach. Ezel II is also well versed in matters of the mind, able to analyze An Lad's dreams and offer practical solutions as well as any Nu Mou. Though it continues to provide invaluable assistance with An Lad's rehabilitation and training by devouring any and all accidental nightmares, Ezel II frets that it has been growing in girth, and at this rate may one day be more porxie than Il Mheg can hold.

Ul Thon

"I have a lot to do if I'm to retain my crown as the darling of Lydha Lran!"

Ul Thon is as old as the first curl of a sprout and determined to be the most popular pixie in Il Mheg. Focusing first on garnering a reputation in Lydha Lran, they attempted a variety of promising endeavors such as reading books to brag of their knowledge and painting pictures to impress others with their talent. While these efforts were ultimately fruitless, Ul Thon finally managed to earn the recognition they desired by coming to the aid of their peers in times of need.

Tonatiuh

"Home... I like the sound of that."

This Tupaq Amaro was cared for by a merchant until the day he spoke his first words and unwittingly frightened said merchant into abandoning his charge. Aimless and alone, Tonatiuh wandered the realm until he arrived in Il Mheg. Whilst adapting to such new—and oftentimes odd—environs was far from easy, he eventually succeeded in forming friendly relations with the surrounding fae.

KEEPERS OF THE RAK'TIKA GREATWOOD

Beneath the boughs of this ancient wood abide the Night's Blessed, who shelter in its sacred darkness; and the Viis and the Qitari, the keepers of Ronkan knowledge.

Runar

"Until we return to the sunless sea, we shall endeavor to live our lives to the fullest."

When the head priests of the Night's Blessed were slain in a sin eater attack two years ago, the group's younger members were forced to take up their mantles. This Ronso of thirty summers counts himself among the new leadership, and tends to a wide range of duties from the secular to the spiritual. Although the road to recovery was not an easy one, he and his fellows were greatly bolstered by the presence of Y'shtola, who helped them through many a trial with her skill and wisdom. Runar holds the sorceress in the highest esteem, and while dreaming of the day they meet again, he continues working tirelessly to fulfill his responsibilities, thinking of his beloved "Master Matoya" with every dish he cooks and every room he cleans.

Almet

"We see the past through our own eyes, and speak of it with our own words. Thus do we come to understand it, in our own way."

Chieftainess of Fanow, sister to Uimet and Cymet, and peerless archer, this eighty-seven-year-old Viis is capable of shooting a leaf off a tree at a hundred paces. Even in her youth, her skill at arms was exceptional, and had she been a man, she would have had no shortage of suitresses. Though this never came to pass, she has been a dependable leader to her people, striving to protect Ronkan history amidst troubled times. That ancient duty was fulfilled with the long-awaited arrival of the allies of Ronka, and she is now free to explore new possibilities for Fanow's future—and perhaps indulge more often in her favorite honey-glazed nuts.

Uimet

"Oh, we were bound to run into a living statue eventually."

The eighty-five-year-old Uimet is a lancer of Fanow. In addition to her full-blooded sisters Almet and Cymet, she has many other siblings born of different mothers—the result of Viis males being a rare breed and their village the last remaining bastion of their people. Spirited and restless in spite of her age, she is often a source of consternation for her elders, but when it comes to hunting, her eyes take on a steely glint and she never lets her prey escape. Unlike Cymet, she harbors little interest in the outside world, and thinks it enough to take care of the wood and partake of its bounty in return—enjoying the occasional leaf-grilled Rak'tika trout—until the day she returns to the earth.

Cymet

"This is not a game, Sister! You should not be so eager to run headlong into danger!"

A healer of Fanow, eighty-three-year-old Cymet is possessed of an unhurried personality that belies her responsible nature. Indeed, she takes it upon herself to rebuke the ofttimes heedless Uimet in place of their older sister. Although not dissatisfied with life in the wood, she is extremely curious about the world beyond, and when out on patrol likes to steal a moment to watch—and lately, even speak with—merchants bringing in their wares.

In Norvrandt, Ronkan creations such as the amaro have become commonplace, as have the descendants of the Viis who left their ancestral home long ago. This has prompted Cymet to wonder if there are more paths for those of her village. Whatever the future may hold for her, however, one thing is certain: she means to sample coffee biscuits at the earliest opportunity.

Lanille

"It would seem that the great serpent smiles upon our partnership as well. This is auspicious, indeed."

A veritable living library, Lanille lived through and remembers the time before the Flood of Light. Over her one hundred and forty-one summers, the Viis has amassed extensive knowledge not only of the wood, but of Ronkan history and customs besides. The right hand of Fanow's former chieftainess, she stepped down in the wake of a sin eater attack seventy years ago that saw her leader slain and herself wounded. Since then, she has chosen to serve as a guide for the younger generation.

Myalna

"Bows, with me! We have work to do!"

The young leader of Fanow's hunting band, thirty-eight-year-old Myalna and her huntresses can be seen patrolling the wood upon jaculus-back. Their mission is not merely to acquire meat and materials for the village, but to maintain harmony in the Greatwood by culling creatures that have become diseased or dangerous in the wake of the Flood.

Valan

"I see nothing great about that...that... What is it, exactly? I refuse to believe that it's a serpent."

A member of the Night's Blessed, Valan is a sensible nineteen-year-old with a good nature and skilled hands, which he puts to use crafting tools under his parents' tutelage. Due to a long-standing friendship between their families, he and Quinfort grew up like brothers, and the slightly older Valan was often tasked with keeping the unruly Quinfort in check. When the latter claimed to have peculiar visions, Valan put no stock in the tales, but an encounter with a mysterious creature purported to be an incarnation of the Great Serpent of Ronka led him to question his preconceptions.

Quinfort

"Do not be jealous, Valan. The will of the wood works in mysterious ways, and this serpent is the key to our deliverance."

A member of the Night's Blessed, Quinfort is an outspoken eighteen-year-old with an impulsive streak. The young Drahn is gifted in the arcane arts, and is presently training to become a priest. Claiming to see the future in his dreams, he compiled the details of his visions in the *Gospel of Quinfort*, but even his childhood friend Valan dismissed them. Much to Valan's surprise, however, Quinfort's predictions came true with the return of the Great Serpent of Ronka and the Qitari, long thought extinct. According to Lanille, an individual with a gift as remarkable as his would have been appointed Keeper of Whispers in Fanow.

Great Serpent of Ronka (Presumed)

"Scree!"

This creature is believed to be an incarnation of the great serpent, the legendary guardian of the Greatwood before the age of Ronka. At first, there was only a single serpent—that which Quinfort encountered—but the subsequent appearance of similar scree-ing entities and the discovery of their likenesses upon stelae in the depths of Hopl's Stopple has led to no end of confusion.

Ancient Serpent of Ronka

"SCREE!" (presumed)

Legend holds that this great and powerful guardian was defeated by the first Ronkan emperor and sealed within crystal embedded in a great tree. After its capture, it was said to have granted visions of the future to Keepers of Whispers, thereby helping to maintain the empire's rule, but the truth remains a mystery, as does the serpent's true name. To date, more than sixty-six monikers—including the Great Serpent of Ronka—have been recorded in reference to the being.

Ciuna

"Change has come quickly to Fanow, and we allowed it to divide us when we should have embraced it together."

The younger of a pair of twins chosen to petition the spirits of the Greatwood on Fanow's behalf. Cautious and quiet, this Viis of forty-eight summers embraces her tribe's traditions and takes pride in protecting their ancient home. As a result, she is unaccustomed to interacting with outsiders, but through her encounters with the Night's Blessed and the Qitari, she has come to better understand her sister and learn to value cooperation between all who abide in the forest.

Phyna

"What if the future of Fanow lies beyond our borders?"

In contrast to her twin, Ciuna, Phyna is cheery and sociable, and upon the coming of the allies of Ronka developed a longing for the world beyond the boughs. Having seen her village establish ties with outsiders, the forty-eight-year-old set forth for the Crystarium with an easy heart, there to seek out fellow Viis who had left their ancestral home.

Qitarl Natl

"While the lifespan of any one Qitari may be short, we must never underestimate the value of our shared knowledge and wisdom."

Qitarl Natl is the chieftain of his tribe. When a way opened to the Greatwood's south, he formed the Qitari Stewards with wife Qhoterl Pasol and son Chaqurl Qhotl, and together they commenced excavation work at Hopl's Stopple. In the prime of a Qitari's life at fourteen summers, he has already known both sweet victory and bitter failure—experience which helps him refrain from romanticizing history.

Qhoterl Pasol

"Reclaiming our history is about more than grand discoveries of ancient artifacts."

Doting mother to Chaqurl Qhotl, Qhoterl Pasol looks after the mundane—but no less important—needs of their excavation site, managing its overall operations while her husband and son delve into the ruins. As dedicated to her duties as she is, however, she recognizes the importance of rest, and can occasionally be seen enjoying a dish of her favorite robber crab or a refreshing beverage while taking in the wood's soothing sounds.

FACES OF THE TEMPEST

The breath of Bismarck created a protective dome which would allow man to walk the floor of this stormy sea west of Kholusia, unexpected encounters awaiting those who dared make the journey.

Tolshs Aath

"The mysteries have ssstirred. We have ssseen the illuminated land shhhining through the gloom of the abyss..."

Led by Tolshs Aath, the Ondo now make their home in the Tempest. This was not always so—long ago, they dwelt farther to the south, ere their village was swallowed by the Flood, sparing only those who had been sent away in service to their people. Tolshs Aath's grandfather was one such survivor, and he would lead his remaining kin through the unforgiving tides until they eventually came upon a set of ruins. There they remained, hopeful the ancients who once called this place home might return. Now sixty-three, Tolshs Aath remains unshakable in his faith, offering daily supplications in the name of his tribe and the ancients.

Paushs Ooan

"The ancients have blessed us with protection and prosperity."

An Ondo youth of eighteen summers who resides in the Ondo Cups. Historically, the tribe has remained closed off from the world, content to remain isolated on the seabed of the Tempest, but this changed when Paushs Ooan—seeking respite on the shores near his home—chanced to encounter Alphinaud Leveilleur. After learning more of the Ondo, the young Elezen made a proposal: in exchange for land-grown produce, they would compensate him with pearls. When night was returned to Norvrandt, such trading would continue under the supervision of Kai-Shirr, strengthening the bonds between land and sea.

Grenoldt Freethane

"A craftsman what can't craft is more pointless than a sea slug with a domin' hammer. An' that's an insult to bloody sea slugs..."

A weaponsmith of legendary renown, said to be the greatest in Norvrandt. He once worked in service of the Crystarium, forging all manner of essentials for day-to-day living, from armor for the city guard to the finest kettles to grace the Crystalline Mean. This life was not without fulfillment, yet his heart yearned for artisanship of a different nature—and so the smith set out in search of a new home, far removed from the distractions of man and sin eater both, eventually settling beneath the waves of the Tempest. Now fifty-one, Grenoldt is content to make his living by the forge, claiming to have ample reserves should he ever meet with misfortune. Furthermore, he assures all who inquire that his penchant for drinking is most certainly not related to any crippling debt.

Hythlodaeus

"Yet in spite of my perception, I play the same role as all the rest—a bit part, meant to bring color and noise to this well-crafted stage."

An apparition conjured by Emet-Selch when the city of Amaurot was recreated in the Tempest. In another age, Hythlodaeus knew the Ascian as a friend, and though this specter was but a pale imitation, his sense of self was such that he understood the whole of Amaurot—himself included—was born of another's consciousness. As such, it was not clear if he acted of his own volition, or if he was motivated by the unspoken desires of Emet-Selch himself. In any case, when the shade crossed paths with the Warrior of Darkness in the depths, he understood the part he was meant to play.

Teushs Ooan

"Mussst not give up..."

A jovial father of thirty-three summers living in the Ondo Cups, Teushs Ooan proved his bravery and commitment to protecting his family after Archaeotania was sighted near their home. Together with the Warrior of Darkness, he and several others saw the great beast brought low.

Zumshs Aath

"We shhhall feed you to Archaeotania!"

Leader of the benthos, a tribe of the Ondo who spurn all who live above the tides, this sixty-eight-year-old elder schemed to wage war on the lands above by taming Archaeotania, a beast born of Emet-Selch's magicks in the recreated Akadaemia Anyder. Fortunately for those on land, Teushs Ooan put a stop to his plans ere they came to fruition.

FACES OF WERLYT

Long has this region subsisted under the auspices of Garlean rule. This was, however, brought to an abrupt end by five brave souls not content with the status quo.

Gaius Baelsar

"I see now that true strength is not granted by others, but resides within us. Strength of character, of spirit, of resolve."

With his defeat at the hands of the Warrior of Light in Castrum Meridianum, this former legatus of the XIVth Legion realized that he had long been a mere pawn in the Ascians' plans. He swore revenge against them for his fallen comrades, taking up the mantle of Shadowhunter, and though his quest for vengeance would claim the masks of Altima and Deudalaphon, the hunt for Ascians was quickly set aside when he learned of the Empire's plans to produce the noxious weapon Black Rose.

En route to Garlemald, Gaius crossed paths with Alphinaud, forming an alliance to halt production of the deadly gas—and this was not his only unexpected encounter with the Scions. As he infiltrated the capital, Gaius chanced to meet Estinien, and together they breached the imperial palace. There, they witnessed the assassination of Emperor Varis at the hands of Zenos. The rogue prince swiftly departed, and not moments later, imperial guards found Gaius standing over the late emperor's corpse.

His relationship with his home nation soured further when he discovered the previously abandoned Weapon project had been revived by the reformed VIIth Legion, who planned to deploy their prototypes in an assault on Eorzea. Gaius set off for Ghimlyt, hoping to warn the Eorzean Alliance before it was too late. There he found the Warrior of Light at the ready—this time, to stand with him against their common foe. In a tragic twist, the orphans Gaius once fostered would also be caught up in the conflict.

Now, at the age of fifty-six and with Werlyt freed from the imperial yoke, Gaius has joined hands with its interim government in efforts to restore the region.

Valens van Varro

"As they say, 'to err is human, to forgive, divine.' And you know how forgiving I can be. When it suits me..."

Legatus of the reformed VIIth Legion, Valens joined the army following the completion of his studies at the Magitek Academy. Known for his ruthless and innovative magitek-based battle tactics, it seemed nothing could stop his ascension through the ranks. Those who served under him, however, knew well his unethical practices and penchant for sacrificing allies to serve his ambitions. Moreover, despite his achievements, he never escaped the shadow of Gaius, who was ultimately chosen to command the XIVth Legion. Believing the position stolen from him, Valens developed a deep hatred for the legatus even as he toiled to recreate the Ultima Weapon under Nero's direction. This selfsame spite is what inspired him to later resume work on the Weapon project, believing that, by succeeding where Gaius had previously failed, he might at last prove himself the superior military officer.

Valens has ever been a staunch believer in Garlean supremacy. This was made all too apparent by his heinous decision to use villagers from the provinces as test subjects, believing them to be expendable. In the wake of the Emperor's death, he had hoped to take advantage of the chaos in Garlemald to assume the throne, but his dreams of grandeur would remain unfulfilled. The Weapon pilots, whom he had treated with such disdain, rebelled and eventually proved his undoing. After losing in a duel against Gaius, the fifty-six-year-old Valens met his demise at the hands of the Diamond Weapon.

Severa Souther

"All that hatred, festering away...
Nothing good could ever come of it."

Daughter to a citizen of Werlyt and a Garlean soldier, Severa joined the army in the hopes of deterring those who would cast scorn on her family. Even as she served, however, the Garleans denied Severa's mother the medicine needed to maintain her faltering health. Though Severa deserted in the wake of the XIIth Legion's defeat in Ala Mhigo, she returned to Werlyt too late to save her mother and could do little but flee once more, eventually finding herself in the company of Gaius. Now twenty-three, she can often be found offering counsel to young Allie.

Valdeaulin Ganathain

"It's taken me a long time—too long—but I've finally found a reason to live for the present. For the future."

Until Ala Mhigo fell to the Empire, Valdeaulin had made his home in the Black Shroud. As the Garleans continued their expansion, he lost not only his village, but his wife and daughter as well—his family abducted as test subjects for the fatal gas known as Black Rose. He later joined the Order of the Twin Adder, intent on exacting vengeance against the invaders. The forty-eight-year-old Duskwight would have his chance amidst the ruin of the Praetorium, where he found a wounded Gaius on the verge of death, but ultimately chose to spare the Black Wolf and aid him in his hunt for Ascians.

Alfonse aan Baelsar

"If it is the duty of the strong to lead the weak, we will become strong and protect those who cannot protect themselves."

An epidemic claimed Alfonse's parents when he was still a child, leaving him and his sister Allie living on the streets of Werlyt. The two were adopted by Gaius, and Alfonse soon became an elder brother to all the children in the Black Wolf's care. Wishing to be of greater help to their adoptive father, the Auri siblings joined the military, serving in the XIVth Legion. During Operation Archon, they remained in Werlyt on a supply mission, but were soon after transferred to the VIIth Legion, where they were coerced into becoming pilots for the Weapon project. Faced with a dire situation, they plotted to take advantage of their position and use the Weapons against the Garleans to liberate Werlyt. Although inextricably fused with the core of the Diamond Weapon, Alfonse managed to kill Valens and secure a future for his home and sister both. He was twenty-one summers old at the time of his death.

Allie aan Baelsar

"The days we spent together were the happiest of my life, and no matter what happens, nothing can take that away from me."

Allie and her brother were adopted by Gaius and given the surname Baelsar. When they were reassigned to the VIIth Legion, the name caught Valens's eye, and he wasted no time in selecting them as candidates for the Weapon project.

The youngest of her foster siblings, Allie was dearly loved by them all. She wanted nothing more than to have their portrait painted together as a family, but it was not meant to be, as she alone would survive the Weapon project. Despite having experienced so much loss by the age of sixteen summers, Allie works dauntlessly at Gaius's side to realize her siblings' dream of a free and flourishing Werlyt.

Rex aan Baelsar

"This is our way of upholding the ideals Father instilled in us. Our lives are a small price to pay for Werlyt's freedom."

Though he too was tragically orphaned, Rex's cheery disposition always brightened the spirits of his foster siblings. He cared deeply for his adoptive family, and would do anything to shield them from harm, even should it mean defying his superiors. He placed complete faith in his brother Alfonse, whom he held in particularly high regard, seeing the elder brother's dreams as his own. Tragically, the eighteen-year-old's life was cut short when he took the helm of the Emerald Weapon, his essence overwritten with combat data modeling his beloved father Gaius as he merged with the machine's core.

Ricon aan Baelsar

"You all made me happier than I had any right to be. And now...I've finally found my purpose. I have no regrets."

Though timid by nature, Ricon would not hesitate to lay down his life to save his adopted siblings. Upon joining the XIVth Legion, his skilled hands earned him a place working under Nero to hone his skills as an engineer, and the wealth of knowledge he gained from his training was readily applied to the Weapon project once he was permitted to assist with maintenance. Although determined to help correct the mistakes of past prototypes, he well knew they lacked time to fully prepare the Sapphire Weapon. Thus did Ricon elect to pilot the Weapon in place of his brother Rex, and the life of another brave youth was snuffed out by the Oversoul system. He was seventeen years of age.

Milisandia aan Baelsar

"Father still needs you.
Please take care of him...in our place."

One of several orphans taken in by Gaius, Milisandia had hair of crimson, though it was not always so kissed by fire. When they still lived in an orphanage, the young lady believed that Alfonse was enamored with one of the institution's matrons and, perhaps hoping to win his attention, dyed her hair the same color as the woman who captivated him. This youthful infatuation would remain unspoken unto her dying day, when she passed away aboard the Ruby Weapon at the age of only twenty summers.

Avilina aan Horne

"There's a way I can make a difference.
I know there is."

Ten years ago, Terncliff-born Avilina was conscripted to serve as a magitek engineer in the XIVth Legion. There she met Milisandia, and the two became close friends. After the XIVth's defeat at Castrum Meridianum, she fled back to Werlyt, but with her experience working on the Ultima Weapon, it was inevitable that she would be assigned to the Weapon project with the VIIth Legion. Though the liberation of Werlyt granted her her freedom, she still carries the guilt of having assisted with the Weapon project, knowing that it claimed the life of her one true friend.

THE BOZJAN RESISTANCE

Born of the oppression in the Bozja region, this group of rebels earned its people's freedom through bloody and protracted conflict with the IVth Legion. While the vast majority of its members are Hrothgar who trace their lineage back to ancient Bozja, Hyurs and Roegadyn can also be found among them.

History

Despite sporadic bouts of unrest, the Empire's grasp on Bozja was always relatively firm when compared to other provinces. This can largely be attributed to the significant military presence it maintained in the region to facilitate invasion of the Far East, though it also secured the matriarchs who formed the ruling class of Bozja's society under the Empire's "protection" as a deterrent to rebellion.

The Bozja incident changed everything. Tens of thousands of lives, Garlean and Bozjan alike, were lost in an instant, causing the Empire's hold to slip. In the wake of this tragedy, Bozjan conscripts stationed in other regions deserted their posts and organized under the banner of resistance.

Bajsaljen Ulgasch

"The lives lost for our freedom will not have done so in vain, this I swear."

A native to Bozja and leader of the Resistance, Bajsaljen studied the medicinal sciences in his youth, a path which saw him conscripted into the imperial army to serve as a medic. His career eventually earned him the rights of citizenship, affording him the opportunity to marry and sire a child. What happiness he had was short-lived, however, for when the Hrothgar was called away on campaign, his family perished in the now-infamous Bozja incident. Bajsaljen deserted shortly thereafter along with several comrades, and it was not long before their underground activities brought them into contact with the Resistance. Though he yet harbors bitterness toward the Empire, the fifty-four-year-old has proven himself master of his own emotions, and following the liberation of Bozja has given them voice in a gripping memoir.

Marsak Apella

"Though the odds are stacked against us, we have come too far to abandon our home."

At two and forty summers, this proud member of the Resistance serves as Bajsaljen's right-hand man. Like many others, Marsak was a conscript in the imperial army. His duties often took him far from home, and he was thus spared the fate of his parents and siblings when destruction visited Bozja Citadel. Following the tragedy, he escaped the military to join the Resistance.

In addition to assisting Bajsaljen in his duties, Marsak is responsible for procuring funds and supplies, as well as the training of recruits. Where the warm-natured Hrothgar truly shines, however, is in his capacity as a liaison with outside allies such as Lord Hien and the East Aldenard Trading Company. His reputation as amiable and trustworthy also belies martial talent—Marsak is an avid student of Rostik's gunbreaker techniques, and considered a stalwart shield for the Bozjan Resistance.

Misija Votyasch

"I care not for forgiveness. Today I fulfilled my duty to the queen. Nothing more."

Once a student of folklore and archaeology, this covert operative of the IVth Legion was charged with infiltrating the Bozjan Resistance. It was she who proposed the forging of the Resistance weapons and the reformation of Gunnhildr's Blades, all whilst concealing her aim to secure Save the Queen and unleash its might.

Not Garlean-born, Misija's misguided dedication to her mission for the Empire can be attributed to two factors: a lineage that traces back to the last Queen Gunnhildr, and the deep-seated inequality that pervades Bozjan society. Knowing that her noble ancestor was betrayed by her own protectors, and feeling the sting of betrayal herself at the hands of her wealthier countrymen, it is little wonder that she chose to side with Gabranth, whose creed was to welcome all regardless of race, faith, gender, or birth. She died in service of justice at the age of twenty-nine.

Stanik Alubov

"Whatever they are, they're in my way!"

Both a member of the Resistance and Gunnhildr's Blades, the thirty-six-year-old Stanik comes from humble beginnings. Daily life was a struggle under imperial rule for the great majority of Bozjans, and the same held true for his parents. With the meager earnings from their stall, no coin could be spared to send Stanik to school, but he did what he could to earn money, whether that be minding the neighbors' children or polishing boots on the street. At the age of fifteen, Stanik presented himself at the imperial army's conscription office, and was accepted as a soldier. He did this to ease the burden on his parents by giving them one less mouth to feed, while also sending home what wages he could, but his sacrifices would prove for naught in the face of the devastation that was the Bozja incident. With no reason to remain with the imperial army, Stanik deserted to join the Resistance.

THE IVTH LEGION

One among the Garlean Empire's great legions, the IVth once held sway over imperial territories west of Doma—often referred to as the southern provinces—including Nagxia, Dalmasca, and Bozja.

History

The IVth Imperial Legion is unique among Garlemald's many armies in that it is comprised primarily of foreign soldiers, a policy instated by Basch van Gabranth and continued by his son, Noah. The two hailed from the Republic of Landis, which, like so many other nations, fell before the might of the Empire. Basch was quick to bend the knee, ingratiating himself with the Emperor and earning a commanding rank in the military. The Gabranths' efforts would contribute greatly not only to the unification of the northern provinces and the Empire's campaign in the Far East, but the subjugation of Bozja and Dalmasca as well. Indeed, so great were their exploits that both achieved the title of "van," a rarity for those of non-Garlean lineage.

Under Basch and Noah's successive leadership, the IVth Legion valued an individual's ability above all else, welcoming anyone regardless of race, gender, or country of origin—a true meritocracy—and a similar philosophy was applied to the provinces under their rule. Emperor Varis was skeptical of this, however, believing it a sign that they harbored lofty and dangerous aspirations. In this he was correct, for Noah would one day seek to build a new nation all his own.

Noah van Gabranth

"Menenius understood such sacrifice was inevitable, and by all accounts he did not waver when faced with his demise. Such strength is needed if we are to succeed."

Legatus of the IVth Imperial Legion, Noah van Gabranth assumed his position ere he had reached twenty summers when his father succumbed to a deadly illness. Since then, Noah has effectively and efficiently kept Dalmasca and Bozja under the imperial yoke, quelling rebellions and revolts wherever they arose. In secret, he conspired to build a new nation on the ashes of Dalmasca, and the assassination of Emperor Varis may well have afforded him the opportunity. Gabranth's plans would go awry, however, in light of his defeat in Bozja. The Beast King Lyon—taking extreme umbrage at being held responsible for the IVth Legion's loss—plotted mutiny against the legatus. Gabranth would meet his end at the hands of this subordinate, and the IVth Legion would quickly dissolve thereafter, guaranteeing the freedom of Dalmasca. He was forty-eight years of age at the time of his death.

Menenius sas Lanatus

"It was I Gabranth entrusted with the Dalriada, his final hope of claiming these lands as his own. If that hope is to die here, then I would perish with it."

Tribunus of the IVth Imperial Legion, Menenius served as the Garleans' chief intelligence officer, recruiting and dispatching spies, gathering information, and providing counsel to Legatus Gabranth in all matters of war. Furthermore, he commanded the archaeological mission to the southern provinces of Dalmasca and Bozja, seeking to gain technological knowledge and arcane reliquaries from Allag and Ivalice of power surpassing anything born of present-day knowledge. Wielder of the weapon known as Gunberd, this Elezen of Ilsabardian descent perished at the age of fifty-five.

Lyon rem Helsos

"So it's the coward's way out, is it? Not man enough to face him after your resounding failure?"

Pilus prior of the IVth Imperial Legion, Lyon faithfully served two generations of Gabranth legatuses—first the father, Basch, with whom he shared a homeland in Landis, and also the son, Noah. Having known the latter as an infant, he often forwent protocol and referred to his commander as his "dear boy." Regardless of what bonds they may have shared, it would not stay Lyon's hand after blame for their defeat in Bozja was laid at his feet. After escaping from prison, he tracked down Gabranth and murdered him in the dead of night, setting his room ablaze before fleeing with an unnamed accomplice. Authorities have failed to track him down, though he was sighted turning Sicinius mal Vellutus, a similarly wanted man, over to the Dalmascans. The present whereabouts—not to mention the motivations—of this near seventy-year-old man remain a mystery.

Sadr rem Albeleo

"Soldiers have been court-martialed for far less, and such behavior ill befits one of your station."

Pilus prior of the IVth Imperial Legion, Sadr rem Albeleo served under Menenius sas Lanatus in the legion's Bozjan subjugation forces. Head of the IVth Legion's mage detachment, he particularly favored the lost and forbidden arts of ages past, incantations which he was known to practice on prisoners of war—often with gruesome results. The utter lack of feeling he displayed for any mortal life earned him the fear of friend and foe alike, as well as the dreaded moniker of Albeleo the Maleficent. He was, in fact, once a member in good standing with the Ul'dah Thaumaturges' Guild, but was swiftly expelled when the guildmaster observed the young mage's penchant for acts of unspeakable cruelty. Chased from the sultanate by an angry mob, Albeleo eventually found his way to Dalmasca, where he fell in with the IVth Legion. This terrifying Duskwight lived for seven and thirty summers before himself succumbing to the temptation of auracite in the battle for Bozja.

FACES OF THE FIRMAMENT

With the Dragonsong War ended, the Houses of Lords and Commons saw a need to revitalize the Holy See of Ishgard, and so approved large-scale reconstruction works. The principal site for this project was the Firmament, where willing artisans the realm over gathered to a great and noble cause.

Augebert Brasher

"Might be as it's a normal thing to you, but to us ordinary folk, dragons are a little dauntin', you know?"

At thirty-six years of age, this Hyur is chief foreman of the Ishgardian restoration effort. Augebert was born into the service of House Haillenarte, entering its knightly order when he was a boy of scarce ten and five summers. After losing his right eye in battle to dragons, however, he would relinquish the front line to join the engineers. Having mastered the fundamentals of his profession, he elected to assist Lord Francel, who was overseeing the restoration works in Ishgard. Augebert had known Francel since the latter's earliest childhood, and conspired to encourage the young lordling to see the reconstruction through to completion. He also knew Francel had long dreamed of establishing an orchestra, and thus when it was suggested a commemorative concert be held in the lord's honor, Augebert devoted all his spare time to rigorous practice of the cello.

Ehll Tou

"When I gaze upon the towering spires of this city, I imagine a roost built with my own claws, larger even than the one my sire calls home!"

Progeny of Gullinbursti, of the noble Ratatoskr line, Ehll Tou was rescued by Marcelloix from an imperial soldier, and has since wished to learn the ways of men, that she might one day fill the skies with a new song that will be sung by all. She eventually made her way to Ishgard, and while learning of its history, discovered the one inalienable difference between man and dragon—a love of crafting. The dragonet was inspired to pursue the path of an artisan, and once fitted with tools suitable to her claws, embarked on an arduous journey of enlightenment. In the midst of her training, she would undergo an evolution heretofore unseen in her kind, developing dextrous forelimbs capable of wielding all manner of tools for her craft.

Maelie Greystone

"It don't matter who they are or where they're from. I want to help everyone."

None shall soon forget the terrible hardships this eleven-year-old orphan of the Brume endured: her home set ablaze by arsonists, she was then kidnapped by rebels, and subsequently thrown from atop the Vault to what seemed her certain doom. Many Ishgardians were witness to that final act, watching in helpless horror until the great dragon Vidofnir swooped down from the heavens to pluck the little girl from the jaws of death. Hoping to give succor to others as it was given to her, she became an aide at Ser Vaindreau's Grace, and has proven adept at numerous minor infirmary tasks.

Peyraquile Bomptond

"It's just that...I love my friends here so much."

A boy of thirteen summers residing in the Rolanberry Field orphanage, Peyraquile is often found in the company of Julchiezain and Lycelle, the three seeking ways to both be of help to the orphanage and assert their independence. While Julchiezain and Lycelle are wont to quarrel, Peyraquile—often called the "groundskeeper" by workers at the orphanage—remains level-headed, his gentle and kindly nature uprooting the unruly weeds that might spoil their friendship. Of the children at Rolanberry Field, only Peyraquile is born of fallen nobility, yet it seems he would sooner abandon his highborn roots if it means sharing the same surname bestowed upon his companions.

Marcelloix Mourelz

"Altered as my hands are, I know not how well I can perform the work...but very well, milord. I'll try my very best."

A former artisan who grew disillusioned with the quality of life in Ishgard, Marcelloix abandoned his home and family to cast in his lot with Lady Iceheart. As with many of her followers, he partook of dragon blood, but so extreme was his transformation that he has been quite unable to return to his Elezen form. Lamenting his fate, he took to wandering without aim—until he chanced to encounter the dragonet Ehll Tou. She convinced him to return to Ishgard, and after making amends with his wife and daughter, Marcelloix—now thirty-four years of age—opened a shop selling a modest assortment of wares in the Firmament.

Neillemard Hanette

"I'm sure you don't require me to remind you to utilize your Skysteel tool yet again—you'll think me one of those crackpots who believes in 'spiritual bonds between tool and wielder.'"

In the hopes of contributing to efforts in the Firmament, this thirty-one-year-old Skysteel engineer and his peers labored to perfect several tradecraft tools based on plans discovered in the manufactory's storehouse. Though Neillemard prefers to remain calm and collected even as his colleagues get carried away, he can be as brazen as his work requires—when negotiating with Rowena, for instance. For better or worse, his dedication to his craft has also left him blissfully unaware of advances from his fellow engineer, Emeny.

FACES OF SHARLAYAN

A bastion of knowledge, the city of Sharlayan was founded by Archon Nyunkrepf and those he saved from the great floods of the Sixth Umbral Calamity. Having since taken in aspiring scholars from lands the world over, it has come to be home to folk of all races and creeds.

Ojika Tsunjika

"Clean sheets and warm blankets await.
Rest as long as you like!"

Ojika is the administration officer for the Students of Baldesion, and in this capacity oversees the day-to-day business of the annex. Like his cousin Ejika, the twenty-one-year-old Plainsfolk holds the order's founder, Galuf, in the highest regard, but their personalities could not be more different. In contrast to the somber Ejika, Ojika is possessed of a cheery disposition—a trait which serves him well in looking after lodgers, whose beds he personally makes to provide that extra touch of comfort when they return exhausted from a conference or expedition. After the Final Days were averted, he helped the Students' new collaborator, Erenville, catalog items displaced by the abandoned exodus. Though he demonstrated an impressive knowledge of Fifth Astral Era relics, by all accounts, he could not return to his usual routine soon enough.

Dickon Denman

"Welcome to the Last Stand. As the final—and some say, only—bastion of fine dining in Sharlayan, we guarantee a quality culinary experience found nowhere else in the city."

Dickon is the proprietor of the Last Stand, having taken over from Mervyn, the café's founder. Previously a gleaner, the thirty-eight-year-old Highlander developed a passion for the culinary arts during his travels abroad. Of all the dishes he has sampled, however, nothing has remained with him as much as Mervyn's experimental Archon burger. Whenever he returned to Sharlayan, he would invariably head to the café to discuss food with the old man, their amicable exchanges occasionally turning into heated debates.

It must be noted that, while known best for his cuisine, Dickon also serves exceptional coffee. During her student days, Alisaie often sought him out for a chat, during which time she would enjoy a honey-and-caramel-infused brew he makes just for her.

Barnier Clarke

"The Forum will come to order!"

Speaker Elect of the Forum, this fifty-four-year-old Elezen was born into the prestigious House Clarke, which traces its lineage to the days of the nation's founding. Despite the family's long and storied history, however, it has arguably never produced any figures of significant influence. Indeed, while Barnier achieved excellent marks as a student, he was never first in class, and an awareness of his limitations predisposed him to assert his views with restraint. Perhaps because of this, he is deft at shepherding strong-willed individuals in the same direction—a talent recognized by the Forum and which earned him a nomination to its highest seat. Though guiding his people through the Final Days was undeniably a monumental task, he downplays his role and attributes his successes to those around him, again demonstrating his qualities as a leader. As befits his observant nature, he enjoys hobbies such as bird-watching.

Ameliance Leveilleur

"Safe travels, my children. Eat well,
stay warm, and keep your friends close."

Mother to Alphinaud and Alisaie, this forty-year-old Elezen hails from a line of academics who have distinguished themselves in myriad fields, the magical arts chief among them. For generations her family has operated private institutions of learning, including in Sharlayan's Dravanian colony, where seekers of knowledge proved a healthy source of income as the settlement flourished. Like many of her forebears, Ameliance entered the Studium to study magic, and it was there that she met her husband Fourchenault, then a pupil of somanoutics. Being scions of two of Sharlayan's most influential families, the couple garnered admiration and envy both. Today, Ameliance watches over her beloved children from afar, proud of the fine individuals they have become, yet ever ready to extend a hand in support. In her spare moments, she may be found penning them letters on the stationery she so loves to collect.

Kytte Kirk

"Just give the word and I'll have you in Thavnair again before you can say 'aether sickness'!"

This Midlander maiden is a researcher at the Confluence. Since Kytte was a student, she has explored methods of teleportation that forgo attunement, and for her knowledge and dedication was entrusted with the development of an experimental aetheryte at merely six and twenty summers. The reports of all trial uses are, most assuredly, taken into her keeping for future reference.

Nenelymo Totolymo

"Thank you. Not only for the sandwiches,
but also for standing with my son to the last."

A former Studium professor, this Dunesfolk elder was classmates with Louisoix in his youth. As kindred spirits in the study of magic, the two became good friends, and their relationship remained strong long after they graduated. Now seventy-two years old and retired, Nenelymo lives a quiet life. He holds fast to the memories of his dear departed son, believing that they will meet again in the aetherial sea.

SCHOLARS OF THE STUDIUM

The premier institution of learning in Sharlayan is regarded by many as the proverbial seat of knowledge. Here scholars and seekers of wisdom gather, their teachings and discoveries enriching the young minds of today in the hopes of producing a better tomorrow.

Rurusha Rusha

"Well, what do you know? It really can fly like an airship!"

This seventy-four-year-old professor of archaeology at the Studium is more than deserving of retirement given her age and accomplishments. Her myriad recent achievements, however, have helped her to retain a prominent position among her peers. Rurusha's capricious nature extends to her research—rather than concentrate efforts on a single region or period, she selects topics of study based on what interests her at any given time. For this reason, no one is ever entirely certain what her work entails, making her excessive expenditures all the more concerning. Her latest research endeavor—restoration of an ancient translation device she named the Golden Dhyata—was met with disapproval at the onset for this very reason.

Boric Azora

"Oh dear! What have I gotten myself into now...? Well, at least the subject matter is interesting."

The dutiful assistant of Professor Rurusha, Boric is the son of Bozjan refugees. He found himself at home in the city of learning, developing a love of reading in his youth. While undeniably bright, Boric struggles with bouts of anxiety, which led him to study in excess on the nights before tests and receive poor scores due to sleep deprivation. This pattern would continue into his time at the Studium, yet despite his seemingly poor performance, Professor Rurusha recognized his potential. He believes he owes her a great debt, and so the scholar of forty summers has elected to remain at her side, regardless of whatever opportunities he may be offered.

Golden Dhyata

"The serpent that sleeps in the deep slowly sheds its skin of old..."

This relic, which was discovered in the tomb of a mage, is believed to have been constructed between the end of the Fifth Astral Era and beginning of the Sixth. Once fully restored by Professor Rurusha with the aid of an intrepid artisan, it was discovered to be a mammet capable of translating languages. Because of its peculiar piscine features, the professor took to calling it the Golden Dhyata in honor of Saint Dhyata.

Namono Tayamono

"If I were you two I'd spend my time on anything other than helping this crazed crone with her 'work.'"

This scholar of twenty-nine summers rose to prominence as a professor of archaeology at the Studium. Tasked with deciphering texts that had confounded the greatest minds of the institution, Namono believed the import of his work to be greater than all else, which led him to conclude that Professor Rurusha's research and inordinate spending were a hindrance to his mission. His assumptions were proven wrong, however, when confronted with the fruits of his peer's labors: a relic capable of parsing the texts he yet struggled to comprehend. Having seen the error of his ways, he apologized to the other professor, and they have since begun to collaborate, using the relic to complete translations of his ancient tomes.

Jude Rose

"While I have an acute fear of crowded places, my desire to look upon the stars is enough to see me through the task! ...Or so I hope."

A student of the Studium and member of the Faculty of Astronomy, Jude is close friends with Jeromere, a boy one year his senior, who came to his rescue in their youth when he was being bullied by other children. One day, when taking part in an astronomer's workshop, the two discovered a mysterious blue light in the heavens above. They believed it to be an unidentified celestial body, but since no one could verify the sighting, their claims were dismissed. Undeterred, they vowed to one day rediscover the Azure Star, and ten years later, the young man of nineteen summers believed their ambition finally within reach. With the aid of a newly met artisan, he was able to fashion a telescope powerful enough to realize this childhood dream. He has since been able to broaden his interests, and greatly enjoys the company of his peers in the poetry club, with whom he dines frequently.

Jeromere Marette

"I know not to which Jeromere you're referring, but this one shines brighter than any of those so-called stars you gaze upon!"

Jeromere and Jude promised each other they would one day rediscover the Azure Star they spotted in the sky as children. Being the older of the pair, he entered the Studium first, and had hoped he might find it as a surprise gift. After many months of failure, however, he grew discouraged and transferred to the Faculty of Literature. He spent much of his time thereafter studying poetry and attempting to live his life to the fullest. When Jude joined him in the Studium, Jeromere tried to dissuade his childhood friend from pursuing the star to spare him the disappointment of failure. However, Jude's miraculous success in fulfilling their dream would inspire the twenty-year-old student to eventually return to the Faculty of Astronomy.

Debroye

"Can you imagine if there truly was some emergency, and we were forced to live on panaloaf alone?"

Though her mother dwelt in a traditional Viera village before taking up with the gleaners, twenty-one-year-old Debroye's only memories are of Sharlayan and its largely uninspired cuisine. When she first partook of a meal at the Last Stand, however, her culinary passion was awakened, and she set her sights on the Studium's Faculty of Medicine. As a student of the nutritional sciences, she hoped to learn recipes collected from across the star, and was thus rather disappointed to be assigned to Professor Galveroche, whose disregard for the flavorsome aspects of cuisine led to tasteless loaf upon tasteless loaf. Unwilling to let unpalatable starches become the entirety of the Sharlayan diet, she countered the professor's design with her own creation—the nutritious and delicious Mervynbread.

Galveroche Larille

"When it comes to the perfect meal, flavor is irrelevant!"

At fifty-five summers, Professor Galveroche Larille is known far and wide for his nutritional expertise. As a student, he was close with Mervyn, a young man so enthusiastic about gourmet cuisine that he withdrew from the Studium to found the Last Stand, neglecting even his own health in his fervor. Whether it was this tendency or simply fate that saw Mervyn die young, the tragedy left his friend with a lifelong distaste for gourmet cuisine and a fanatical obsession to create the perfect nutritional replacement. This would guide him to develop the relatively inoffensive Archon loaf that is so prevalent in Sharlayan today, as well as the even more nutritious—yet wholly unpleasant—panaloaf in preparation for mankind's exodus to the stars.

Flaugustert Friont

"I may be retired, but all this talk of a 'perfect meal' piqued my interest."

Having reached the ripe age of seventy-three, Flaugustert is content to enjoy the finer things in life—such as the offerings of the Last Stand, which he visits almost daily for a relaxing cup of New World Roast. In his younger years, he served as an ambassador to distant lands, where he learned the value of a good meal in bringing disparate peoples together. This appreciation stayed with him through his transition to the Forum, and even in retirement, his opinions on matters culinary and otherwise remain respected.

Hinageshi Wright

"Even these ancients of Elpis no doubt enjoyed the simple pleasures of life as we do, taking each day as they came."

A scholar of the Faculty of Anthropology, Hinageshi's botanist parents named her for the Hingan poppy. This fact did not go unnoticed by Professor Tankin, and his thoughtful commentary on the matter inspired a profound admiration in her. A skilled anthropologist in her own right, Hinageshi quickly went from student to research assistant, and since then, she and the professor have grown closer still. Now twenty-nine, she looks forward to a future at Tankin's side.

Tankin Banjo

"Say that you will stay with me, that we may enjoy the simple pleasures of life together. One day at a time."

Though his parents hail from the Far East, having originally traveled west as exchange students, this Faculty of Anthropology professor was born and raised in Sharlayan. Perhaps because he was exposed to two widely differing cultures on a daily basis, he has harbored a fascination with the star's myriad traditions for all his thirty-five years of life, which led him to study people as a career. Despite his chosen specialization, however, he struggles with close interpersonal relationships.

T'laqa Tia

"Part of me wishes I could just drink my worries away. Sadly, I handle alcohol about as well as I handle aether..."

Once a mere associate professor in the Faculty of Aetherology, T'laqa Tia was given the opportunity to oversee a small research team as part of a program for budding scholars. Though a capable academician, he struggled with both the pressure of leadership and the more practical challenge of aether sickness. Fortunately, with a little aid from an angling adventurer, this Miqo'te of thirty-one summers proved that aether currents are subject to tidal phenomena, thus earning full professorship.

Nele Newton

"When the time comes that your research bears fruit, that will be all the thanks I need."

Professor Nele Newton was an institution unto himself within the Faculty of Aetherology, his expertise rivaling that of Master Matoya herself. Indeed, it is believed that his scholarly exchanges with the reclusive Archon continued even after her retreat into the hinterlands. With his academic legacy secure in the hands of T'laqa Tia, he retired at the age of eighty-one.

Qih Aliapoh

"Eye of paissa this, tongue of gigantoad that...it's enough to make your hair stand on end!"

One of the Studium's hardworking administrators, twenty-six-year-old Qih Aliapoh serves as a bridge between academia and the outside world by facilitating the operations of Searchers' and Makers' Meet. She originally sought work in Sharlayan to support her sisters after their parents perished in the Seventh Umbral Calamity, and still passes part of her earnings along to an orphanage run by a younger Aliapoh today.

FACES OF LABYRINTHOS

Deep beneath Sharlayan lies a veritable labyrinth of storage and research facilities, wherein scholars of every persuasion pursue the discovery and preservation of knowledge.

Erenville

"Another day, another commission of paramount importance..."

A member of the gleaners' guildship, Erenville specializes in the collection of live specimens. He is an accomplished scholar, far more knowledgeable than one might expect for a researcher of a mere twenty-five summers, which is perhaps why the Forum personally requested his services while preparing for the star's evacuation. Upon learning of these plans, he refused to abandon our world and its countless undiscovered wonders, electing instead to assist the Scions in their efforts to save Etheirys. He now works closely with the Students of Baldesion, though despite his deepening relationships with such curious sorts, none yet know what he was called before he departed his home and took the name Erenville.

Kokkol Dankkol

"Think of how far we could go—what we could do with that much power! What we could blow up!"

An eccentric engineer of forty-three summers, Kokkol's accomplishments earned him leave to establish a forge in the Central Circuit. His background in aetherology later made him the obvious choice to assist in construction of the *Ragnarok*. More specifically, he would build upon the work of their researchers to perfect the ship's engine—the aetherburner. Nevertheless, those with a more traditional understanding of magitek tend to question his expertise, leading to heated quarrels with the short-tempered engineer. The dismissive opinions of others have done little to dim the flames of his ambition, though.

Wilfsunn Tragbharsyn

"She made her every choice of her own free will. No one could've ever forced her to do otherwise."

This Roegadyn of fifty-six summers is well versed in aetherology and the study of teleportation magicks. He married one of his fellow researchers, Bloewyda, and together they welcomed a beautiful daughter, Moenbryda, into the world. The news of Moenbryda's death was devastating to her parents, but when the Forum turned to them for assistance in evacuating the star, they understood aught less than their full cooperation would be a disservice to their daughter's memory.

Bloewyda Uwilsyngwyn

"We are all powerless before such grief. Even now, try as I might, the words escape me... But in our hearts, we know. We always know."

While raising her daughter Moenbryda, Bloewyda found herself troubled by the frequent absence of a neighboring couple. They were so deeply engrossed in their research of the occult that their only child was often unattended. The Roegadyn mother could not bear the sight, and so she offered to care for him in their stead. His parents thanked her profusely before departing for parts unknown. And so it was that Bloewyda and her family welcomed Urianger into their home. Even now, the fifty-four-year-old still thinks of him as a son.

Shaggles

"Don't grrr at me. I can't talk to him myself."

A specimen of the Archeion, this one-year-old troll is highly intelligent, and has even learned to understand language. Alas, while the tomes of the repository did well to sharpen his mind, they could do naught for his tongue, and so he struggled mightily to express himself. As a result, N'welhi Tia and his other caretakers did not recognize the extent of his erudition until recently. The troll has an abiding love for knowledge, and when he discovered that gleaners had mistakenly brought woodworms into the Archeion, he took great pains to make others aware of the situation and save the archive's materials.

Verpaulaine Fouillel

"It's so tiresome, having your freedoms limited because of your age..."

Verpaulaine was born to two of Aporia's researchers, and as the magicks used to keep the Forum's secrets were too potent for children, was forbidden from leaving Labyrinthos for fear of what he might unwittingly reveal. Having received a rigorous education from his mother, a mathematician, and his father, an aetherologist, he has demonstrated intellectual capabilities to rival those of much older students. He was the first to notice a fault in the artificial sun that has warmed him his entire life, and with the aid of a persistent adventurer, proved that it was unstable in time to avoid disaster. In recognition of this, the youth received permission to attend the Studium at the age of twelve summers.

FACES OF THAVNAIR

While Thavnair is known for its advancements in alchemy, the Near Eastern nation is also home to various trade villages that specialize in the export of local products such as fish and ore.

Khalzahl bin Mihrasaf

"I've poured my all into the consortium, and I'll be damned if I let it fall apart."

Khalzahl, having begun his career as a merchant's retainer, labored day in and day out to establish the trade consortium that would become his life's work. Yedlihmad served as his base of operations, whence he exported produce, medicines, handicrafts, and myriad other goods across the seas. Such products were not procured from large firms but individual merchants, who would avail themselves of Khalzahl's services to reach new markets. The tides of business are wont to shift at a moment's notice, however, and the appearance of the Tower of Zot saw Khalzahl's once-lucrative venture brought to ruin. The distraught Raen, who regarded his clients and employees as family, was heartbroken at the thought of being unable to support them, and in his despair was transformed into Thavnair's blasphemy.

Matsya

"Should your heart quake with sadness, cast your mind to the heavens and remember."

A humble Arkasodara of Akyaali, Matsya labors as a fishmonger to support himself and his kin. After the Tower of Zot drove others to flee, he attempted to stay and sell his catch in Yedlihmad but was dismayed to discover that even Khalzahl's operation was in dire straits. Fortunately, Matsya crossed paths with an adventurer who aided him in his cause.

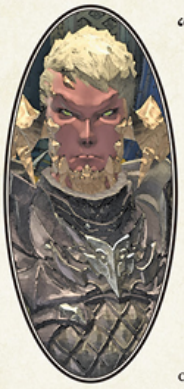
Though he claims to be soft-spoken and terrible with people, he showed great courage when the Final Days brought death and despair to his homeland. He attributes his survival to the old gods of Thavnair, from whose wisdom the twenty-two-year-old finds comfort when faced with hardship—for one must strive to stand fast when waves of sorrow break against the shores. On occasion he decorates the stone statues of the Manusya with local flowers, that he might give thanks for their countless blessings.

Nidhana

"It is not a surrender, but a recognition. For it is only in acceptance that we find the strength to move forward."

A spirited alchemist and resident of the Great Work, Nidhana serves as a mediator between the myriad workshops spanning Thavnair and collates the results of their experiments. While Arkasodara alchemists are not uncommon, their robust hands are ill-suited for the meticulous mixing of reagents, and thus they often rely upon peers of smaller races for assistance with such delicate tasks. Conversely, they are entrusted with laborious duties that are more exhausting for a Hyur or Raen, such as crushing and grinding ingredients, or tending large cauldrons. The necessity of coordinating these arrangements likely contributed to Nidhana becoming one of the most gregarious alchemists of her generation. Though she is known for her alchemic achievements, other Arkasodara also attest that she is one of the fairest women in Radz-at-Han, and many admire her skill and beauty both.

Nahbdeen bin Pashe



"We survived the Final Days. We are a strong and proud people. We, the Radiant Host, will keep Thavnair safe in your absence!"

The most formidable warriors of the Radiant Host are the Sakti, commanded by thirty-four-year-old Nahbdeen bin Pashe. When the Tower of Zot appeared, the decorated Raen, stationed at the Hamsa Hatchery, was among the first to engage the strange primal-like beings that emerged. At the time he was unaware Vrtra and Varshahn were one and the same, and thought it passing strange that the boy was not called back to the city for his safety. After learning the true nature of Radz-at-Han's leader, Nahbdeen was conflicted as to whether he should apologize to the great wyrm he had but recently chided. He ultimately decided to instead express his contrition through action rather than words, and redoubled his efforts to protect the citizenry.

While Nahbdeen was initially reluctant to support the satrap's desire to personally venture into the void, as a father to two young daughters of his own, the soldier knew well how precious one's family could be, and resolved to encourage his liege, both as an advisor and as Varshahn's "older brother."

Mehvan bihn Vaazmeira

"To live is to suffer. To drink of calamity and drown in anguish. To toil and be tested, always and ever."

Mehvan was a young woman of twenty-four summers who resided in Palaka's Stand. When the Final Days threatened to engulf Thavnair, she attempted to flee the village with her babe in tow, but met her end at the Font of Maya. For a mercy, she did not succumb to the despair that saw others transform into blasphemous beasts, and her infant daughter was thus spared, protected by her mother's loving embrace to the last.

Qerasaf bin Shirashir

"I need to find them...need to be with them..."

Qerasaf was a jovial fellow of twenty-four summers who grew up in Palaka's Stand with Mehvan, his childhood friend and the love of his life. The two were blessed with a baby girl, and while they deserved many happy years together, the Final Days afforded no such kindness. He was mortally wounded while searching for Mehvan and their daughter, who would be the family's sole survivor.

When peace returned to Thavnair, funeral rites were held in the couple's honor at Palaka's Stand, their friends and neighbors sending them off with tearful goodbyes.

Ogul Khatayin

"...Why are there Matanga everywhere!?"

This fledgling adventurer belongs to the Khatayin, a tribe of peerless hunters. Inspired by the formidable travelers who fought in the Naadam, the eighteen-year-old resolved to leave the Azim Steppe behind and seek her fortune elsewhere. She journeyed first to Doma and Kugane, where she took on simple tasks and acquired her blade, Arslan, as a reward for her efforts.

Having grown confident in her skills, Ogul secured passage on a trade ship to Thavnair. While she expected new lands and new peoples, she did not expect to find her tribe's archenemy, the Matanga, in the Near East. Recalling her grandmother's terrifying tales of their cruelty, the Auri youth could not help but cower in fear at first, unable to differentiate between Gajasura and Arkasodara, until a few chance encounters saw her overcome her anxiety. She continues to ply her trade in Thavnair, hoping to repay the kindness of those who aided her.

Kancana

"I hope your friend can overcome her fear of us—how unpleasant it must be to endure this constant state of terror."

A resident of Yedlihmad, Kancana's primary responsibility is to assign the right work to the right workers. Though the sudden appearance of the Tower of Zot brought much uncertainty to the village, Kancana stood undaunted in the face of economic adversity, assuaging the concerns of the local merchants in those troubled times. Affable and kind, she thinks highly of the ambitious youths who come to her seeking employment—youths such as Trna and the Hippo Riders—and treats them as though they are her own flesh and blood. She is especially fond of the recently arrived Ogul, and assigned her to work with friendly Arkasodara so that the young Xaela could overcome her fear of the Matanga. Kancana insists that an amra a day keeps fatigue at bay; there may be some truth to her claim, as she remains lively and energetic despite having celebrated her fiftieth nameday.

Racashir bin Fahleel

"You're making an odd squeaking noise, did you know? And your tikka is getting cold..."

In the tumultuous period preceding the Final Days, many Hannish had difficulty making ends meet, and young Racashir's family was no different. To help keep food on the table, the nine-year-old learned to pick the pockets of unsuspecting passersby so proficiently that even the Radiant Host were fair game. Nevertheless, he knew full well that what he was doing was wrong, and was ashamed to have embraced a life of thievery.

Fortunately, Racashir was caught by Ogul and an adventurer, who set the boy on a more honest path. He now works under Kancana and aspires to become an adventurer like Ogul, who he sees as an elder sister. When he grows old enough to join the Adventurers' Guild, he hopes to travel to the Far East and ride a horse across the Azim Steppe.

Yezahn bin Qulhudi

"Although her parents are no longer with us, I must do my utmost to raise their daughter in a way that would meet with their approval. I owe my friends that much."

One of the many alchemists of the Great Work, Yezahn is a native of Palaka's Stand. From a young age, he was fascinated with the flora of the verdant forests that surrounded his village, and it was through this interest that he found his calling.

Although he claims to despise involving himself in the affairs of others, the twenty-seven-year-old is a deeply empathetic soul. When he learned that his old friends Qerasaf and Mehvan had perished in the Final Days, he knew at once that he had to help the survivors of Palaka's Stand care for their infant daughter. Though his concerns for others' well-being sometimes puts him in a melancholic mood, Yezahn has found alchemy to be the best medicine for such episodes, picking up his mortar and pestle when he is in need of encouragement.

Sula

"There is nothing I can do to change the past, but I can work to help give us both a brighter future."

A skilled warrior of Palaka's Stand, the twenty-four-year-old Sula once served the village alongside her older sister Chapa, guarding the roads and protecting pilgrims on their journeys. The two were polar opposites—Sula was a cheerful soul, while Chapa was quiet and composed.

The villagers once boasted that the sisters could best any foe. This claim was put to the proof during the Final Days when Dazahl, a fellow guard, was transformed into a terrible beast. Alas, Sula could not bring herself to fight their friend-turned-fiend, leaving Chapa to face it alone. Her sister managed to slay the beast, but died of her injuries. Burdened with guilt and grief, Sula would never be the same. Nevertheless, she has learned to be grateful for friends such as Ogul, who brought a semblance of joy back into her life, and for simple joys like the sweetness of watermelon.

Pasareen bihn Rusheraf

"The emptiness I feel at Dazahl's loss will take some time to fill, but I believe in time I will heal. He would want me to heal."

Born in Radz-at-Han, Pasareen moved to Palaka's Stand after her marriage to Dazahl. While she was unsure what to make of her new home, Mehvan was eager to welcome her, and the two women grew to be close friends. In an odd twist of fate, they both discovered that they were with child in the same season, and confided their joys and anxieties about their impending motherhood in each other.

The Final Days, however, tore Pasareen's life apart. Dazahl was transformed into the terrible monster that robbed Sula of her sister Chapa, and Mehvan too was lost. Yet heartbroken as she was, Pasareen has found purpose in working with Yezahn to care for her fallen friend's daughter, as well as her own.

FACES OF GARLEMALD

Once the heart of a proud empire, the capital of Garlemald was brought to ruin by the Telophoroi's machinations. Yet survivors would emerge from the rubble—those who held fast to hope, even in the depths of despair.

Licinia bas Corculum

"If your hells are real, I saw one that day."

Raised in close proximity to the capital, Licinia was a privileged young woman; her mother was a singer, and her father a musician. Her sickly younger sister, Fulvia, required constant care and medicine, but the two were inseparable, often seen laughing over bowls of Eblan ukha.

Licinia attended a local school, delighting in her favorite subjects and dismissing those she disliked. She was taught to be proud of her Garlean heritage—to be grateful that she was born in the heart of civilization, and not in a distant city-state of the "foreign savages." When she had time to daydream, her thoughts perhaps turned to her childhood friend Manius, and what life would be like if the two were wed.

She would never know, for in the wake of Garlemald's downfall, she perished in the snow together with her sister. She had barely reached her eighteenth nameday.

Quintus van Cinna

"Disparity is the root of discord, and peace built on compromise is flawed and fleeting."

Legatus of the Ist Legion, Quintus dedicated the better part of his sixty summers to serving his homeland. The Ist Legion's primary duty was to attend the Emperor himself, and in times of peace, the legatus was stationed at the capital to act as an advisor to His Radiance.

Though he oft claimed he was past his prime as a soldier, few were as dedicated to Solus's never-ending conquest, and the legatus did not hesitate to support Varis during the war of succession. Even his private interests—most notably, his collection of historic firearms—never strayed far from his career.

Quintus believed that Garlemald alone could bring order to the world, but the devastation wrought by the civil war and the Telophoroi shook him to the core. Faced with the fall of his beloved Empire and the determination of the Ilsabard contingent, Quintus chose to take his own life, his final thoughts lost to history.

Jullus pyr Norbanus

"We'll rebuild Garlemald into a nation that all can be proud of. For those who are still here as well as those who couldn't be."

Already an officer of the Ist Legion at only twenty-one summers, Jullus had nigh upon limitless military potential. From an early age, he labored to serve his country, utilizing what little spare time he had to care for his brother and sister.

Amidst the Ist and IIIrd Legions' clash in the streets of the capital, Anima was brought forth by the Telophoroi. Jullus was reporting to a wounded Quintus at the time, and while the young officer was unaffected, he later discovered that his entire family had been tempered by the eikon. The tragedy compounded when he was forced to kill his loved ones in self-defense.

Though Jullus remains haunted by the experience, he has endeavored to move forward. During the Final Days, he came to the defense of Thavnairian refugees who had escaped to Camp Broken Glass, and has since become a de facto representative for Garlemald. In this capacity he coordinates aid efforts with the Ilsabard contingent, supporting his countrymen and fostering connections with the allied forces.

Jareck aan Natasch

"Long as there's a need for ceruleum, we'll find a way to get by, even if Garlemald as we knew it is gone for good."

Raised in a farming village on the outskirts of Bozja, Jareck aan Natasch is but one of many imperial subjects who were drafted to extract ceruleum during the Empire's heyday.

Upon reaching his eighteenth summer, the Hrothgar was forcibly taken to Garlemald to learn the trade. And learn he did, for few can claim the detailed knowledge and experience with ceruleum engineering he commands after twenty-five years in the north. However, such talents were of no use in his village, and so after Garlemald's collapse he chose to remain in Tapper's Den among the friends he had made over the years. There he carries on much as he did before, working to survive and playing Trinity—a game where one forms hands of three cards—to pass the time.

With the fallen empire's grip loosening over their territories, Jareck's story is not uncommon, and many like him have chosen to make the best of the lives they have eked out in lands far from home.

Vergilia van Corculum

"To watch the Empire he loved so dearly crumble... I can think of no one who would be more stricken by the sight."

Once Legatus of the IIIrd Legion, Vergilia van Corculum was apprehended by the Ilsabard contingent on the Magna Glacies not long after her forty-second nameday. After she was cured of her tempering, she was brought to Camp Broken Glass, where she would make known to Alliance leaders that Nerva yae Galvus, whom she had so diligently served, was indeed the blasphemy that roamed the Tower of Babil.

Nerva yae Galvus

"For glory, everlasting."

Sired by Titus, the late emperor's second son, Nerva yae Galvus opposed Varis at every turn. After his cousin's death, forty-four-year-old Nerva claimed the throne for himself, igniting a civil war. The Telophoroi, however, would inflict untold ruination upon Garlemald ere his reign could begin, and the anguish of watching the Empire unravel before his eyes was too much for him to bear. Gripped by despair, Nerva transformed into a blasphemy, a mockery of an emperor driven by the desire to grasp that which he was denied. He prowled the Tower of Babil, hungry for power he would never possess, until he was slain by the Ilsabard contingent.

Rimelnaud de Thelomaire

"I am certain that when the time comes, I shall be proud to know that I worked alongside you."

Born to a lesser house of Ishgard, this twenty-seven-year-old machinist of the Skysteel Manufactory came to resent high society and bemoan his noble birth. However, he saw a kindred spirit in Stephanivien, a fellow lord who openly defied the expectations of his station. And so, when the end of the Dragonsong War brought great change to Ishgard, Rimelnaud, eager for a change of his own, strode into the manufactory to join Stephanivien's cause.

Despite his disdain for the trappings of tradition, Rimelnaud's strict upbringing instilled within him a powerful chivalry, and the young lord resolved to serve the greater good by joining the Ilsabard contingent. After they journeyed north and established a base of operations, the machinist was tasked with ceruleum procurement, which led him to negotiate with engineers of Tapper's Den, and in turn saw him acquainted with Appius eir Callaecus.

When not occupied with his duties, Rimelnaud enjoys tinkering with inventions of his own design—his latest project being a coffee-roasting apparatus.

Appius eir Callaecus

"For what it's worth, I do understand the hesitancy to throw your lot in with someone from a hostile nation."

This ceruleum engineer, who was formerly employed on Juturna Platform G, devised a plan to reactivate it in order to supply much-needed energy to his recovering homeland. It is little surprise then that Frontinus, the platform's chief, trusts Appius so well that he saw fit to give him full access to the facility.

Though Appius has spent all thirty years of his life within Garlemald proper, he treats those from other nations with courtesy and respect, perhaps due to his birthplace's proximity to the border, and his exposure to the myriad peoples from the provinces and beyond who passed through. Thus was he willing to cooperate with Rimelnaud and the Ilsabard contingent from the first. At present, the village of Laterum from which he hails is a shell of its former self. Nevertheless, Appius hopes he will be able to savor his favorite mushroom cream soup once more when peace returns to Garlemald.

Galla oen Longus

"You see, I've always tried to help those in need—some call me a busybody, in fact."

While the Garlean military in the provinces was responsible for quelling rebellion and preserving order, those stationed in the capital served a different purpose. The Vigiles Urbani was a peacekeeping force whose duty was to keep the citizenry safe, and Galla oen Longus was one of their lictors. When civil war broke out in the capital, however, the Vigiles Urbani ceased their patrols, leaving the thirty-three-year-old with few options.

While some chose to desert in the confusion, Galla instead joined the Ist Legion at Tertium, and in recognition of her experience and knowledge of the capital's streets was made duplicarius. She now stands watch at the entrance to the underground station, prioritizing the protection and aid of the refugees there, though she laments having little time to read her favorite mystery novels of late.

Volusus Malicus

"I'm not going anywhere.
Not without Mum and Dad."

Volusus Malicus may not have been born to a prestigious Garlean family, but he was privileged enough to receive an education at an imperial primary school, as his parents both had respectable jobs. His mother worked long shifts at Palatium Novum as a lady-in-waiting, while his father spent nearly half of every year on Juturna Platform G. Possessed of a stubborn streak, the boy is loath to open his heart to others, though such behavior is hardly uncommon for children struggling with loneliness.

As his mother and father were rarely at home, Volusus often ate suppers by himself, and came to treasure the precious few occasions when the family dined together. Though separated from his parents in the civil war, he was miraculously discovered and returned to them, thanks to the efforts of Galla oen Longus and a kindly adventurer. He has seen and lost far too much for a boy of thirteen winters, but is grateful that both his mother and father are alive and well.

Vipsania dus Malicus

"Thanks to our newfound friends,
we've been given another chance at happiness."

Former lady-in-waiting to Nerva yae Galvus's niece at Palatium Novum, Vipsania dus Malicus is the mother of Volusus. Her grandfather was a public servant, and it was through this connection that she met her future husband, Frontinus, who was working as a government official at the time. She had difficulty balancing her roles as royal attendant and mother, but persevered for the sake of her family, and dreamed of the day they might gain permission to live in the warmer climes of Locus Amoenus.

Vipsania was in the midst of her duties at Palatium Novum when the capital descended into chaos, and her mistress shut herself and her servants within the residence. She worried endlessly what might have become of her husband and son, and after she managed to escape the crumbling residence, the forty-four-year-old woman sought refuge from the carnage, and was fortunate to be reunited with her family in the process.

Though her mistress perished while attempting to flee Palatium Novum, Vipsania took pride in her ability to quickly calm the imperial princess's tantrums, and hopes such skills will be needed elsewhere.

Frontinus fae Malicus

"Words can't express my gratitude for all you've done for me and my family."

Father of Volusus and husband to Vipsania, Frontinus fae Malicus graduated with honors from a prestigious academy and aspired to become a skilled magitek engineer, yet the abundance of talent in his generation made it difficult to achieve distinction. Frontinus thus decided to apply himself instead as a civil servant, and in this capacity he gradually worked his way up through the ranks.

Like many Garleans of modest status, the engineer of forty-three summers was wholly committed to the imperial cause. He hung the ivory standard outside his residence as a symbol of pride, often quoted *The War on Ilsabard*—a memoir of Emperor Solus's many achievements—and delighted in driving his prized Novus D automobile around the imperial capital with his family.

Frontinus was assigned to Juturna Platform G as its chief engineer five years prior to the Empire's fall, and managed it to the best of his ability, knowing that the ceruleum flowing through the pipelines was the lifeblood that sustained both the machina of conquest and the heaters that kept his beloved family warm.

FACES OF MARE LAMENTORUM

For millennia, Etheirys's moon served as both a prison to contain Zodiark and an enormous ark that would carry the inhabitants of the star to safety should the Final Days prove insurmountable. Such an extraordinary construct could not be tended by a single entity, and Hydaelyn entrusted its care to the numerous beings who call the satellite home.

The Watcher

"What is right and good? Ask a thousand souls and receive a thousand answers. I offer none."

One of many beings created by Hydaelyn, the watcher is as old as the moon itself. As his name would imply, he was charged with standing vigil over Zodiark's gaol. Prior to the sundering, the watcher was an archivist at Anamnesis Anyder and a trusted confidant of Venat, and their friendship endured beyond the original Final Days. Though most of his time is spent in solitude, the Loporrits occasionally seek his council regarding their constant improvements to the moon's amenities.

Argos

"...Woof."

Argos is Venat's faithful canine companion—a familiar who once accompanied the ancient throughout the world unsundered. When Venat was reborn as Hydaelyn, She summoned Argos to the moon that he might ferry travelers across the cavernous craters on the satellite's surface. It should be noted, however, that Argos only bears individuals he deems worthy of his trust.

Curiously, there have been sightings of a similar canine on Etheirys in recent days, carrying an adventurer on its back.

Livingway

"As of now, our mighty moon has a new purpose!
To bear the people of Etheirys to safety!"

As the self-proclaimed "right paw" of Hydaelyn, Livingway chose her name to remind her of her purpose: to ensure that the people of Etheirys would endure and, preferably, thrive. She is quite confident in her abilities as supervisor to the Loporrits, but has yet to master effective communication with the peoples of Etheirys, which has resulted in the occasional misinterpretation of their wants and needs. To address this and other issues, Urianger pledged his assistance to the long-eared custodians of the moon, and Livingway has since grown rather fond of the verbose Scion.

Mappingway

"There is little I can do to help stop the Final Days, but should you need to know of star traversal, look no further!"

Along with his faithful copilot, Sleepingway, this map reader and navigator of the heavens was responsible for delivering the Scions of the Seventh Dawn to and from Ultima Thule at the edge of the universe. Boasting vast knowledge that once belonged to Venat and her followers, Mappingway utilized the ancients' wisdom to further develop a means of travel between worlds.

Cookingway

"You're a lot smaller than we expected,
but I trust you still have large appetites, yes?"

Contrary to what his name might suggest, the head chef of the Loporrits was unfamiliar with the finer points of the culinary arts, utilizing naught but carrots in his recipes until Urianger's blessed intervention. With the Scion's assistance, Cookingway has begun to account for the complex and diverse palates of Etheirys's inhabitants, and further claims that a recent experience at Meryall Agronomics was so unforgettable that it altered the very course of his life. He now serves a variety of dishes from his galley on the moon, whilst ever increasing his gastronomic repertoire.

Growingway

"From atmospheric composition to ambient temperatures, all readings are within permissible range."

Growingway, assisted by the ever-drowsy Sleepingway, was tasked with creating a habitable environment for Etheirys's peoples on the moon. Constantly striving for improvement in all respects, Growingway's professed goal is to "leave no corner unrounded." For millennia, he longed to walk through Greatest Endsvale with a resident of Etheirys, and the Loporrit continues to sing the praises of the kindly adventurer who made those long-cherished dreams a reality.

Puddingway

"Where, oh where, is this star's blasted pudding!?"

The vast majority of the Loporrits under Cookingway's command selected names for themselves derived from well-known foodstuffs of Etheirys. Puddingway is no exception, and from the moment he chose to identify with the sweetmeat, their fates were inextricably bound together. After sampling some of Urianger's pudding—lovingly prepared with pixie magicks—the Loporrit resolved to spend the rest of his days in pursuit of the perfect pudding.

Dreamingway

"Am I dreaming? Is the day finally here? Am I truly talking with a visitor from Etheirys!?"

For many years, Dreamingway wished to meet a native of Etheirys in the flesh. He had learned long ago that the people of the star had wondrous, fantastical dreams, and was inspired to give himself an equally ambitious appellation. Once a number of terrestrial travelers visited Bestways Burrow, however, he realized to his dismay that he no longer had any dreams left to chase. After much contemplation, he found a new purpose with the help of an adventurer: he would encourage others to discover their own dreams with the power of music.

FACES OF ELPIS

The ancients wielded unimaginable powers, giving form to all manner of miraculous creatures with their creation magicks. The following is a brief look at influential members of ancient society—those who spent time in Elpis in particular—and the lives they led in our distant past.

Emet-Selch

"Our goal is to ensure that all is right in creation, that our star may know a brighter future."

The man who held the seat of Emet-Selch was a leading member of the Convocation of Fourteen during the Final Days of antiquity. He was known to his peers as Hades before assuming his role as steward of the aetherial realm—or "Underworld" as many then called it. No manner of magic was too difficult for him to comprehend, and he could manipulate aetherial energies so adroitly that the name Hades would become synonymous with the phrase "keeper of the Underworld" in the ancient tongue.

Hades was not given to boasting, but his friendship with Azem saw the latter spread word of his abilities far and wide. Swayed by the recommendations of the Traveler and many others, it was not long before the Convocation selected the young man to join their esteemed ranks. While he affected an air of irritation when pressured to deal with complex matters, he was at his core a conscientious soul not given to leaving problems unsolved, and his interventions earned him the trust of his peers.

After all creation was divided into fourteen shards, he and the others who had escaped the sundering sought to return the world to the halcyon days of yore. For this dream they fought, and for this dream they died.

Hythlodaeus

"Mankind is the life of Etheirys. Each of us a drop of blood flowing through its veins, bearing sustenance."

As chief of the Bureau of the Architect, Hythlodaeus oversaw the evaluation of new concepts, be they practical or fantastical. Like his longtime friend Emet-Selch, he was gifted with a higher sensitivity to aether than most, and while he often claimed to be a middling wielder of magicks, his preternatural talents empowered him to effortlessly bend aether to his will, allowing him to express concepts and perform his duties with great efficiency.

Though he was burdened by obligations more often than not, he was happiest in the company of his two dearest friends, Emet-Selch and Azem. When the Final Days came to the ancient world, Hythlodaeus sacrificed himself to facilitate the summoning of Zodiark. With the eldest of primals having finally been destroyed, however, one can safely assume the ancient's soul found peace in the aetherial sea, where his closest companions awaited him.

Venat

"No more shall man have wings to bear him to paradise. Henceforth, he shall walk."

Originally a scholar of Anyder, Venat held a particular interest in the lives and histories of Etheirys's people. While some academics would be satisfied with the wisdom of tomes alone, Venat's fascination spurred her to venture into the wider world with her beloved familiar, Argos—to hear the star's voice, feel its very breath, and to think of what endless secrets remained undiscovered. Venat's accomplishments were recognized by the Convocation of Fourteen, and she was subsequently granted the seat of Azem. In this capacity, she wandered the star that she might provide succor to those in need.

Even after she found a suitable successor to take up the Traveler's mantle, Venat chose to continue her unending journey, and in the course of it encountered an adventurer from the far future who warned of the Final Days to come. Alas, she was the only ancient who would retain the knowledge of her people's inevitable demise. That one day life might prevail, she sacrificed herself to become the very embodiment of the star's will.

After millennia watching over the sundered Source, Venat—now Hydaelyn—took up arms one final time to take the measure of those who would answer Her question. Her defeat gave Her hope that life would go on, and She died with a smile on Her face and love in Her heart.

Allegoria

A weapon of Venat's own making, the concept for this versatile armament was never registered at the Bureau of the Architect. Allegoria was described not as a single weapon, but several somehow merged into a vessel which could change form in accordance with the wielder's needs in battle. Why Venat chose not to divulge the secrets of its creation is unclear, but perhaps she feared they might fall into the wrong hands at the wrong time.

Ambystoma

"What would possess them to put this creature in the sky? And is it even aquatic to begin with...?"

A lively amphibious creature that was discovered among the creations of Elpis, it is highly likely that the ambystoma concept was approved, as similar beings have been observed in the present day. While most specimens have a rather relaxed disposition, there are a rare few—dubbed "adventurous ambystomas" by naturalists—that have been raised in Labyrinthos, sating their hunger for adventure by boldly going where no ambystoma has gone before, such as the inner hull of a starship, and the far reaches of the great expanse...

Lykaon

"Their abnormal aggression and exceptional strength makes for a highly problematic combination."

The lykaon concept was studied for less than a hundred days before the researchers of Elpis judged it unsuitable for preservation, yet it nevertheless appears to have survived in some capacity. It is unclear whether the concept's revival was by accident or by design, but the lykaon is speculated to have evolved over millennia into the mythical managarms of Abalathia's Spine that we know today. The hounds feature prominently in regional folklore, where they are said to soar through the skies in their pursuit of moonlight.

Hermes

"For us, there may be no higher purpose than to live for our world, but what of the other living beings out there?"

Hermes was held in high regard not only for his leadership as chief overseer of Elpis, but also for his peerless observational skills. Using his detailed knowledge of the sky and stars beyond, he specialized in the creation of avian beings. Despite the acclaim he received, however, the young man was humble and reserved to a fault.

The chief overseer endeavored to treat all living creations of Elpis with kindness, but after seeing so many concepts found wanting and reverted for the betterment of the star, he began to question the value and meaning of life itself. Thus did he conceive the Meteia, who would traverse the great expanse and collect information on faraway civilizations.

Hermes was determined to see his question answered no matter the cost, though his pursuits, earnest as they may have been, would bring naught but destruction to the world unsundered.

Sokles

"If all I wanted was someone to emulate my work, why, I would simply continue doing it myself."

Overseer of Anagnorisis, Sokles was a veteran of Elpis whose keen eye was a boon to both his peers and the creations he deemed fit to thrive. He had begun to plan his return after countless years in service to the star, claiming that his final achievement would be to train a suitable successor who would keep his beloved Anagnorisis running smoothly.

A genial individual, Sokles preferred to let his associates learn and grow on their own, and eschewed direct instruction. His methods were not wholly passive, however, and he would oft offer those plagued by indecision a cup of homemade juice alongside insights drawn from his meticulous notes.

Charmion

"Surely there are other, more experienced individuals who could provide a more comprehensive— Ahem. This grumbling is hardly constructive now, is it?"

This former scholar of Akadaemia Anyder first met Sokles on a research trip to Elpis. So impressed was Sokles with Charmion's assessments that he immediately requested her transfer to Anagnorisis. Though she was surprised by the sudden invitation, Charmion recognized the opportunity for what it was and accepted, eager to study new concepts and gain firsthand knowledge of the latest innovations.

Sokles had not misjudged her abilities—Charmion quickly proved to be an invaluable addition. Though she had but recently arrived, veteran observers often joined Charmion on her excursions and took note of her findings. She went on to discover various flaws in the creations she attended that might not have been identified otherwise. Between her outings, Charmion made it a habit to visit Sokles, who she claimed made the freshest juice in all of Elpis.

Maira

"Although he has trouble expressing it, I assure you, my brother is absolutely giddy with joy."

Maira resided in Elpis with her older brother Alkaios, the two of them sharing a passion for their work as observers. While she was considered gentle and empathetic by ancient standards, her concern for the creations of Elpis did not stretch as far as Hermes's, for she had made her peace with the fact that not every concept would survive the testing grounds.

The observer became acquainted with Venat upon the latter's visit to Elpis, and came to see her as a role model. Maira often urged the former Azem to drop by for tea, that she might hear tales of adventure from across the star. When not busy with her work, Maira liked to walk among krinoi, her favorite flowers, and pick a few to bring back to her abode.

Alkaios

"Unto the land you now return,
the fuel 'pon which new life shall burn."

Maira's older brother was a researcher at Poieten Oikos. Though he maintained a calm demeanor, Alkaios had an unshakable dedication to the star, and used his gifts to study the smallest specimens with the utmost care. The young man had a knack for time magicks in particular, and was frequently tasked with hastening the temporal flow of dying creations, that they might quickly and painlessly return to the star.

Alkaios was initially wary of Venat, fearing she would whisk his sister away on one of her journeys. Once he realized that Maira intended to remain in Elpis, he extended a hand in friendship to the Traveler, and enjoyed friendly debates with her from time to time.

Kleon

"My io, my darling, hulking io...
She was meant for more than grazing in the fields."

Though he was employed as a record keeper in the Capitol at Amaurot, Kleon's true passion was concept creation. Anxious to learn the status of his newest, roundest specimen, the batrachoi, he journeyed to Elpis on his own, and in his eagerness to refine his craft heeded every suggestion given to him by the observers at the facility. He claimed that if the batrachoi was approved by the Bureau of the Architect, he would create some manner of pet, suitable for the amusement of children.

ECHOES OF ULTIMA THULE

Save for one, the entities of Ultima Thule are creations of dynamis, reborn from Meteion's memories of the fallen civilizations her sisters encountered. Nevertheless, they are reported to have inner lives as rich as any aether-based being.

Al End

"We tire of war... We tire of turmoil..."

Though currently residing in Ostrakon Deka-okto, Al End's first life began on the resplendent Dragonstar ere it was reduced to a barren husk by the Omicrons. Once he must have burned with aether as bountiful as that of Midgardsormr, though no trace of that vitality is present in his dynamis form. Even so, the dragon felt the pain of his civilization's end no less keenly and, tired of seeing his people struggle for naught, came to wish that their existence would cease altogether—a fitting perspective, perhaps, for one whose name hints at a "promised end."

Coph-coodg

"If you are resolved to know it, we will disclose to you the truth we discovered. The truth of the universe."

The Ea, whose lingering remnants can be found in Ostrakon Tria, achieved the very pinnacle of technological advancement and transcended their physical forms to attain a form of immortality—only to lose all ambition upon concluding that the universe was doomed to a cold death. Whether those who were converted to dynamis felt this despair more profoundly than they did before their previous demise cannot be known, but Coph-coodg was deep in its grasp by the time the Scions encountered them. Nevertheless, their insistence that life was an exercise in futility was no match for Y'shtola's curiosity and Urianger's determination, and together were the pair able to illuminate a way forward.

Stigma-1

"Live."

Now based in Ostrakon Deka-hexi, Stigma-1 was once the supreme authority on the Alpha-tron Star. Even after its civilization's fall, this strategic matrix, known also as "Sir," continues to preside over the five other command matrices and the Omicrons as a whole. Due to these strict chain-of-command protocols, individuals were long believed to have no free will—no heart, so to speak—but the inner turmoil which consumed the Stigma-1 operations unit and the effect it had on Meteion challenges this assumption. Through its memory, she was able to recreate a plethora of other units, who have since begun to exhibit unexpected behavior of their own.

N-7000

"This unit finds the eminently killable life-form's outlook to be intolerably naive."

Soon after the forestalling of the Final Days, the remaining Omicrons detected a powerful burst of energy emanating from the Dead Ends. Within was an encoded message from Stigma-1 containing only one command: "Live." This message reached the sensors of Stigma-4, a dormant logistics matrix, which swiftly resumed its duties and began constructing weapons of mass destruction. Fortunately, in its capacity as a military information and operations specialist, unit N-7000 was able to contact Etheirys via the Loporrit Jammingway and see a capable adventurer dispatched to prevent unscheduled annihilation. Following this operation, for what are inscrutable yet presumably logical reasons of its own, it joined these partners in establishing a café.

Jammingway

"I'll show you 'eminently killable,' you... weird-looking fork!"

This Loporrit, whose age is roughly on par with that of the moon (like all their brethren), was once charged with maintaining communications on the *Ragnarok*. Following the Final Days, they received a concerning signal from a probe deployed to Ultima Thule—a signal that, it transpired, was a warning from N-7000. Having established a tentative accord with the unit while resolving the issue of Stigma-4, Jammingway chose to remain at the end of the universe, where the pair now manages the Last Dregs café.

Stigma-4

"For maximum efficiency, use of gold salmon roe is strongly advised. All proceeds go to Omicron enhancement initiatives."

One of the six matrices charged with directing Omicron operations, Stigma-4 was revived from hibernation by Stigma-1's command. It was only natural that the logistics matrix would then resume creating materiel for future invasions; however, as the would-be conquered found this somewhat less than ideal, its inner workings were tampered with upon its awakening via ethically dubious means. It now serves peaceably in the operation of the Last Dregs.

FACES FROM JOURNEYS PAST

From nearby lands to distant worlds, the Warrior of Light—or Darkness, depending upon whom one asks—has crossed paths with many a notable individual in the course of their adventures. The following introduces but a few such souls.

Ryne Waters

"However much it hurts, and however hard it gets, it's my life, and I want to live it on my own terms!"

A maiden of seventeen summers, Ryne inherited Minfilia's soul and wields the power of the Oracle of Light. She was taken into Eulmoran custody as a child, and prior to her liberation by Thancred at the age of fourteen, had lived almost her entire life as a prisoner. Having thus been deprived of a normal upbringing, she had difficulty interacting with others at first, and gave the impression of being younger than her years, but while roaming the land with Thancred, the Hume girl learned the ways of the world along with the arts of combat.

As she fought alongside the Warrior of Darkness to restore blessed night to the First, Ryne found her purpose as well as the courage to fulfill it. Though she had been known as Minfilia until that point, after being entrusted with her namesake's legacy, she began to forge her own. Cherishing fond memories of those she loves, she strives with all her being to realize her dreams as she continues her journey to adulthood. Despite her burdens, like most any youth, she enjoys relaxing in the company of friends and is partial to sweets—coffee biscuits most of all.

Fatebreakers

Thancred presented Ryne with these twin daggers so that she might break free of the shackles of her fate. Forged with crystal harvested in Amh Araeng, they can inflict more than simple physical damage in the hands of those with mastery over Light.

Gaia

"I live in the here and now, striving to build a better future. And I'll be damned if I let you take that away from me!"

A maiden who inherited the soul of the Ascian Loghrif and became the Oracle of Darkness, Gaia was born to free-citizen parents in Eulmore and raised by bonded servants, in what was a common arrangement. As the Hume grew older, she began hearing a voice in her head. The "faerie," as she called it, was later revealed to be the Ascian Mitron, who had turned into Eden long ago. For a time she was held in his thrall, her memories shrouded in a haze, but after meeting the Warrior of Darkness and joining them on a quest to restore the Empty, she was able to regain her identity. Having become fast friends with Ryne, from whom she received her cherished ice crystal necklace, this young woman of seventeen years enjoys fulfilling days at the Crystarium, working with her fellow youths to host a festival celebrating the restoration of the First.

Sicard Spence

"Like any pirate worth his salt, I know when you're starin' down a storm, you've got to trust in the commander of your ship."

Six and twenty summers old, this enterprising Midlander has risen to become the acting captain of the Bloody Executioners, one of Limsa Lominsa's three great pirate powers, succeeding the ailing Hyllfyr. A born buccaneer who can hang a man from a ship's bow in a matter of heartbeats, Sicard vehemently opposed Merlwyb's efforts to bring an end to the nation's conflict with the kobolds and Sahagin. Following a duel with the Admiral, however, he came to accept her leadership and began exploring new opportunities for his crew. His involvement with the Ilsabard contingent, which saw him helm numerous missions, helped him to recognize potential avenues of profit, and he later saw the Bloody Executioners carve out a place in the lucrative shipping industry. In the pursuit of his endeavors, it is said that his unlikely friendship with Emmanellain de Fortemps has been quite advantageous.

Sophie

"If there's one thing I can't bear, it's standing about doing nothing."

A native of Rabanastre, Dalmasca, this Viera of the Veena clan joined a resistance group as soon as her sex became manifest in the latter half of her teens. Alas, she was captured by the Garleans during a covert operation, and though she later managed to break free from prison, all of her kin had been put to death. Since then, the twenty-year-old has traveled with Radovan, the two having met in captivity and escaped together.

Arnegis Elder

"As much as I want to accompany you, I'd only be a liability in a fight."

Once a proud Garlean patriot, Arnegis was so troubled by the treatment of the conquered Corvosi that he began to aid them in secret. His actions eventually came to light, however, and he was forced to flee with his wife. After arriving in Eorzea, the forty-two-year-old joined the Lemures out of gratitude to Drusilla, who had taken them in, and posed as a Highlander as he carried out his duties for the order, including selling ceruleum in Ul'dah. Sadly, he met his end when he was murdered by the voidsent Orcus while investigating the villain's crimes.

Mahaud Stone

"We have a chance to see our mother again, and we owe it to you."

Twenty-one years old, Mahaud was raised alongside her stepbrother Ancel, a fellow orphan, by an apothecary in Lost Hope. When the Highlander began suffering from Aetherspurn, a disease which prevents the body from drawing energy from food, her stepmother was tricked into placing her in the care of Guildivain, who used her as a test subject in his twisted experiments. At length she managed to escape with Loifa and Ancel, and the three embarked upon a quest for vengeance.

Guildivain Sailmet

"That I should be blessed with such fine specimens for my research! We must see what else you can do! Yes, we must!"

A wolf in sheep's clothing, Guildivain masqueraded as Faldrinet, a kindly traveling healer who provided treatment gratis to those who could not afford it. In truth, the Elezen is a disgraced former researcher of Physis Technon, who subjected his victims to dangerous procedures in his misguided mission to enhance mankind. When his crimes came to light, the thirty-eight-year-old fled his native Sharlayan for Eorzea, where he continued his heinous work and preyed upon hapless locals.

Whastrach Ahldwaensyn

"People like Martyn waste their time on worthless relics of the past and fail to see the bigger picture. The future lies in ceruleum."

A former researcher of the Arcanists' Guild, this Sea Wolf traveled to the New World with Martyn to study the traditional magic of the Whalaqee. After the subject matter was deemed lacking in utility, however, their funding was cut off. Seeking to turn a profit, the thirty-seven-year-old then attempted to trick the Whalaqee into surrendering the ceruleum-rich Lapis Canyon to him, but his scheme was thwarted with a bit of help from the Warrior of Light and their companions.

Cato nan Mammula

"From that day forth, I have sought redemption, a chance to somehow right the wrongs I have committed."

Hailing from Garlemald, Cato graduated from the Magitek Academy with distinction before enlisting in the imperial army. His brilliance as an engineer earned him a reputation as Midas nan Garlond's right-hand man, but his involvement in the experiment that destroyed Bozja Citadel prompted him to turn his back on his homeland. Seeking to redeem himself, the fifty-two-year-old defected to Ishgard in hopes that his knowledge might serve more peaceful ends.

Hermin Hart

"If the boss says you're family, then you're family."

This nineteen-year-old Garlean came to Eorzea as a soldier of the XIVth Imperial Legion, but was abandoned by her superior when a skirmish broke out between their scouting party and Twin Adder forces. Left to wander the Black Shroud alone, the wounded woman was discovered and rescued by the Lemures, to whom she subsequently pledged her service. This experience led her to despise those who forsake their own, and to value her new family, which she aids by disguising herself as a Hyur and doing whatever is asked of her.

Ancel Stone

"For revenge, we were prepared to die... but now we have a reason to live."

Mahaud's stepbrother, the twenty-six-year-old Ancel is likewise an orphan raised by the apothecary in Lost Hope. When a fell beast attacked their village, the Highlander was grievously injured trying to protect his stepsister, with whom he was later subjected to experiments by the sage Guildivain. Prone to physical outbursts when in his cups, he often needs to be restrained at the Hard Place—no mean feat given his unnatural enhancements.

Latool Ja

"Spectacular exhibition? It sound like shows we performed when Martyn was traveling salesman. Maybe Latool Ja should practice. 'We feast on your flesh, smoothskins!'"

Together with Gaheel Ja, Latool Ja was Martyn's guide during his time in the New World, and afterwards journeyed to Eorzea to work as an assistant. From clerk to salesman to test subject for new spells, this Mamool Ja of the Boonewa tribe performs an eclectic mix of duties for the Blue Mages' Guild. In his spare time, the twenty-two-year-old enjoys sampling new cuisines, and is passing fond of Ul'dah's gold truffle skewers.

Ceadda of the Whalaqee

"The Whalaqee have lived in the light of Lapis Canyon for generations. We can't let it be destroyed by Whastrach's men!"

Despite having seen a mere fourteen summers, Ceadda is a respected healer of the Whalaqee people. Possessed of a keen mind that helped him to quickly master the common tongue, the young Hyur journeyed to Eorzea in a bid to prevent Whastrach from stealing Lapis Canyon from his people. After the matter was resolved, he agreed to the repentant Whastrach's request to help search for new ceruleum deposits in the New World.

Zirnberk Fyrgeissyn

"Impressive, but the time has come for you to admit defeat."

Son of Syndicate member Fyrgeiss and commander of the Stone Torches, this twenty-six-year-old Hellsguard puts his martial skills on display at the Coliseum as his armored alter ego, Siegfried. He came into conflict with Celestium proprietor Royse when his father attempted to take over the arena, but was defeated by Martyn's protégé in a battle to determine ownership.

Ea-Sura-Supin

"Rather than a burden to be borne,
ours is a gift to be shared."

Chosen as Padjal and devoted to the Twelveswood, Ea-Sura was considered a future Seedseer until a breach of the elementals' trust led them to take his horns—the mark of their blessing—leaving the boy an empty husk of himself. Though he later found peace in a loving relationship, his wife was taken by illness. In his grief, he turned into a blasphemy, his tragic tale coming to an end at the age of twenty-eight.

Lorens Bloefhisyn

"Here I was, enjoyin' my retirement...
<sigh> Why'd you have to go and bloody whistle..."

With his wealth of battle experience, including clashes with Titan and Leviathan, Lorens is skilled at anticipating enemy tactics. The erstwhile leader of the Company of Heroes is less certain in estimating his own age, however, having been taken in by Bloefhis Bloefhisyn when quite young. The then captain of the League of Lost Bastards raised Lorens as if the lad were a trueborn son and brother to Merlwyb, and though Lorens vanished without a trace following his company's disbandment, such bonds are never broken.

Minato Urabito

"The witch of Doma spared, given a second chance...
and my husband, condemned to die as a conscript..."

A woman who lived in Isari village, Minato watched helplessly as her husband was conscripted into the Garlean army, and could only pray for his safe return. Sadly, he was not among those fortunate souls repatriated in the prisoner exchange, and the injustice that Yotsuyu went to her grave without being held to account was as salt in the wound. Unable to bear the anguish, the twenty-four-year-old Hyur surrendered to despair and died a blasphemy.

Vaindreau

"I am a knight...of the Heavens' Ward.
Sworn to protect and serve...the archbishop."

To restore the church to glory, Bishop Vartinoix attempted to resummon King Thordan and his knights into a clone created in Azys Lla five millennia ago. However, a dearth of aether resulted in an otherwise ordinary man possessing the memories of the Heavens' Ward. Styling himself Vaindreau after a former archimandrite, this man eventually learned of the archbishop's demise, the shock spurring his transformation into a blasphemy.

Shirabaht bin Ardati

"What disrespect is there in paying a fellow warrior a compliment? We're all friends here, or will be soon enough."

This thirty-one-year-old officer of the Radiant Host has proven herself in countless battles, as befits a descendant of renowned warriors. Her forthrightness won her the trust of the foreign delegates to Radz-at-Han, and she played a vital role in coordinating efforts to combat the blasphemies. Rumor has it she presently seeks a spouse, but the lucky individual must be stronger than herself.

Charlet Reed

"They gave everything they had to give...while I hid,
like a rat waiting for the storm to pass."

Charlet was the younger brother of Ansfrid, a fallen member of the Crania Lupi. Having known Fordola since childhood, he looked up to her as an older sister. Possessed of a gentle heart, he chose not to become a soldier like his brother and their friends, and came to blame himself for their deaths. The guilt saw him transformed into a blasphemy, and Fordola was forced to slay him ere he reached his nineteenth summer.

Indigo Matriarch

"O, for woe! My poor children have lossst their faith!
Their minds poisoned by lies, they turn away from the
Lord of the Whorl, and cassst their lot with the enemy..."

The former queen of the Sahagin who make their home at the Sapsa Spawning Grounds was a pacifist who wished to avoid conflict with men. Alas, the matriarch was misled by Doww, the leader of the warlike Crushing Tide faction, and made to believe that their very survival as a people was threatened. Consumed by despair, she turned into a dread blasphemy that rampaged along the coast of Vylbrand for a time. With their queen's untimely demise, the Sahagin must now choose another to take up her mantle.

Kisei Urabito

"Only the kami are deserving of our adoration.
As they have always been."

Kisei was a priestess of Sui-no-Sato who claimed to have the power to commune with the dead. Banished by the Ruby Princess, the Auri woman settled in Isari, where she wed a fisherman and bore him a boy. When her son was conscripted during the occupation, she and her daughter-in-law Minato leaned upon one another, but the latter's grief over her husband twisted her into a blasphemy in the wake of Doma's liberation. To her dying breath, the fifty-one-year-old believed that Minato had been chosen to serve as a vessel for the deity Izanami.

Clem Witte

"I have faith. That the church will redeem itself.
That it will find a new path, and again become a
beacon of hope for the people."

Clem serves as a deacon at Saint Reymanaud's Cathedral. Though his soft-spoken nature leads some to presume him weak-willed, the twenty-seven-year-old is possessed of a stout heart, and did not lose faith when the church was plunged into turmoil after the Dragonsong War. Despite his lowly station, his earnest words helped to reconcile opposing factions at the ecumenical council, paving the way for Halone's faithful to begin anew.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

BOOK

V

JOURNEYS TRACED

THE UNENDING JOURNEY

The journals of well-traveled adventurers provide a window into wondrous locales and fantastical beings that most can only dream of. Oft possessing the air of legend, the tales therein are enough to whisk any reader away on a journey of the mind's eye.

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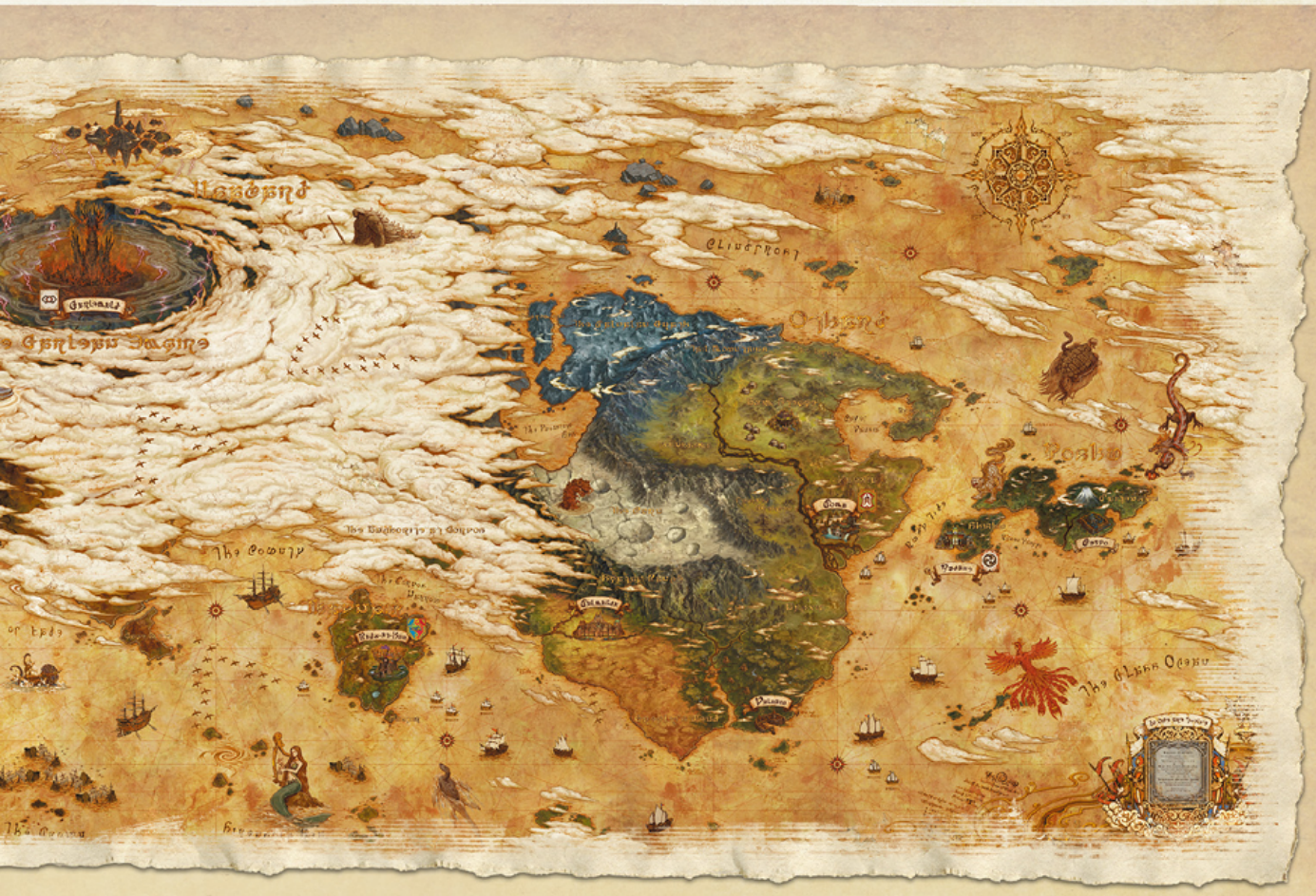
Adventures Beyond

Adventurers are typically characterized by feats of derring-do, an unquenchable thirst for excitement driving them to seek out the dangerous and unknown. But whether simply caught in history's vortex or guided by fate's hand, one adventurer has transcended that common description and become a hero who has shaped the course of not only our world, but those beyond. Accounts speak of this Scion of the Seventh Dawn's valorous exploits in realities that mirror our own, as well as the ancient past. And if that somehow fails to astonish, the selfsame individual is also said to have journeyed through the sea of stars to the very edge of existence.

This chapter aims but to faithfully recount these tales while making no assertions as to their veracity; that judgment we leave to you, dear reader. Regardless of what you choose to believe, however, you will surely be inspired to cast your mind beyond the world you know.



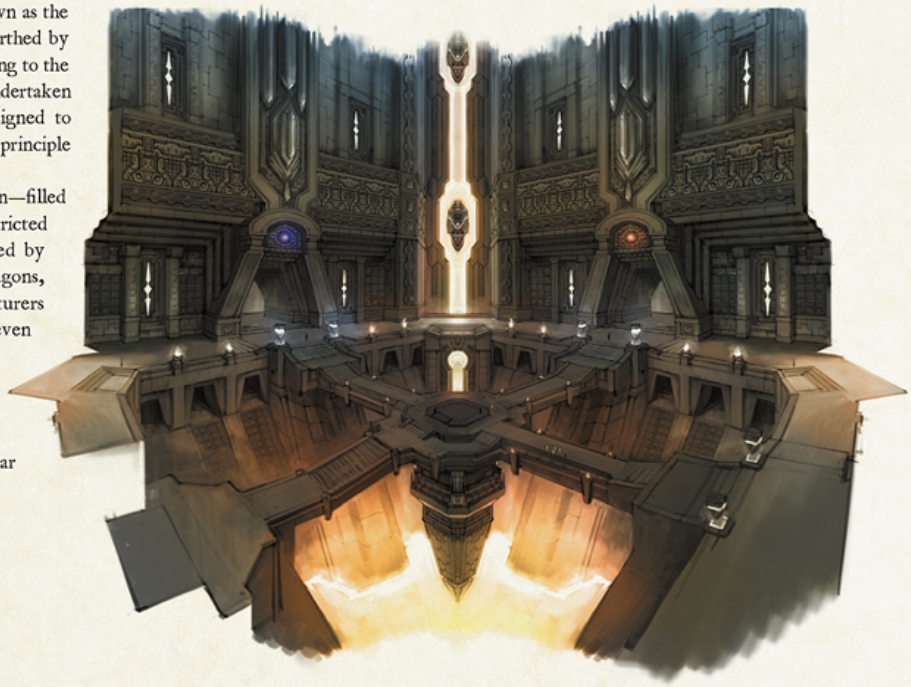
◉ The First

THE LABYRINTH OF THE ANCIENTS

An Impenetrable Defense

Part of the ancient Allagan structure collectively known as the Crystal Tower, this feature of Mor Dhona was unearthed by the violence of the Seventh Umbral Calamity. According to the researchers of the fellowship of NOAH, who have undertaken forays into its peril-fraught halls, it was likely designed to prevent intruders from reaching Syrcus Tower, the principle spire it encloses.

The aforementioned forays found that the moats within—filled with poisonous fluid and lava—quite effectively restricted routes of ingress. These routes were further guarded by chimerical monstrosities, voidsent, and enslaved dragons, all of which offered fierce resistance to the adventurers NOAH tasked with securing the labyrinth. And even before arriving at the gates, magical barriers at the Eight Sentinels presented a confounding obstacle. Combined, these security measures made for a nigh-impenetrable defense, demonstrating the Allagan Empire's ingenuity even as they reveal its fear of those forces that would align to overthrow it.



Phlegethon

Phlegethon was a hero of the rebellion that sought to oppose the rule of Allag in the twilight of the Third Astral Era. After his capture by the technologist Amon, the valiant general was subjected to hideous experiments, his body altered and mind broken, fated to become an eternal guardian of the Crystal Tower.

The Bone Dragon

A dragon of Meracydia robbed of its will by Allagan technology and transformed into a military weapon. This specimen had the ability to manipulate aetherochemically spawned simulacra of the dead, absorbing their essence as needed to restore its accursed vitality.

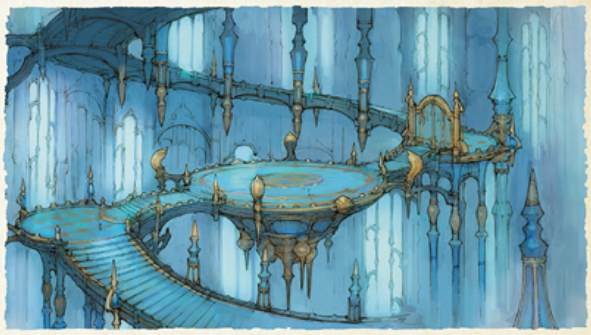
SYRCUS TOWER

The Tower's Heart

This enormous, gleaming spire is the central facility of the Crystal Tower, and the source of its epithet. Though its doors cannot be opened save by those with the royal blood of Allag, the fellowship of NOAH gained entrance with the aid of two individuals named Unei and Doga. The pair were revealed to be clones of Allagan royalty, created as part of the research effort to resurrect the empire's founding father.

Per NOAH's report, the purpose of the tower was to gather the sun's energy, and it would come to be a keystone of Xande's push to secure Allag's eternal prosperity. Given the importance of the structure to the empire's plans, it was naturally well defended, and the adventurer and their companions had to contend with terrible foes such as cloned soldiers, dragons, subjects of experiments into immortality, and even an individual calling himself Amon, the technologist who presided over the facility.

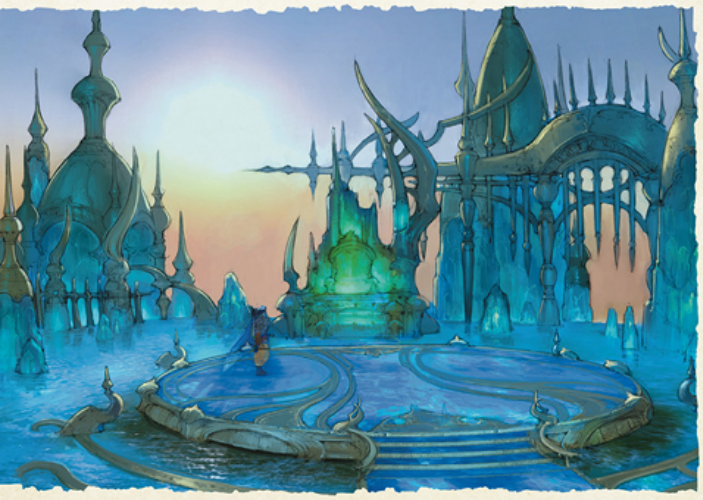
Upon completing their mission, the members of NOAH elected to seal the tower, lest the dangerous technology within be misused. So it was that its doors were closed once more, the structure resuming its slumber.



At the onset of the investigation, Unei and Doga shared with NOAH alarming revelations about the tower. Although powerful magicks were invoked during the Fourth Umbral Calamity to keep it suspended in time, their effects faded with the arrival of the Seventh Umbral Calamity, prompting all those within to awaken, Emperor Xande included. He immediately resumed his scheme to summon a powerful voidsent and usher in the world's end, only to meet his own at the hands of adventurers who had ascended to the tower's apex.

Amon

One of few great minds in a land that had seen the slow-yet-steady numbing of its people's intelligence, Amon long lamented the sorry state of Allag. He dedicated himself to the goal of resurrecting Xande the First, in hopes that the founding father would restore the empire to its former glory. Although a man calling himself Amon was encountered in Syrcus Tower, recent reports by the Scions of the Seventh Dawn indicate that it was merely a clone of the brilliant technologist.



Xande

Xande, the first emperor of Allag, was resurrected from the sleep of death by the technologist Amon. Exhuming the ruler's body from his tomb, Amon cultivated the inert vessel for immortality, enlarging and strengthening Xande's form. After the emperor's successful rebirth, clones were made to serve as doubles.

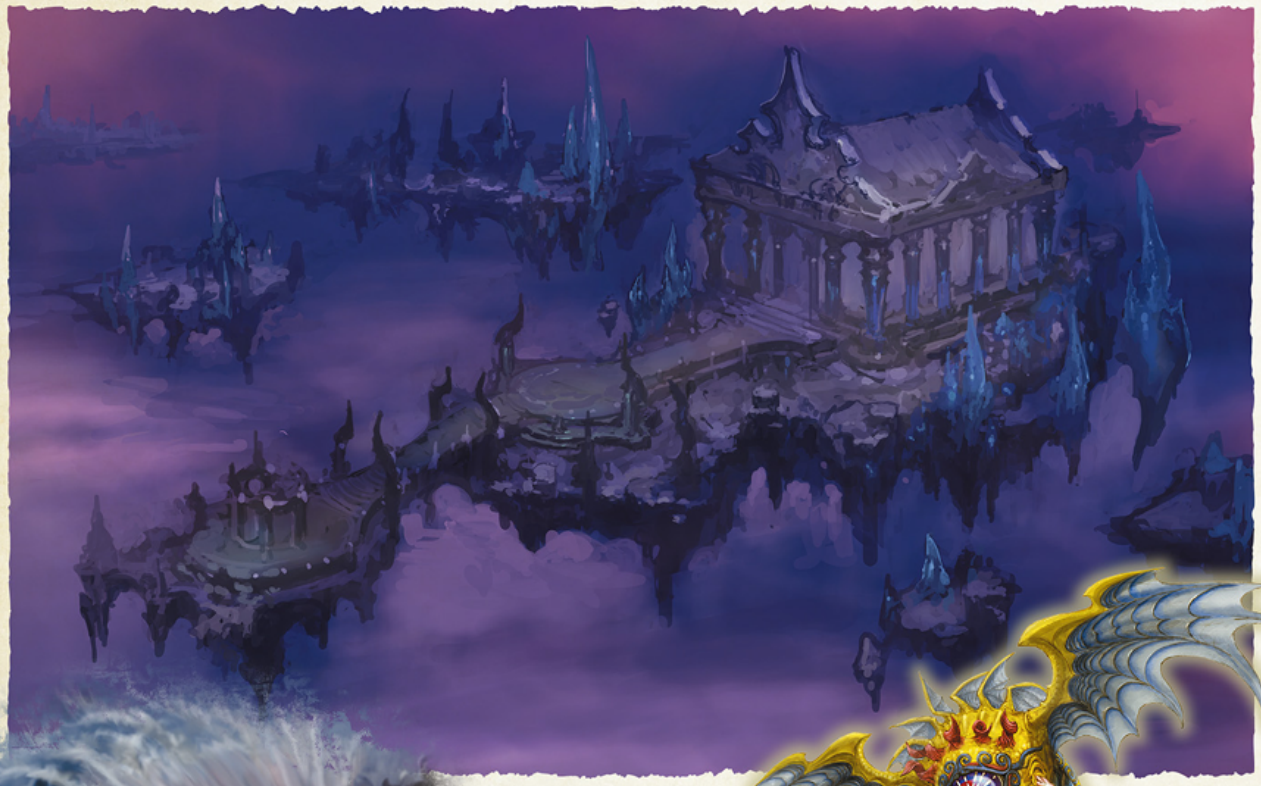
THE WORLD OF DARKNESS

Where the Dark Dwells

The World of Darkness, as it was called during the Third Astral Era, is also known as the void and the Thirteenth. During their expedition into the Crystal Tower, NOAH learned that the Cloud of Darkness, a queen among voidsent, intended to invade the Source, and in response to the threat braved her dark domain and struck her down.

Perilous though the mission was, there was no question that they would undertake it. For when they attempted to break Emperor Xande's unholy covenant at the tower's apex, three members of their party were pulled through the voidgate: Unei and Doga, who were keys to nullifying said covenant; and Nero Scaeva, a former tribunus of Garlemald. Availing themselves of the tower's amassed energy, NOAH expanded the voidgate to allow a band of adventurers to mount a rescue.

These individuals speak of arriving in a world completely devoid of Light, where masses of land hung forlornly in the sky. The ruins of man-made structures were also in evidence, but there was no telling who built them. The voidgate closed soon after their battle with the Cloud of Darkness had concluded, leaving no time for a thorough investigation.



Angra Mainyu

Loyal servant to the Cloud of Darkness, Angra Mainyu has been classified by scholars as occupying the third rung of the hierarchy of twelve. This preeminent ahriman favors attacks with its baleful eye, which can unleash a wave of energy that assails its targets' minds.

The Cloud of Darkness

Manifesting a being of the Cloud of Darkness's might requires that a voidgate of unprecedented size be opened, and the Crystal Tower was the perfect tool for this purpose. Had the voidsent queen succeeded in invading the Source, it is believed that she may have devoured all aether and destroyed the very cycle of life.

THE VOID ARK

A Vessel Adrift

When the voidmages of Mhach determined that the Sixth Umbral Calamity would take the form of a great deluge, they resolved to move the seat of their nation to a floating island to avoid destruction. So it was that the forbidding vessel known as the Void Ark was constructed.

Unlike modern airships, which employ ceruleum engines, the Void Ark was powered by countless imprisoned voidsent, the Shadow Queen Scathach foremost among them. Alas, not even High Voidmage Cessair could keep the mighty being contained, and she and her kind broke free and began wreaking havoc aboard the vessel. In desperation, Cessair and the fifty-three voidmages under her command sacrificed themselves to seal the fiends within magicked coffins. Only the high voidmage's familiar, Cait Sith, survived, and he was charged with keeping watch over the dangerous cargo. All was quiet for eras...until the seal in the city of Amdapor binding Diabolos was broken during the Seventh Umbral Calamity. Stealing into the silent ship, the voidsent began opening the sealed coffins, plunging the Void Ark into chaos yet again.

It bears mentioning that the ark was capable of traveling between dimensions by using a powerful burst of aether to briefly open a voidgate. This allowed it to move instantaneously throughout the Source by slipping in and out of the void.

When airships became commonplace, so too did the airborne brigands known as sky pirates, and their presence in the Sea of Clouds led to a rise in Void Ark sightings. These stories attracted the attention of a sky pirate crew known as the Redbills, who hired adventurers to investigate the vessel. These intrepid souls battled their way through hordes of voidsent, and with the aid of Cait Sith, uncovered a plot to awaken the dread Scathach from her slumber.

Echidna

A powerful voidsent that had been sealed within the Void Ark. Like Scathach, she had been made to propel the vessel, and was set free by Diabolos and rose to meet the adventurers in battle.

THE WEEPING CITY OF MHACH

Cradle of Black Magic

Tucked amidst the sprawling Yafaem Saltmoor on the western coast of Aldenard, the nation of Mhach once thrived. During the Fifth Astral Era, its people rose to power by virtue of their mastery of black magic, and although the floods of the Sixth Umbral Calamity have since transformed the area into fetid marshlands, immense ruins have endured as a reminder of the civilization's former greatness.

In the depths of these ruins, along a tributary of the White Maiden, rises a colossal pyramid most notable for harboring the occult device known as the Nullstone. Used by Mhachi mages to ensure obedience to their fell covenants, the severing of a voidsent's essence from its vessel by this powerful artifact would result in the entity's complete obliteration. It was therefore a great threat to the voidsent queen Scathach, and a race to claim it led to a ferocious clash against her servants.

Forgall

Although summoned by Mhachi mages to serve as an officer in their voidsent army, Forgall remained ever loyal to Scathach. When the Shadow Queen was freed, he worked in secret to secure the Nullstone for his mistress, but fell to adventurers while attempting to lift the pyramid's seal.

An artist's rendition of the Mhachi pyramid. While legends accurately describe the structure's square base, they fail to mention its distinctly smooth exterior, as depicted in the image above. Two nightmarish beings were said to guard the Nullstone at the apex: Ozma, an enigmatic sphere of terrible power; and Calofisteri, a mighty sorceress who achieved a twisted form of eternal life by imbibing the blood of voidsent.

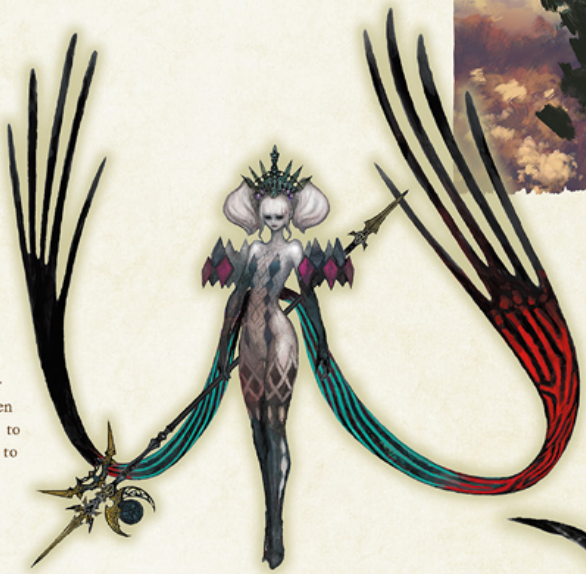
DUN SCAITH

The Forsaken Sanctuary

A floating city created by Mhachi mages to serve as a refuge from the deluge of the Sixth Umbral Calamity, Dun Scaith made optimal use of limited space with soaring structures. It was never settled by its intended residents, however, for the Void Ark failed to reach its destination. Claimed instead as a lair for Scathach and her minions upon their escape from the vessel, it was altered by the voidsent to suit their dark sensibilities while they bided their time for a full-fledged invasion of the land below.

Seeking to protect the skies, the Redbills forged an alliance with other pirating crews, the Talons not least of all. Together with their adventurer allies, they set forth aboard the grand airship *Lady Radlia* for the hellscape that Dun Scaith had become, and fought their way through hordes of voidsent before vanquishing the Shadow Queen herself.

In the moment of Scathach's defeat, Diabolos emerged from the shadows to claim her scattering essence. Not even in this empowered form could he overcome the dauntless adventurers, who struck him down like they did his kindred.



Scathach

A sovereign among voidsent, Scathach's corporeal vessel was subjected to limitations to prevent her from bringing her full might to bear, so much did the Mhachi fear betrayal. As her title suggests, the Shadow Queen is capable of bending shadows to her will—an ability she uses to disorient her foes.

Diabolos Hollow

Having absorbed Scathach's essence—the culmination of a scheme spanning eras—Diabolos arose as an even mightier being. His flesh underwent a dramatic transformation, and he inherited the ability to manipulate shadows.

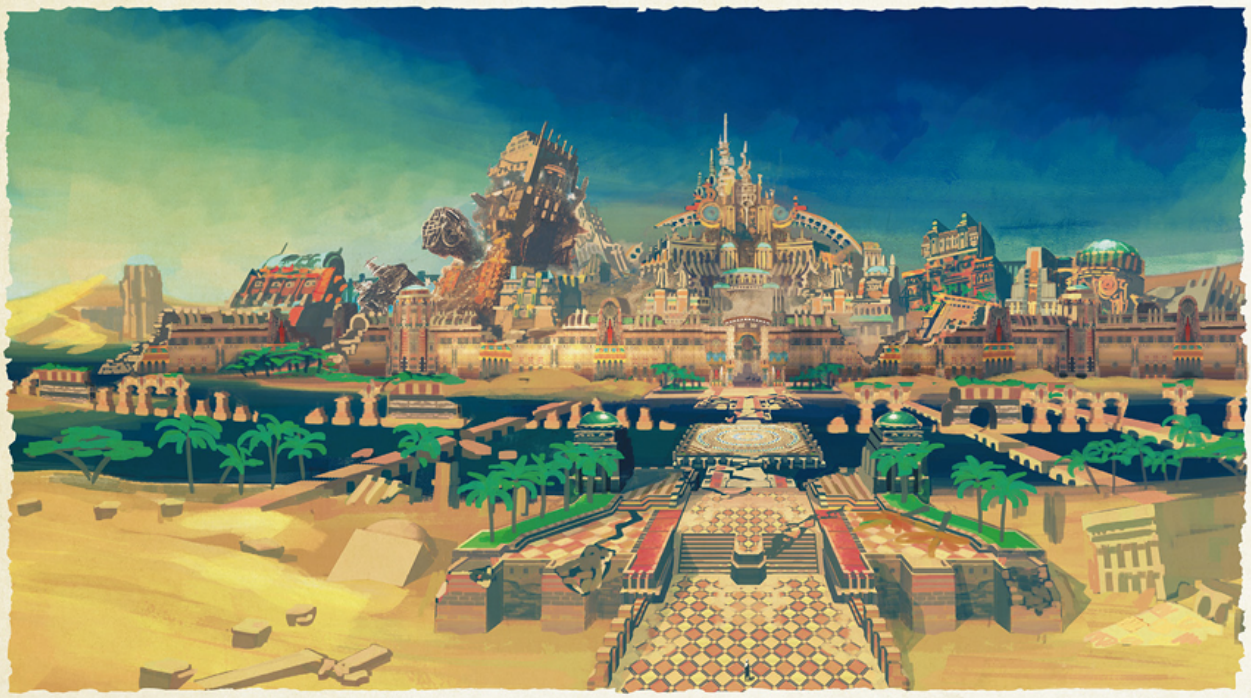
THE ROYAL CITY OF RABANASTRE

Dalmasca's Lost Capital

Situated south of the Skatay Range in Othard, the Kingdom of Dalmasca thrived for over a thousand years under the rule of the B'nargin dynasty. When the Garleans invaded, the nation initially mounted a determined defense, but it ultimately fell to the inexorable onslaught of the enemy's warships.

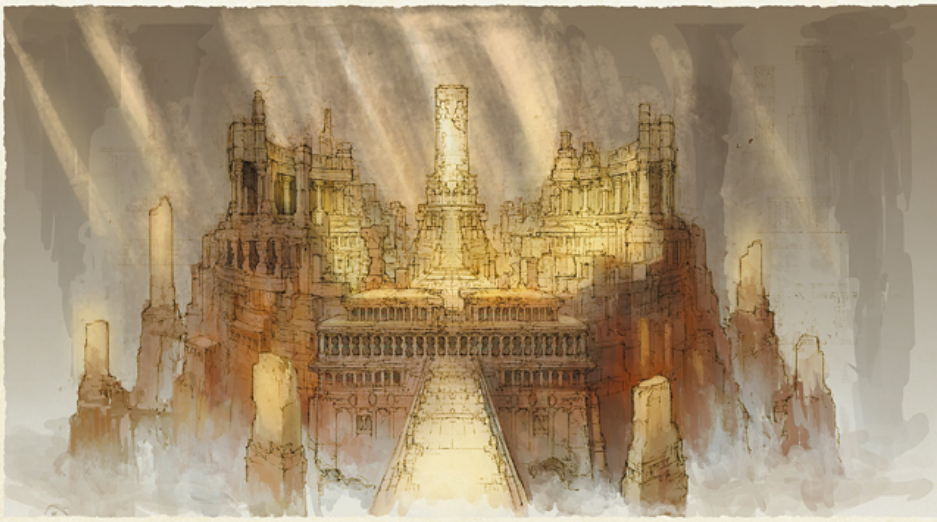
Annexed as an imperial province, Dalmasca has lain under the yoke of the IVth Imperial Legion for thirty years. The people remain steadfastly loyal to the royal family, and while resistance groups large and small have waged numerous rebellions, all were eventually crushed.

The situation came to a head when Ala Mhigo and Doma's liberation stoked an uprising of heretofore unseen scale. This prompted the Empire to take drastic measures, and by order of Legatus Noah van Gabranth, Rabanastre, the royal capital, was subjected to an aerial bombardment. Overnight, the Desert Sapphire was reduced to rubble, and those citizens fortunate enough to survive fled to nearby oases. Once a beautiful, bustling hub, the city is now devoid of life save for chocobos turned feral and bandits in search of forgotten treasure.



The Ruins of Lesalia

At the behest of Jenomis cen Lexentale, principal of the Majestic Theater Company and pursuer of Ivalician legend, a party of adventurers embarked on an archaeological survey of Rabanastre. Descending deeper still than the Garamsythe Waterway, they found themselves in the ruins of an ancient city, which Jenomis believed to be Lesalia, the site of key events in Ivalician history. It is whispered that, while exploring the ruins, the adventurers also encountered twisted beings known as the Lucavi.



THE RIDORANA LIGHTHOUSE

The Defiant Tower

Far to the south of Rabanastre, in a remote corner of the Valnard Sea, there is an expanse of water that pours into a fathomless maw believed by some to lead to the underworld—the Ridorana Cataract. On a small island at the edge of these churning waters stands an enormous and ancient lighthouse, which once warned passing ships of the precipitous plunge. None know when or by whom it was built, but until thirty years ago it was occupied and operated by the Dalmascans. Under the rule of the Garleans, who had little interest in oversea transport, it was abandoned and left empty.

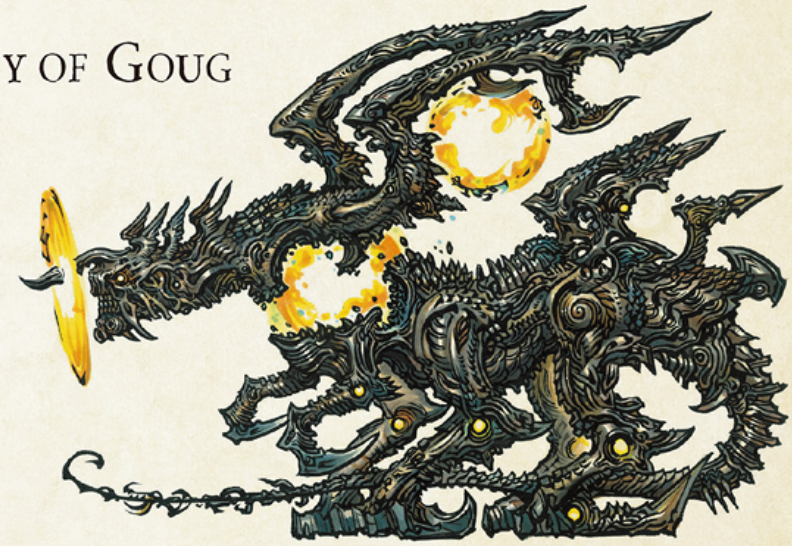
The structure features a vaulted interior filled with puzzling arrangements of gears and axles. Seawater is propelled up to the middle levels of the lighthouse by unknown means, and the force of the water's descent appears to be harnessed as a source of energy, but the workings of this mechanism are unclear.

The Clockwork City of Goug

The Lexentales theorized that the Ridorana Lighthouse was once the foundation of the Clockwork City of Goug, a towering metropolis described in Ivalician legend. Long ago, the city's middle levels were destroyed in an accident, and to this day the upper residential levels remain suspended in the skies.

The theory was proven when the band of adventurers investigating the structure succeeded in activating a mechanism that sent them to the skyborne remains of Goug. In constructing such a colossal tower, wind-aspected crystals appear to have been used in the upper levels to reduce structural burden. Thus did they levitate upon becoming unmoored, by the principle that allows masses of land to float.

Observed throughout the city in the clouds were arrays of vanes that harnessed the wind. This stood in contrast to the lower levels, which utilized water as a power source.



Yiazmat

A twisted being encountered in the Clockwork City. Its true identity is Ba'Gamnan, sky pirate and former captain of Dalmasca, who was corrupted by the power of the Duma, his hatred for the Empire making him susceptible to the auracite's whispers.

THE ORBONNE MONASTERY

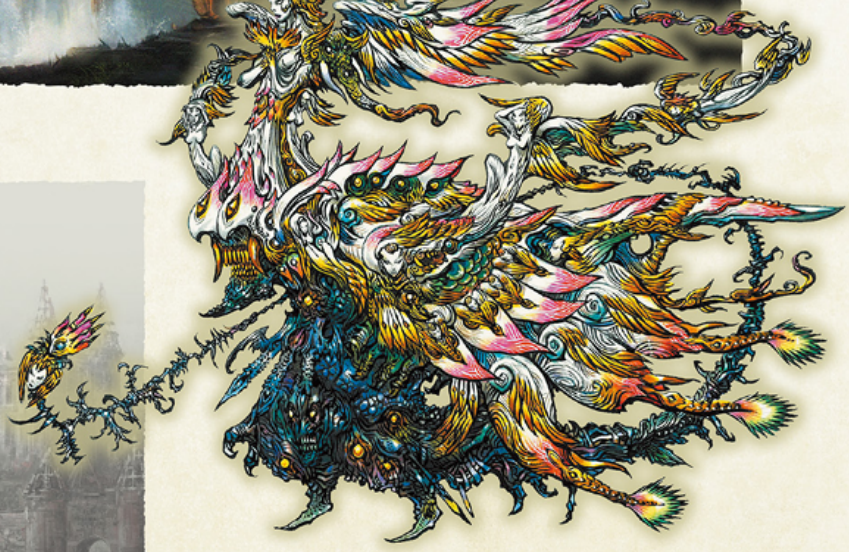
The Depraved and the Profane

In southwestern Dalmasca spreads the emerald canopy of the Golmore Jungle, the sacred home of the Viera. Deep within this lush wilderness lie the ruins of a grand monastery, which the Lexentales believe was where the journey of Ramza Beoulve, the hero described in the Durai Papers, both began and ended.

Legend holds that hidden in the monastery's innermost quarters is an arcane portal to the Necrohol of Mullonde. The city was the seat of the Holy Ydoran Empire, which held sway over all the lands of Ivalice centuries prior to King Delita's reign. As the empire grew older, however, so too did its ruling class grow more corrupt. Answering the cries of the suffering masses, a hero arose named Ajora, who claimed to be a son of the gods. After twenty years of struggle, he and his followers succeeded in overthrowing the empire, but at the denouement, Mullonde was laid to waste by the power of auracite. The destruction sent the city to the bottom of the sea, Ajora and all present along with it. The hero's allies who survived would later make a disturbing claim: In a bid for victory, Ajora performed a forbidden summoning, and the being called forth unleashed untold havoc upon the imperial capital.

In his latest play, *The Zodiac Brave Story*, Jenomis cen Lexentale depicts Ajora summoning no less an entity than Ultima, the High Seraph. Realizing that she could not be controlled, the Zodiac Braves seal Mullonde within a foreign dimension, and generations thence, Ramza Beoulve and his fellows defeat Ultima and restore peace to Ivalice. Jenomis himself admits, however, that the facts behind his fiction are less than definitive.

A backdrop from *The Zodiac Brave Story* depicting Mullonde. So detailed is the artwork, one cannot help but wonder whence the artist derived their inspiration.



Ultima, the High Seraph

So named for her ability to wield the ultimate form of destructive magick, the High Seraph was once nothing more than an embodiment of pure ruination. Yet over time, the terror in which people held her shifted to reverence, and by a process not unlike the prayer-fueled creation of a primal, this worship quickened within Ultima a sense of self-awareness.

THE BOZJAN SOUTHERN FRONT

A Scarred Land

Situated in the southeastern reaches of Ilsabard, the Bozja region is the traditional home of the Hrothgar. After their nation fell under Garlean rule, the capital, likewise named Bozja, was chosen to be the site of the Meteor project. Alas, in a terrible turn of events, the lesser moon Dalamud unleashed a massive blast of energy which vaporized the city and all of its inhabitants in an instant.

The Bozja incident, as it came to be known, radically altered the face of the land. The city center, where the transmission tower had stood, was reduced to a gaping crater all but devoid of wildlife—a place now called Firelight's Coffin. To the north, near the stronghold formerly known as Alermuc Fortress, some structures remain intact, but many more were crystallized in place even as the blast tore them down, resulting in bizarre vistas. Forevermore characterized by the scars of tragedy, this land would become the staging ground for the Bozjan Resistance's first great push for freedom.

Bozja as it was in bygone days. A locally sourced light-brown stone was favored in its construction, and traditional geometric patterns adorned the buildings.

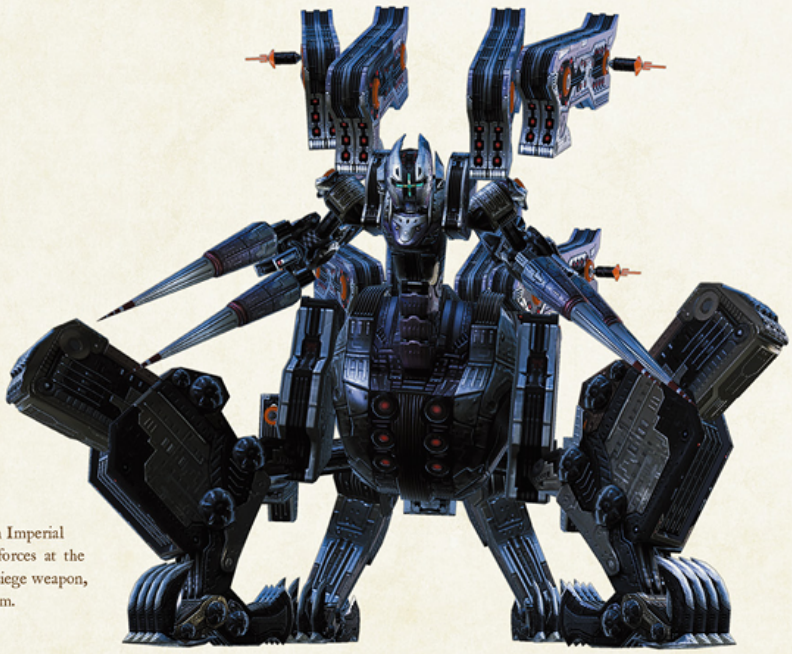
CASTRUM LACUS LITORE

The Eagle's Nest

This stronghold was used by the IVth Imperial Legion as the administrative center for the province of Bozja. Formerly known as Alermuc—meaning "eagle" in the Bozjan tongue—it was originally built to defend against the invading Garleans. Upon capturing it, then-legatus Basch van Gabranth saw little value in what he deemed a primitive fortress, and stripped it of armaments before leaving it largely unattended. This state of neglect continued after the Vth assumed control of Bozja, but when the Bozja incident wiped out the bulk of their forces, the IVth took up the reins once more with renewed interest.

By that time, Noah van Gabranth had taken over as legatus from his father, and he elected to turn the fortress into a seat of governance. Renaming it Castrum Lacus Litore, he made some few renovations such as installing airship mooring towers, weapons hangars, and maintenance facilities—limited improvements consistent with his view that Bozja, with its severely diminished population and impaired industries, was a lost cause. It is believed that Gabranth was prepared to abandon the region in order to realize his dream of founding a new nation—which he began pursuing in earnest when the war of succession erupted in Garlemald—or even use it as a bulwark in defense of Dalmasca, his true objective.

Whatever its purpose in this scheme may have been, aided by the Eastern alliance, the Bozjan Resistance succeeded in retaking the fortress in a counteroffensive dubbed Operation Eagle's Nest, thus securing a vital foothold.



Brionac

A gargantuan magitek armor belonging to the IVth Imperial Legion. Although deployed to repel Resistance forces at the entrance to Castrum Lacus Litore, it is actually a siege weapon, designed to tear down gates rather than defend them.

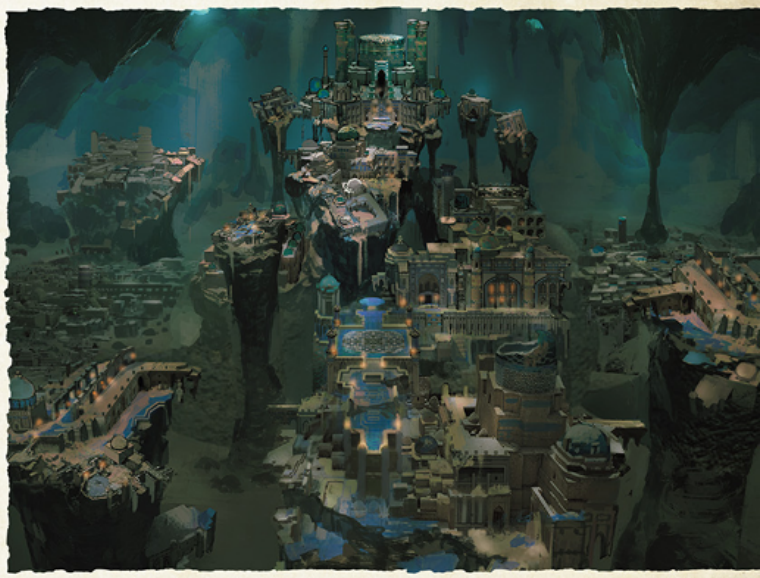
Lacus Litore means "lakeside" in the Garlean tongue—a reference to the fortress's location abutting Igalj Kelo, the largest salt lake in the Bozja region.

DELUBRUM REGINAE

Fit for a Queen

Sprawling beneath the Bozjan capital, these ancient ruins once served as naught less than a royal palace, harboring in their innermost quarters a potent crystal. Forgotten for generations, the crumbling edifices would play host to the fierce pursuit of IVth Imperial Legion covert operative Misija Votyasch by determined Resistance fighters.

The scale and intensity of Resistance efforts were warranted, for Misija was no ordinary spy. She had in her possession the stolen blade known as Save the Queen, an Allagan trigger weapon that allowed her to channel the power of a primal at will. Invoking the spirit of the ancient queen Nevembya Votyasch and making tempered slaves of the recently reformed Gunnhildr's Blades, Misija entrenched herself within the ruins, there to harness the crystal's aether and ascend to godhood. It was only by fighting their way through no small number of their former comrades that the Resistance—with help from stalwart adventuring comrades—were able to vanquish the primal that Misija had become.



A mosaic that appears to depict the primal manifestation of Nevembya Votyasch. It bears a striking resemblance to the entity called forth by Misija.

Gunnhildr's Blades

Repeated exposure to a primal's aether corrupted both the bodies and minds of Gunnhildr's Blades. Some of the grotesque forms that were witnessed suggest that multiple individuals had fused into one.

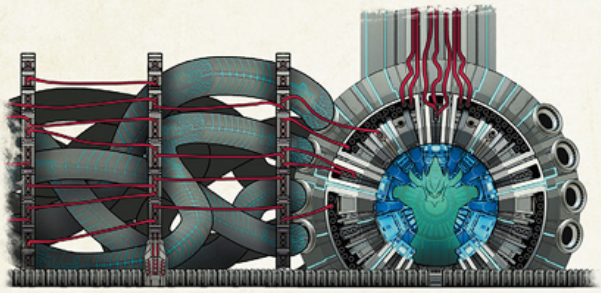
ZADNOR

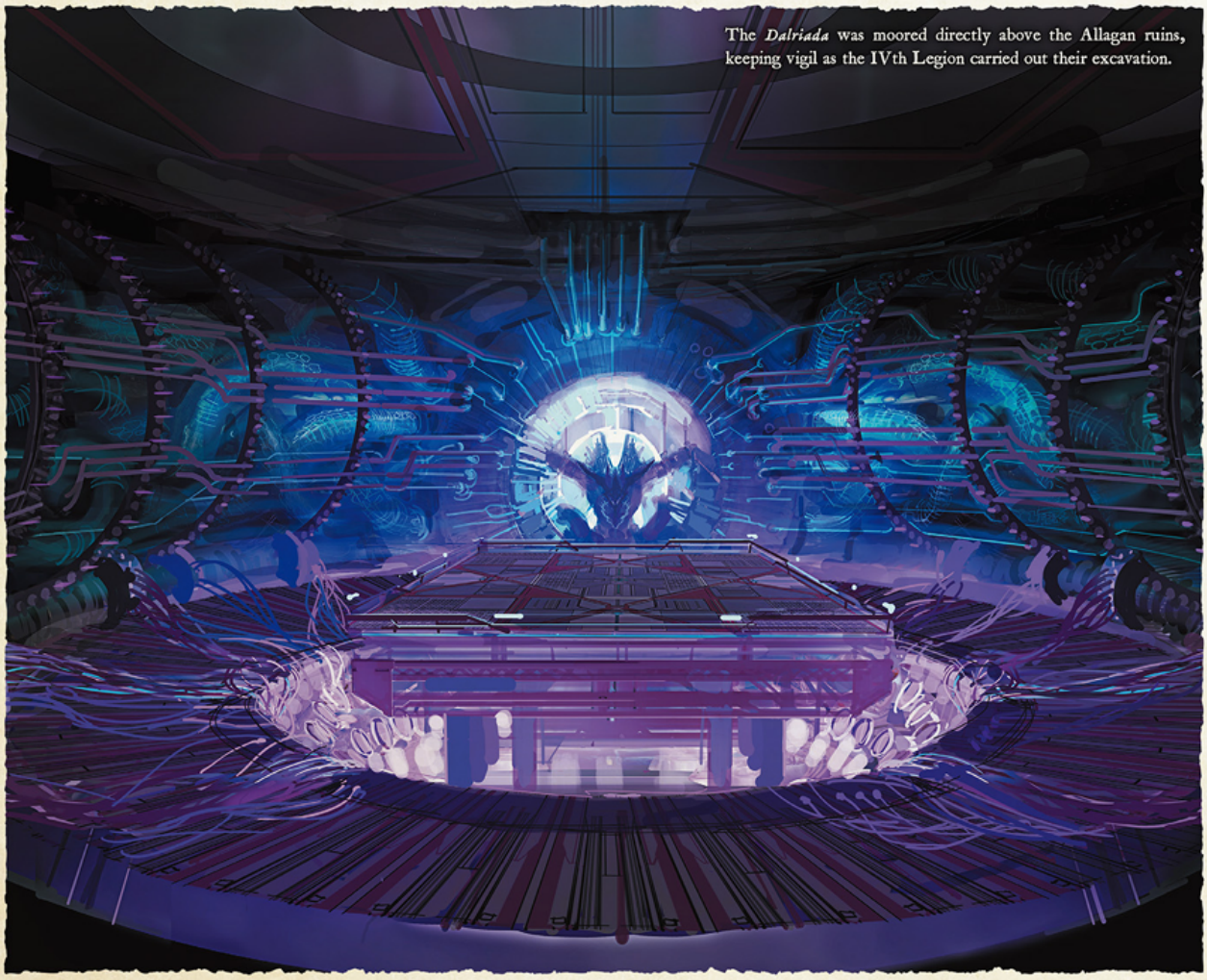
The IVth Legion's Final Stand

Upon abandoning Castrum Lacus Litore, the IVth Imperial Legion regrouped in Bozja's northeast. In this region of barren plateaus known as Zadnor, they would make their final stand against the Resistance.

The IVth's choice of such a remote location was motivated by one thing: the presence of mighty Allagan armaments. Known for zealously weaponizing ancient relics, the legion had previously sent survey teams to explore the area. While Misija's mission to acquire Save the Queen was a part of that initiative, the armaments were the main objective for Tribunus Menenius sas Lanatus, who gathered a fleet crowned by the flagship *Dalriada* in the skies above and proceeded to build fortifications while carrying out excavations.

Bolstered by reinforcements from the Eastern alliance, the Bozjan Resistance began advancing upon the imperial position, fighting hard for every yalm gained. The battle came to a head when the Resistance mounted an assault on the Dalriada in a bid to destroy the relic. In the course of the mission, the recently unearthed Diablo Armament raged out of control, and it was only stopped when the primal Queen Gunnhildr unexpectedly appeared and destroyed it in one fell swoop. Whether by the will of Misija or Gunnhildr herself, it was the queen who struck the final blow that won her people's freedom.





The *Dalriada* was moored directly above the Allagan ruins, keeping vigil as the IVth Legion carried out their excavation.

Saunion

Deployed by the IVth Legion, this advanced bipedal armor is an evolution of the colossus. In addition to a traditional ceruleum engine, it is equipped with a unique crystal reactor allowing it to emit aetheric waves that fortify war beasts. Such technology is not like to be developed in the Garlean motherland, where aetherology and sorcery are held in low esteem, and is thus a clear-cut example of the IVth's dedication to independent research and innovation.

The Diablo Armament

A relic of ancient Allag unearthed in Zadnor. In addition to developing counter-primal weapons, which fed upon the essence of their targets, the Allagans also explored ways to exploit voidsent. This endeavor bore fruit in the form of the armaments, which combined chimerical techniques for creating suitable vessels with dragon-restraint technology to maintain reliable control.

It is believed that the Diablo Armament is the vessel of a Diablo-class voidsent from the army that the Cloud of Darkness bestowed upon Emperor Xande. With the might of a voidsent of the second rung, this unit could potentially lay an entire city to waste. Evidence suggests it was in the final stages of testing ahead of deployment against the fledging nation of Bozja when the arrival of the Fourth Umbral Calamity saw it buried deep underground.

THE BURN

A White-scorched Waste

This vast wasteland stretches across the western edge of Othard. An extreme lack of elemental energy has left the region bleached of color, but even in an unforgiving environment such as this, life has endured. In a fierce struggle for what little aether yet remains, the Burn's beastly denizens have grown uncommonly savage.

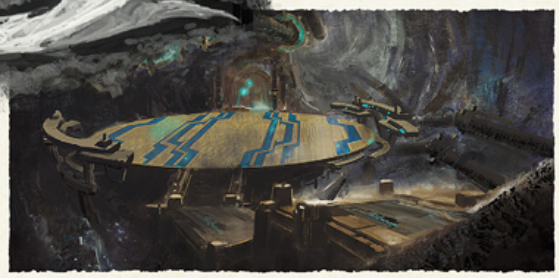
Once a verdant region teeming with flora and fauna, it was long held that repeated summonings were to blame for its present state; indeed, every child of Garlemald is taught that, upon witnessing the desolation, Emperor Solus was moved to declare the eikons a threat to the star's existence. However, a new theory has emerged in the wake of the revelation that Azys Lla was likely made from land taken from the Burn. Citing their identical aetheric signatures, the theory claims that the Allagans separated the floating continent from its surroundings by stemming the flow of aether to the region, thus causing it to become barren. In light of the fact that Solus himself was an Ascian, whose kind had a hand in the rise of the Allagan Empire, it is not so far-fetched to say that the eikon tale was fabricated to mislead the masses.

Hedetet

This enormous scorpion hordes aether as crystals on its body, allowing it to survive in the harsh environs of the Burn. The IVth Imperial Legion once captured and trained creatures of this species as war beasts.

Mist Dragon

Captured by the Allagan Empire and altered by aetherochemistry, this ghostly dragon was consigned to living out its unnatural life in the vast wastes of the Burn. The glimmer of intelligence faded from its eyes, the creature is driven purely by instinct, and brings its mastery over mist to bear against all who dare to set foot in its domain.



Ancient Allagan ruins were found beneath the Burn, their presence supporting the Azys Lla theory. The cavernous opening in the wall is believed to have been made by a gargantuan worm.

THE GHIMLYT DARK

Where Dark Clouds Ever Loom

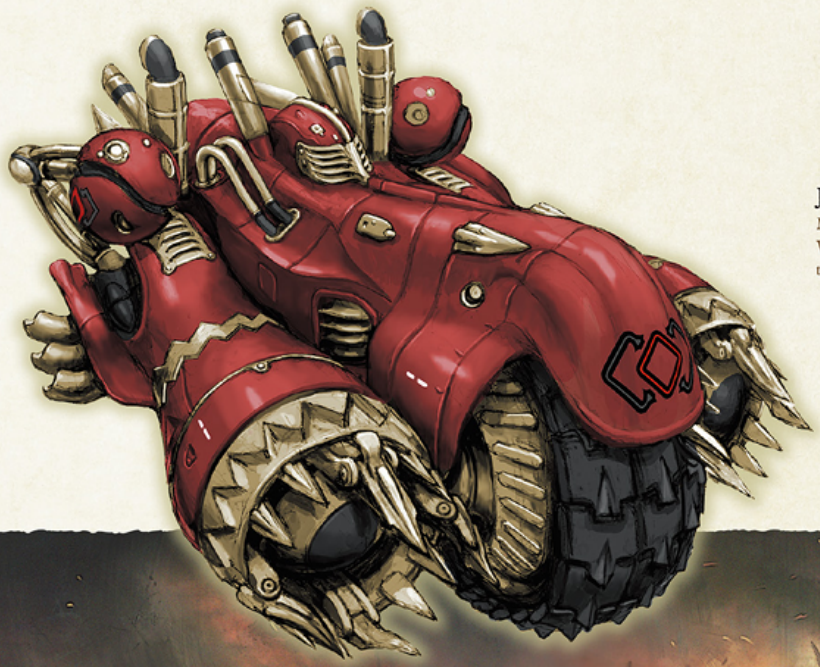
The Ghimlyt Dark is the region that connects the continents of Aldenard and Ilsabard. A confluence of harsh terrain and aetheroclimatic conditions shroud the land in perpetual darkness, deterring settlers since ancient times, and few aside from trade caravans and the bandits that target them willingly travel through.

To preserve order in the area, the Ala Mhigans had long maintained a military presence, and when the Garlean Empire was poised to invade Eorzea, they shored up their defenses in preparation. Alas, trenches and redoubts were ineffective against airships. Already weakened by civil war, Ala Mhigo soon fell, and a pall of silence descended over Ghimlyt.

Following the city-state's liberation, Ghimlyt once again came to separate the Empire and Eorzea. When Emperor Varis elected to resume the invasion, it was here that his forces met the Eorzean Alliance in a bloody clash that resulted in untold casualties.

Julia quo Soranus/Annia quo Soranus

Members of the Emperor's personal guard, this pair have loyally served Varis since he was high legatus and enjoy his complete confidence. Being twins who grew up and trained together, they fight with deadly synergy.



Prometheus

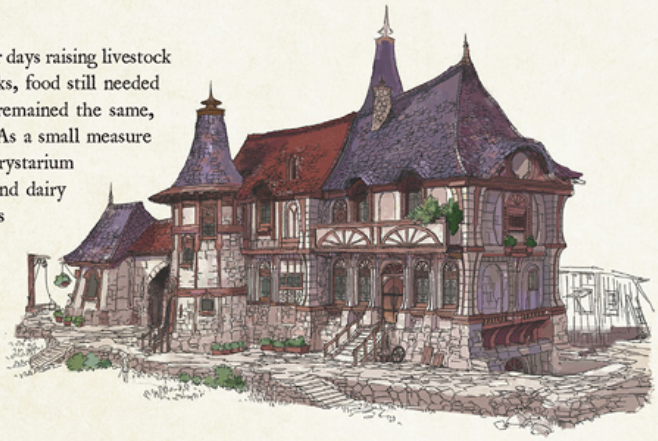
A magitek weapon developed by the Garlean military, Prometheus was originally designed for breaking down fortifications as a siege engine. Its excavation capabilities, however, saw the warmachina employed in the Ghimlyt Dark for digging trenches and blunting the advance of enemy troops.

HOLMINSTER SWITCH

A Hamlet Devoured

In this idyllic settlement in the northern reaches of Lakeland, folk spent their days raising livestock and tending crops. Despite the ever-present threat of stray sin eater attacks, food still needed to be grown, and rather than risk unknown pastures where the dangers remained the same, the villagers had decided to continue tilling the lands of their forefathers. As a small measure of defense, however, Holminster Switch made an agreement with the Crystarium wherein the city would send out regular patrols in exchange for grains and dairy products. For a time, the settlement lived peacefully, albeit wary of the perils lurking beyond its walls.

Sadly, this all changed when an eater swarm led by the Lightwarden Philia set upon Holminster Switch. The Crystarium immediately dispatched a contingent of troops, which was joined by the Warrior of Darkness and the Crystal Exarch himself, yet they were unable to save all the hamlet's inhabitants. They did, however, succeed in vanquishing Lakeland's fiendish Lightwarden, thus bringing nightfall to the area for the first time in countless years.



Tesleen, the Forgiven

Tesleen was a kind-hearted woman who tended to those afflicted by the sin eaters' corruption at the Inn at Journey's Head. In an attempt to defend a sickly boy named Halric, she took up arms against the monsters, but she ultimately proved no match for their fury, succumbing to the selfsame scourge she worked so tirelessly to treat.

Philia

The Lightwarden of Lakeland. The manacles which encircled its four limbs were whispered to be remnants of its mortal life as an elf imprisoned within the Hour of Certain Durance. Meaning "brotherly love," Philia was the name bitterly bestowed upon the eater after it descended upon its home village and devoured its former neighbors.

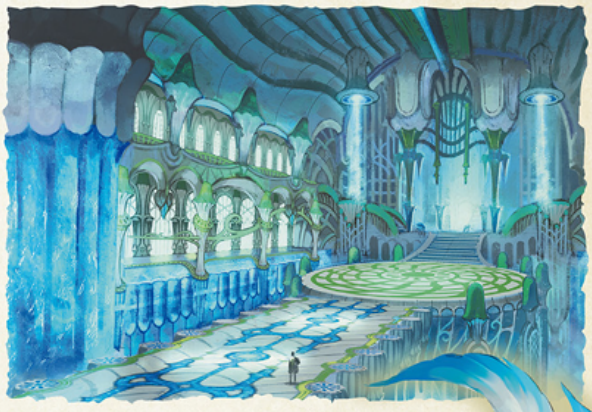
DOHN MHEG

Garden of Illusions

As its fae name implies, this forbidden garden of the Fuath is particularly feared by the pixies of Il Mheg.

With nightfall having returned to Lakeland, the adventurer known as the Warrior of Darkness traveled to Il Mheg with their allies in hopes of escaping the Eulmoran Army. Upon learning that the area's Lightwarden lurked within Lyhe Ghiah, they set off on a quest to obtain the four fae relics required to gain entry to the castle. It is to this end that the Warrior of Darkness visited Dohn Mheg, braving its many traps to obtain the shell crown housed within.

Dohn Mheg's interior is said to be teeming with Fuath illusions, including legends from the fallen kingdom of Voeburt come to life. Whether the forms they take are contrivances of imaginative illusionists or based in historical truth, however, remains a matter of conjecture.



Griaule

A beast brought to life by the Fuath, inspired by Voeburtite legend. Its mythical namesake possessed a draconic body that grew to eclipse mountains, and while this creation was formidable indeed, it ultimately failed to measure up to the grandeur of its legends.

Aenc Thon

The leader of the Fuath, capable of altering their form with a shift in the tenor of their voice or the strum of their lyre. Whilst prone to mischievousness, Aenc Thon is fiercely loyal to the faerie king, and leapt to Norvrandt's defense when it was under threat from a cadre of spectral heroes summoned forth from other worlds.

THE QITANA RAVEL

Unearthing the Secrets of the Past

Though this ancient Ronkan structure venerates the four chief deities of the empire's religion, it was originally constructed to preserve the pre-Ronkan murals deep within. Its name speaks to these artifacts' original stewards, the Qitari, and their tendency to preserve both the historical and mythological through peculiar and winding yarns.

When the Qitari vanished in the wake of the Flood, stewardship passed to the Viis in their capacity as guardians of Ronka. Having earned these protectors' trust, the Warrior of Darkness was allowed into the Ravel in search of the Rak'tika Greatwood's Lightwarden, Eros. They slew beasts lurking in the ruins and the lord among eaters both, returning night to the region and allowing the Qitari—long sequestered near Rak'tika Falls—to make their way southward.

Lozatl

The fearsome guardian of the Qitana Ravel, thought to be an early form of Talos carved from rock. It shares its name with a giant controlled by the Ronkan emperor which, according to the Viis, defeated the Great Serpent of Ronka and sealed it away in Fruit of the Protector.

Eros

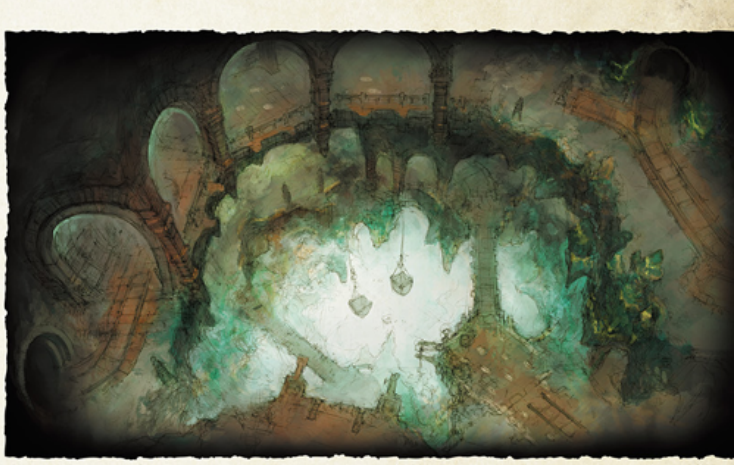
The Lightwarden of the Rak'tika Greatwood. A chimeric monstrosity, Eros was thought to be the amalgamation of several unfortunate creatures that were caught up and fused together by the Flood of Light. The meaning of its name—"romantic love"—is a mocking play upon the intimate and uncontrolled embrace which resulted in its present appearance.

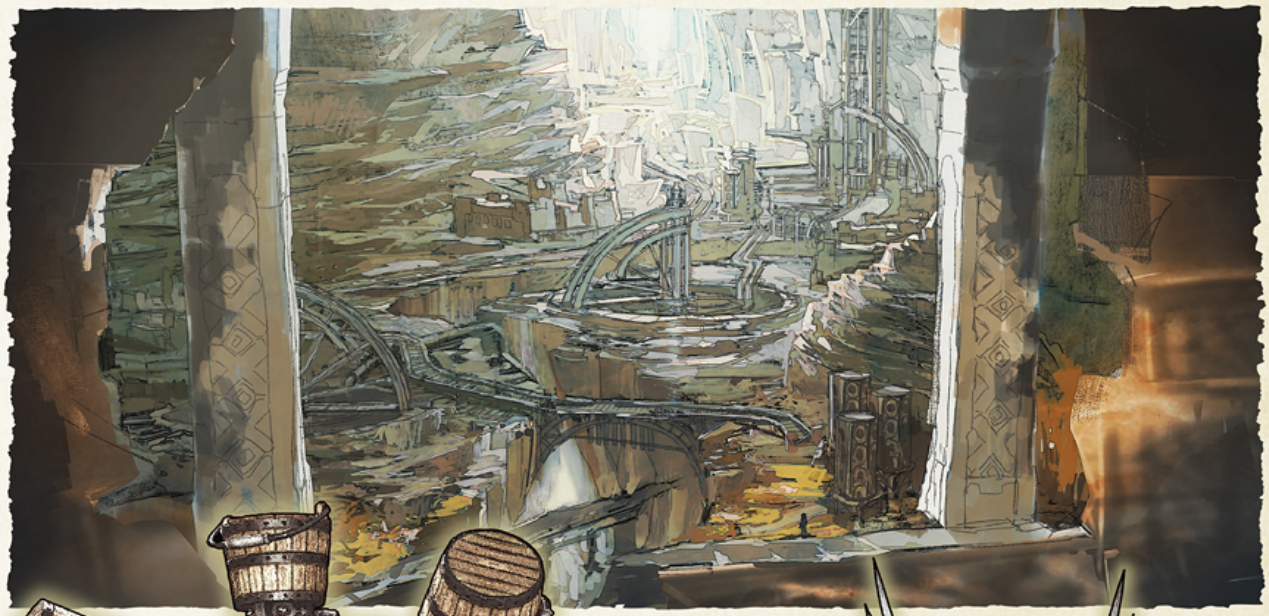
MALIKAH'S WELL

The Lightwarden in the Depths

Mourning the loss of her beloved, the queen of Nabaath Areng commanded a great well be built in his memory, its waters offering the royal family respite from the sweltering heat. In later years it was opened to the smallfolk, with many flocking there in search of cooler temperatures. Keen to exploit this opportunity, traders hawking their wares soon followed, and the spot transformed into a popular destination for recreation and refreshment.

Alas, one would struggle to imagine any of this by the well's current state. A century after the Flood, Malikah's Well has fallen into disuse, its once-sheltering depths filled with mad Talos, fearsome creatures, and—as the Warrior of Darkness would discover—a nest of sin eaters, the Lightwarden Storge chief among them. The monstrosity was slain after a hard-fought battle, and night returned once again to Amh Araeng.





Amphibious Talos

A Talos equipped with buckets. Once upon a time, it was responsible for transporting water around the well, though was also more than capable of using its liquid stores to fend off incursions.

Storge

The Lightwarden of Amh Araeng. Believed to have arisen from the corrupted essence of a sprite or faerie, the entity named for familial love made its lair in Malikah's Well. Legends tell that Storge feasted upon the memories infused within its domain—upon a queen's adulation for her departed king.

MT. GULG

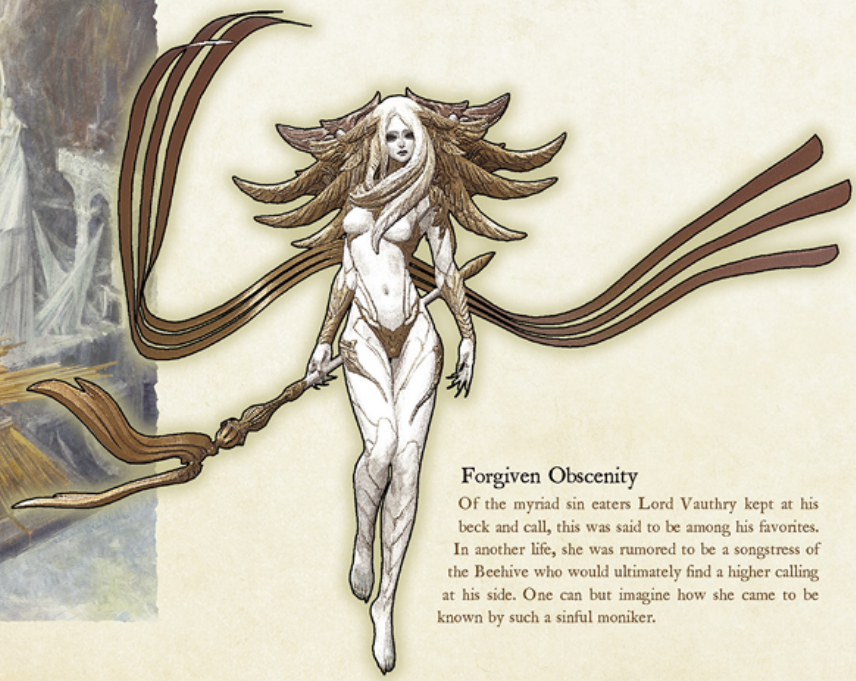
Lord Vauthry's Paradise

Once the highest peak in Kholusia, the summit of Mt. Gulg was wrested from its base by Vauthry after he was toppled from his seat of power. With the fiery summit hanging in the firmament, the final Lightwarden was beyond his enemies' reach. However, with the aid of the myriad peoples of Norvrandt, the Warrior of Darkness and their companions succeeded in building a gigantic Talos that rose to take the volcano in its grasp. Using the golem's rocky body as a bridge, they made the arduous ascent to their quarry's newly built paradise, where they would put an end to the tyranny of Light.

It became apparent that Vauthry was in the process of harnessing magicks to reshape the mountain's bedrock and craft a deceptively beautiful structure—marble halls that closer inspection revealed as false monuments to virtue. In the end, the man who sought to claim the title of Innocence was slain by the Warrior of Darkness, thwarting his plot to reign over Norvrandt as its god.

Forgiven Whimsy

A sin eater composed of an arrangement of cubes. It is believed to be formed of many beings that were once part of a pack, their actions so coordinated as to give the impression of a single entity. The name given to this horror is based upon the seemingly whimsical choreography of its movements.



Forgiven Obscenity

Of the myriad sin eaters Lord Vauthry kept at his beck and call, this was said to be among his favorites. In another life, she was rumored to be a songstress of the Beehive who would ultimately find a higher calling at his side. One can but imagine how she came to be known by such a sinful moniker.

AMAUROT

A Star Unmade

According to a report from the Scions, Emet-Selch had used his magicks to manifest his own version of Amaurot, capital of the world unsundered, on the ocean floor of the First. Through their battles with the myriad beasts in the Ascian's re-created calamity, the Warrior of Darkness and their comrades came to learn exactly how this past paradise met its end.

As Emet-Selch explained, the laws of the star began to unravel, leading to the destabilization of creation magicks. These events inspired such fear in the hearts of all living things that new and terrible beasts were born—much like how fervent belief may give rise to a primal. It was these creatures that summoned fire to rain from the heavens, rent the lands, and made rivers run with blood. As the sun scorched the earth and boiled the seas, the great civilization of the ancients fell to ruin.

Whilst Emet-Selch's motive for revealing this history remains unclear, it cannot be overstated how vital this knowledge was in preventing our own Final Days from playing out to their completion.

The First Beast

The first creature to be born from the despair wrought by the Final Days, this horrifying entity elicited fear and disgust in the hearts of all those who bore witness to it. According to Emet-Selch, the monstrosity brought down a rain of fire as if to erase the blight of life from the star.

Therion

The last harbinger, arisen from the very depths of despair. Even the ancients with their unrivaled command of magicks could but flee in the face of this terror, whose many mouths uttered only ruin. It was the appearance of Therion that made it abundantly clear that without decisive sacrifice, the star would be lost.

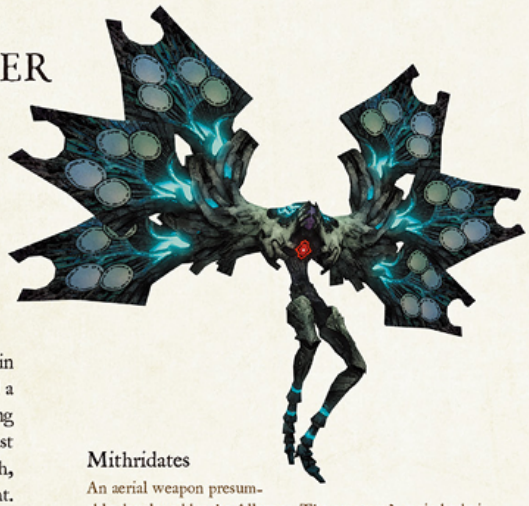
THE TWINNING

Descent into the Crystal Tower

Since its sudden appearance in Norvrandt, the Crystal Tower has been a source of great mystery. It is said that its deepest layer was once occupied by a research facility designed for the creation of the lunar satellite, Dalamud, but it has since been repurposed with the installation of mechanisms meant to enable the traversal of time and space.

The rhyme and reason for these modifications is difficult for a layman to fathom. According to the Scions, in a future not our own, Eorzea suffered an Eighth Umbral Calamity. In a desperate attempt to undo this doom, those engineers who continued Garlond Ironworks' legacy sought to create an entirely new timeline. Inspired by the theories of Cid Garlond and Nero Scaeva, they continued their research for two centuries before gaining access to Syrcus Tower. Once inside, they encountered the legendary G'raha Tia, who agreed to aid them in their endeavor in the tower's depths. Though it took many experiments, they at last identified a precise event that connected to the inevitable coming of the Eighth Umbral Calamity, planting a beacon in the time that preceded it. They then sent the Crystal Tower itself into the past and across the rift to the First. These efforts, both inscrutable and unbelievable at first blush, ultimately saved the Source from destruction and freed its reflection from the scourge of Light.

Once the threat of the Lightwardens had gone, however, an aetherial disturbance was detected from the tower's depths. The Warrior of Darkness and their comrades were tasked with clearing a path for a group of researchers and investigating the cause of the anomaly. They would eventually discover—and destroy—a powerful machina known as the Tycoon.



Mithridates

An aerial weapon presumably developed by the Allagans. The creature's main body is organic in appearance, possibly created using chimeric technology or a summoned voidsent. Its mechanically augmented wings, meanwhile, are capable of emitting devastating jolts of lightning-aspected energy.

The Tycoon

This machina—remarkable for its capacity to enable time travel—bears a marked resemblance to Alexander's core. Given that Cid himself was heavily involved in thwarting the Illuminati's Alexander Initiative, the engineers of Garlond Ironworks doubtless made use of his records when crafting the Tycoon.

The interior, crowded with equipment presumably installed by Garlond Ironworks employees in an alternate future.

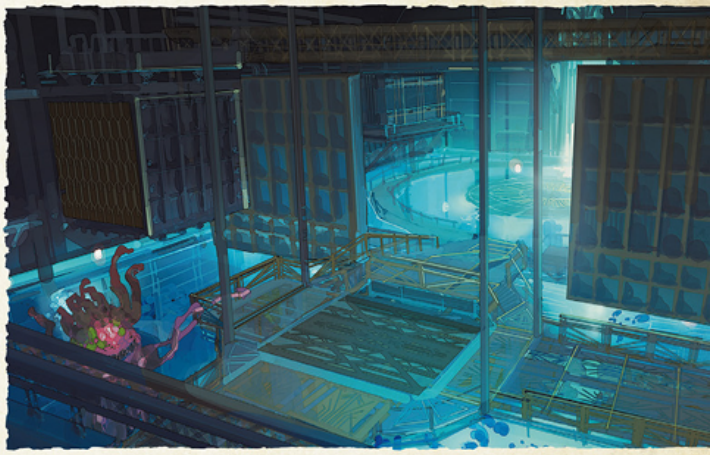
AKADAEMIA ANYDER

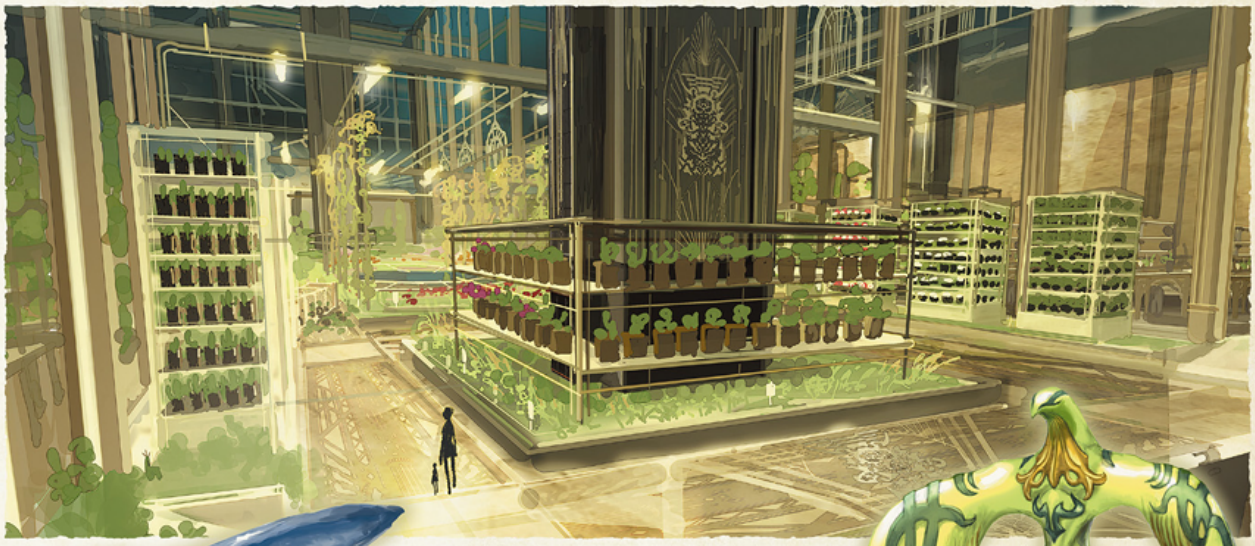
A Font of Creation

Founded by the ancients to perfect their mastery of creation magicks, this institution's research and experiments brought into existence myriad forms of fantastical life. The Akadaemia Anyder fell under the jurisdiction of the Convocation and was made up of several faculties overseen by its members. These included the Words of Loghrif, specializing in terrestrial life and husbandry; the Words of Mitron, specializing in aquatic life; the Words of Halmarut, specializing in flora and fungi; and the Words of Lahabrea, specializing in creation magicks and phantomology.

When the Final Days began to manifest, the Akadaemia sent a party across the seas and captured a beast to examine in more detail. After studying this specimen, Archaeotania, they began formulating a plan of action. However, the creature escaped and destroyed part of the institution, letting loose several other creations in the process.

When Emet-Selch re-created Amaurot in the depths of the Tempest, he replicated the Akadaemia Anyder and the chaotic scene of the creatures' escape in extraordinary—and, allegedly, terrifying—detail.





Cladoselache

Sharks were popular subjects of experimentation at the time of this concept's creation, leading to the creation of flying sharks, highly intelligent sharks, and multiheaded sharks—to name only a few examples. Cladoselache, with its added limbs, may have appeared at a point when the well of inspiration for shark-related concepts was running dry.

Quetzalcoatl

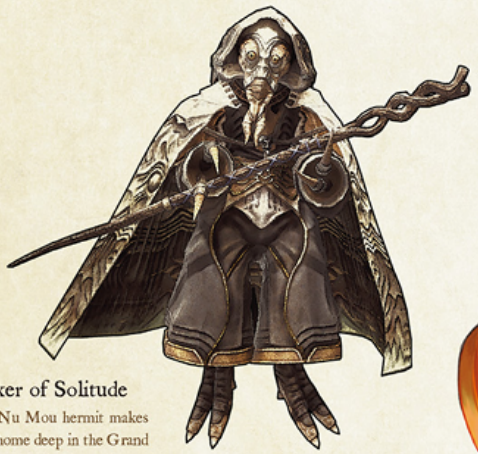
Created by the Words of Lahabrea as a means to combat the looming threat of the beasts. A powerful concept on par with a primal, it required the summoner to channel the aether that comprised their very soul in order to be manifested. It should be noted that this principle formed the basis of the ritual used to call forth Zodiark Himself.

THE GRAND COSMOS

Wreathed in Flowers

Long ago, on the far shore of the Source, a great palace was built by the elves—the Grand Cosmos, an edifice of such magnitude it was said to inspire envy in both the heavens for which it was named and the flowers that pervade its boundless gardens. As with so many wonders of the world that once was, its radiance quickly faded in the wake of the Flood, its halls falling silent, the throne sitting empty. That is, until the palace was claimed by a solitary mage known as Beq Lugg, their only company being the legion of familiars barring entrance to any foolish enough to seek an audience.

Famed for their dislike of mankind, the reclusive hermit rebuffed even the Crystal Exarch's attempt at contact, sending a servant to scare off the Crystarium's leader. Yet the Warrior of Darkness was not to be turned away. Determined to consult Beq Lugg's expertise in matters of the soul, they steeled themselves for conflict, and marched straight in through the palace's front gate. Reports on the foray speak of encounters with diverse hostile familiars ranging from the common, such as possessed cleaning tools and weapons, to monstrous vegetation and even a phantom of Lord Tolthewil, the founder of Lakeland.

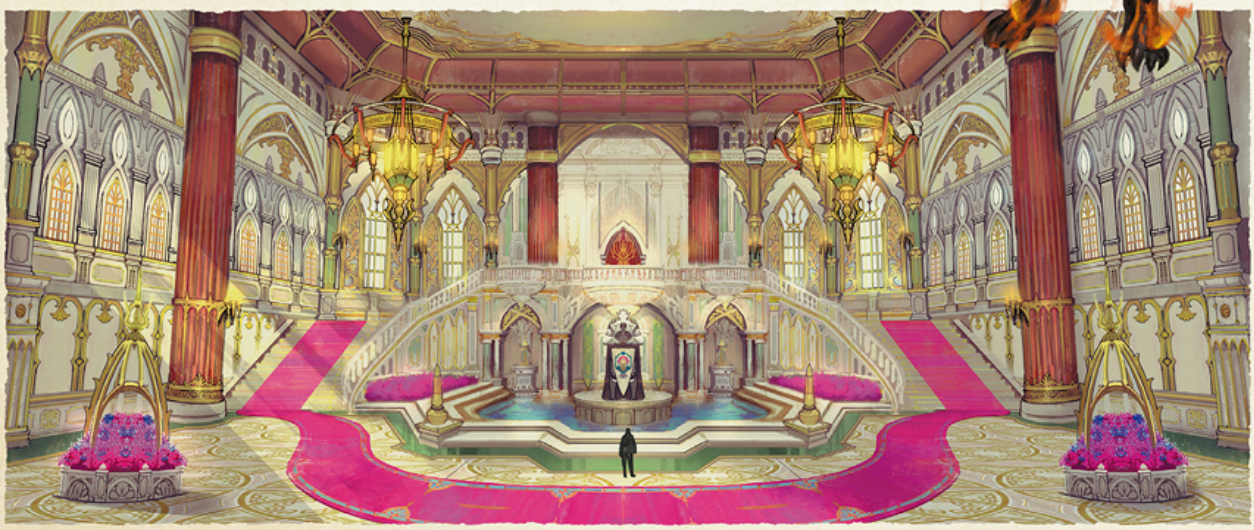


Seeker of Solitude

This Nu Mou hermit makes their home deep in the Grand Cosmos. Their frightening garb is simply an affectation meant to ward off unwanted visitors—their true appearance is unassuming and even charming. As their research focuses primarily on the power of souls, they have given life to many an arcane entity.

Lugus

A familiar of flame birthed by the recluse mage Beq Lugg, whose original intent was to more efficiently create porxies. An experiment gone awry, however, resulted in the flames of a fae lantern gaining sentience. Realizing that such a creature would be far better suited to protecting their domain, further research was conducted, leading to the creation of Lugus.



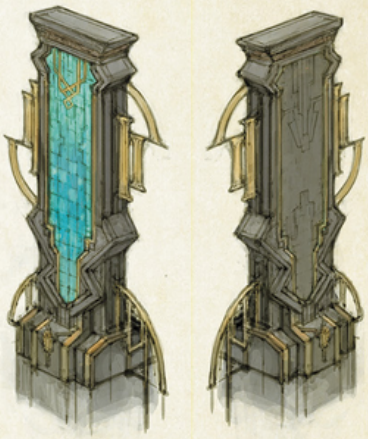
ANAMNESIS ANYDER

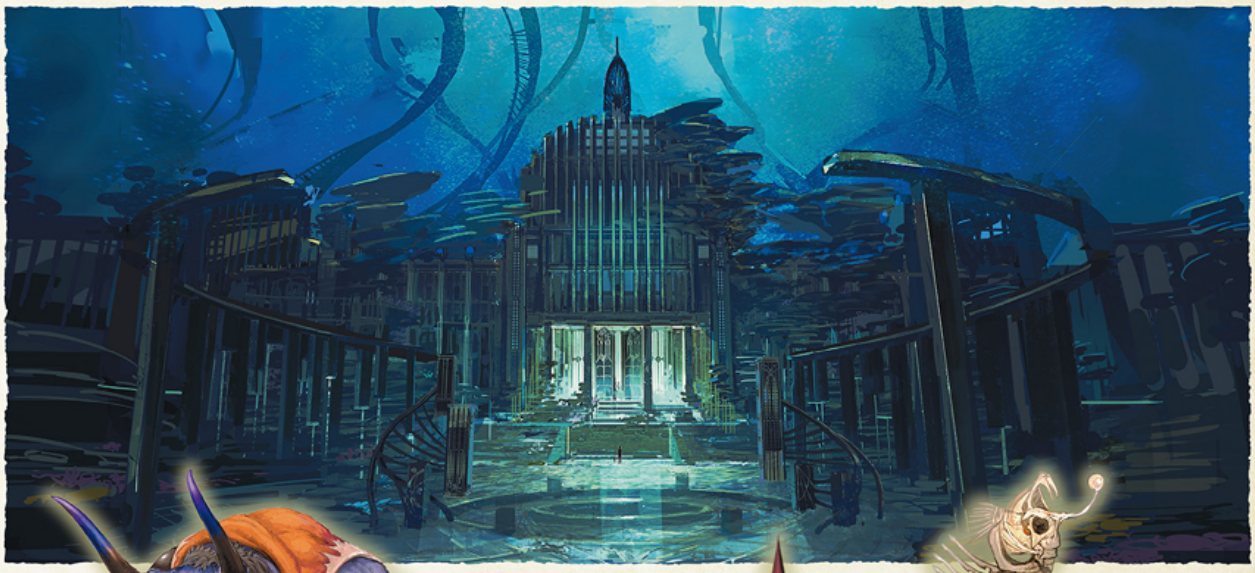
Sunken Truths

Deep in the Tempest lies what remains of Anamnesis Anyder's ancient edifices. Unlike the phantom Amaurot of Emet-Selch's design, however, this structure is no re-creation—unchanged and unyielding, it has endured the passage of time for more than twelve thousand years.

Long ago, it served as a vault to store records of the ancients' creations, as well as other truths uncovered through research and discussion. As a result, it fair overflows with storage crystals and documentation. With the aid of the elder fae Bismarck, the Warrior of Darkness and their allies set sights upon these extensive archives in the hopes of learning more about the ancients.

Unfortunately, the ruins were occupied by the benthos, a particularly violent tribe of Ondo. They treated the party to a rude welcome, imbuing a number of concept crystals with aether to manifest age-old creations, which they duly brought into battle. Were we able to freely explore Anamnesis Anyder and its secrets, we would doubtless make discoveries that would greatly advance our understanding of how present-day life came to be.





Kyklops

After studying bouts between his creations and familiars, an ancient by the name of Meletos became set on crafting an even more formidable being. The result: the kyklops, a monstrosity boasting fearsome horns, bulging muscles, and an eye imbued with powerful magicks.

Rukshs Dheem

Queen of the benthos tribe of Ondo. Like the Sahagin of the Source, Ondo tribes are ruled by queens who spawn the eggs of their people. While such matriarchs are rarely seen, Rukshs Dheem's great hatred for finless species compelled her to attempt to repel the Warrior of Darkness.

THE HEROES' GAUNTLET

An Epic Journey

With the defeat of Emet-Selch, the Rejoining of the First appeared to have been thwarted. However, he was not the last of the scheming unsundered; Elidibus had set his own plans in motion, exploiting the people's faith in heroes to heighten a longing for salvation. Over the skies of Norvrandt, he manifested an illusory starshower, and the ancestral memories of the Final Days stirred within all who gazed upon the spectacle. This in turn gave rise to an even greater swell of hope that the First be rescued from its plight. Twisting these heroic desires to his own ends, Elidibus performed a summoning ritual he had taken from the Crystal Exarch, calling forth a succession of champions from worlds beyond to assault the Warrior of Darkness and their fellows.

The Warrior of Darkness knew that the Crystal Exarch would not have given up such knowledge willingly, and after fleeing Eulmore, made haste to the Crystal Tower. However, their airship was shot down not soon after their departure, and they were forced to take an overland route from Amh Araeng to Lakeland. Although the journey was arduous, they were bolstered by allies who, one after another, came forth to lend their aid and see the Warrior of Darkness safely to the end of their path. This path lead to the Crystal Tower's apex, where they came face-to-face with Elidibus in the form of a Warrior of Light.

Spectral Necromancer

The phantasmic form of a young woman gifted in the art of raising the dead. While the identity of she who inspired this illusion is unclear, her words conveyed a strong desire to redeem herself for past failures. Some have speculated that she may have been a Warrior of Light from another world.

Spectral Berserker

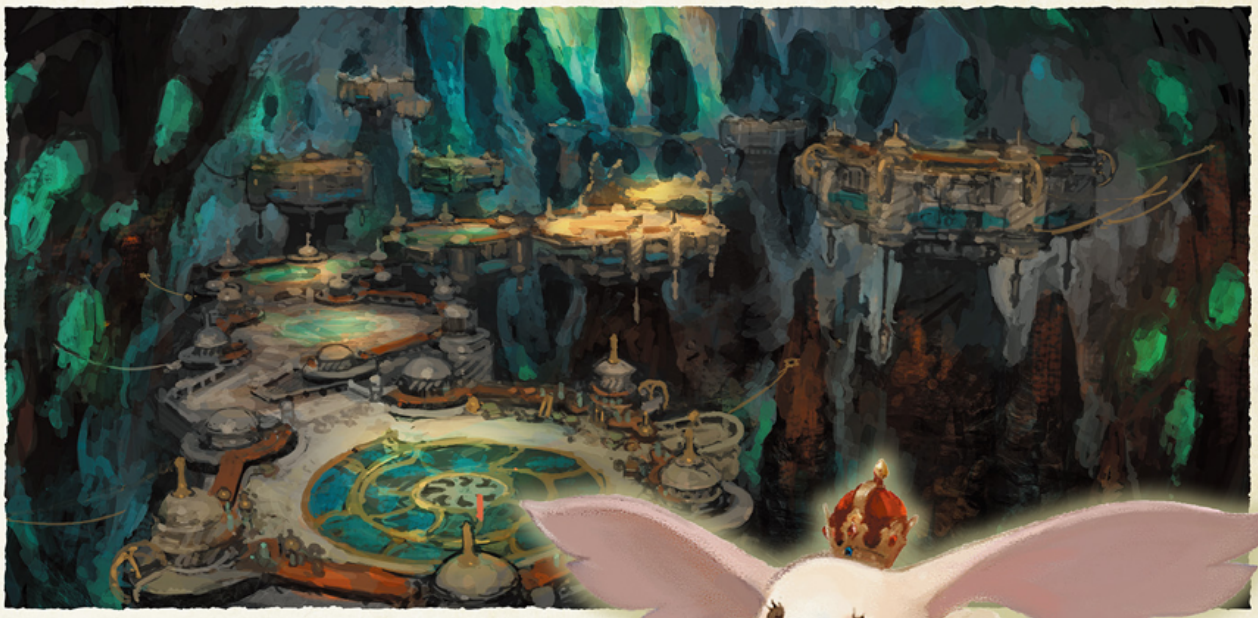
Among the mightiest of the heroes summoned from beyond, this Warrior of Light wielded his greatsword with such force that his strikes could sunder the earth. Though his name is unknown, his unrestrained fighting style and utter lack of fear makes the appellation "berserker" apt.

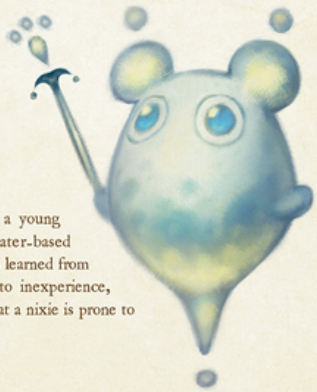
MATOYA'S RELICT

Where Magic Grows Wild

The Makers' Quarter was once home to some of the finest crafters Eorzea had ever seen, but has lain in forgotten ruin since the Sharlayan exodus. It is there, hidden amidst overgrown foliage, that the entrance to the former workshop of the Archon Matoya can be found. Its central chamber is adorned with shelves of books from floor to ceiling, and in the room's center lies a teleportation device. From there one can be spirited away to caves replete with malleable clay, an underground river fed by the Thaliak, and a chamber overflowing with magma made brilliant by melted crystal veins.

After years of neglect, the workshop had become the den of wild beasts and familiars without purpose, yet the knowledge contained within remained untouched. In time, the Scions would seek out these secrets in the hopes of synthesizing a powerful familiar, one that could produce litters of offspring imbued with the cure for tempering. Following Archon Matoya's precise instructions, they eventually recovered the required materials to bake the imperious mother porxie.





Nixie

In pursuit of a playmate, a young Y'shtola created this water-based familiar by applying lessons learned from her mentor. Perhaps due to inexperience, however, her first attempt at a nixie is prone to trickery and mischief.

Mother Porxie

Baked in the heart of Matoya's Relict, this entity is able to produce entire litters of porxie offspring—a "mother" familiar mass-producing familiars for the purpose of treating the tempered. Matoya herself sculpted the mold out of clay, adding regal garments and a crown in a moment of unapologetic whimsy.

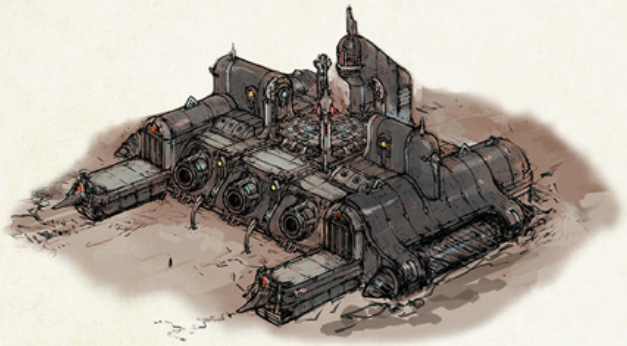
PAGLTH'AN

Golden Fields Stained Crimson

A vast grassland lying adjacent to Thanalan, the sweeping plains of Paglth'an have long been home to the nomadic Amalj'aa. Though the herding of livestock keeps them constantly on the move, the permanent settlement of Zolm'ak forms the seat of power and center of their society.

In these pastoral fields of gold appeared a mysterious tower, as if from thin air. From this spire the Telophoroi emerged and advanced upon Zolm'ak, their aim to summon a false primal by exploiting the ardent faith of the Amalj'aa. News of this crisis soon reached Sultana Nanamo Ul Namo of Ul'dah, who put aside the centuries of animosity between her people and the Amalj'aa and immediately dispatched the Immortal Flames to combat the invaders.

Ul'dah's military might was joined by the Scions of the Seventh Dawn, who had but recently recruited the freed Tiamat to their cause. Banding together with contingents arriving from the Eorzean Alliance, they stood strong against the Telophoroi and the dragons they had subjugated. A fierce battle raged across land and air, yet it was the defenders who emerged victorious, and thus was the destruction of Zolm'ak and its people averted.

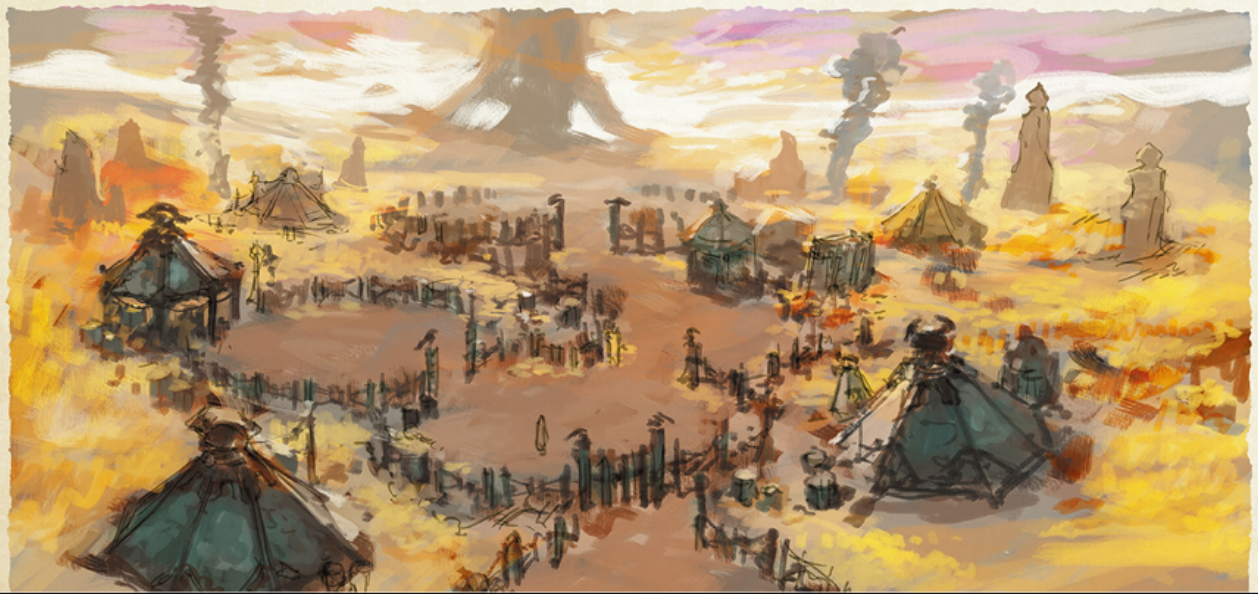


Magitek Fortress

A hulking mass of magitek manned by former imperial soldiers turned Telophoroi. Although originally meant to provide fire support from the rear of the main host, the tempered soldiers were unable to act in a strategically sound fashion. In their mindless fervor they piloted the fortress to the front lines, where it was summarily destroyed.

Lunar Bahamut

This manifestation of the elder primal is believed to have been called forth by Meracydian dragons held captive within one of the Telophoroi's mysterious towers. Due to the altered state of mind of those forced to perform in the summoning, its appearance differs greatly from the Bahamut that brought about the Seventh Umbral Calamity.



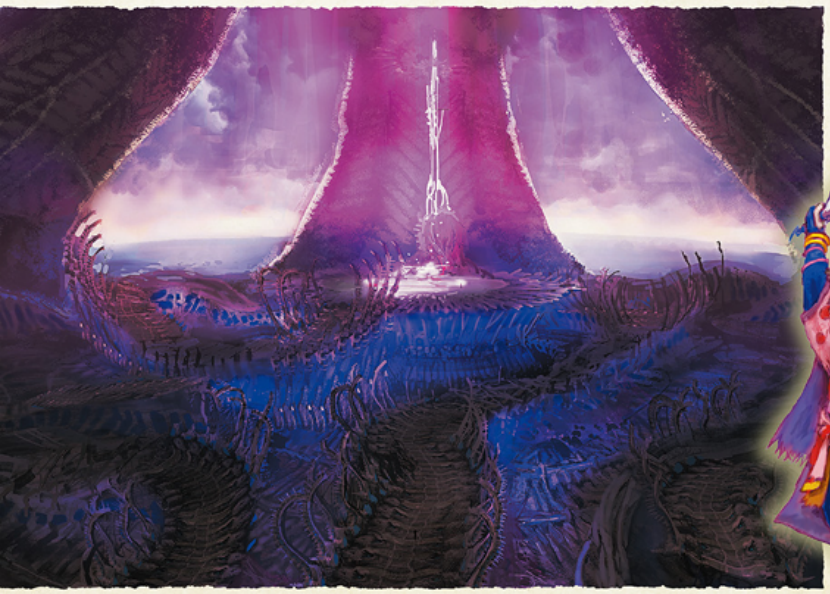
THE TOWER OF ZOT

Abode of False Gods

Erected in Thavnair by the Telophoroi, this tower came to confine a large number of Arkasodara, whose faith was channeled to unleash twisted primals. Though "zot" means "house of divinities" in the local tongue, the fearsome creatures that descended from the tower were no divinities worthy of worship, and some Hannish devout protested this perversion of their beliefs by refusing to utter the place's name.

Vrtra, great wyrm of the first brood and power behind the satrap of Radz-at-Han, bid the Scions of the Seventh Dawn cross to Narunnair and mount a foray into the tiny island's unnatural spire. Bearing warding scales that shielded them from tempering influence, the group managed to quell the threat which dwelled within, destroying its core and thus erasing it from existence.

Within the tower, the Scions were met with the sight of Arkasodara fettered to strange devices. It is assumed that these were mechanisms made to forcibly extract the religious zeal of the prisoners and hasten the summoning of false primals.



The Magus Sisters

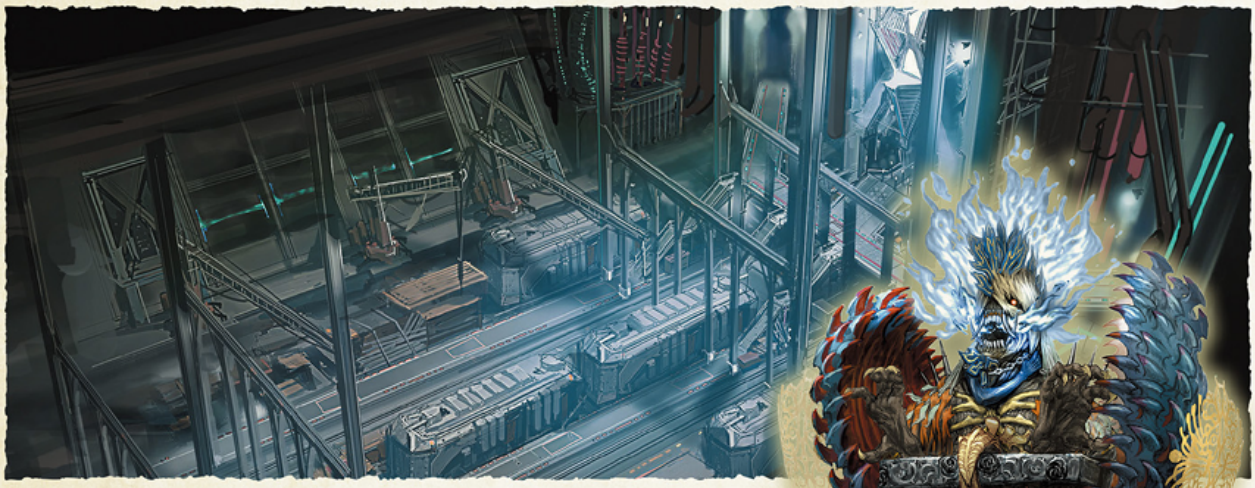
These false deities spawned by the Telophoroi were charged with guarding the Tower of Zot, the ominous spire which arose near the city-state of Radz-at-Han. They are Manusya of Thavnairian myth made manifest—Sanduruva, Cinduruva, and Minduruva, three sisters who have been the object of worship since ancient times.

THE TOWER OF BABIL

Gateway to the Heavens

This nightmarish spire is what became of the Garlean imperial palace. Enthralled soldiers obscured the majestic edifice with debris salvaged from the demolished city, rebuilding the structure into a device enabling teleportation to the moon. Fandaniel named it Babil, or "gateway of the gods." The term appears in the writings of ancient Allag, and was once used to describe the grand voidgates opened by Emperor Xande.

With the Tower of Babil's capture among their objectives, the Ilsabard contingent made the long journey from Eorzea to liberate the former seat of imperial power. After investigating the area, the contingent determined that the best course of action would be to infiltrate the tower from underground via a magitek railway. From there they would ascend to its highest floors, seeking to defeat the Telophoroi's leaders and thwart their plans to bring about the Final Days. At the spire's apex they encountered Anima, a primal whose summoning was fueled by the tempered Garleans' faith in emperor and country—a faith which rivaled any born by the tribes whose beliefs they so decried.



Anima

A primal housed within the Tower of Babil, Anima was brought forth with the corpse of Varis zos Galvus and granted its unearthly power through the patriotism and fervor of the Empire's citizens. It sat at the center of the Telophoroi's web, siphoning rivers of aether through the spires built in every far-flung corner of the world.

Lugae

The self-proclaimed "brain of Zenos," Lugae first engaged the Ilsabard contingent by sending forth Barnabas, a hulking monstrosity he referred to as his "beautiful little boy." After Barnabas's defeat, the engineer implanted his own brain into a mechanical body to claim revenge, but again was laid low. Although they initially assumed that Lugae met his end in the Tower of Babil, the Ilsabard contingent later noted that his body had disappeared without a trace. It is possible that he escaped to parts unknown.

VANASPATI

Verdant Lands Profaned

Occupying a great swath of northern Thavnair, this dense jungle is home to small villages such as Sramana's Salve and impressive temple halls carved from stone, once the site of silent monks' daily prayer.

This tranquility was interrupted when Fandaniel's schemes led to Zodiark's dissipation, His absence throwing the world into chaos and ushering in the Final Days. Thavnair was the first to succumb to its influence, and Vanaspati was not spared the tragedies that befell the rest of the region. In a meyhane in Radz-at-Han, jovial conversations turned to screams when a merchant suddenly transformed into a vicious beast, setting off a chain reaction that saw one soul after another meeting the same fate.

The rampaging monstrosities eventually made their way to Vanaspati, and in their mindless fury engulfed the ancient jungle in flames. Vrtra himself would come forth to help quell this catastrophe, the unfolding events swaying his resolve to remain hidden from the Hannish people. He later led the Radiant Host forth to combat the encroaching threat, and with the help of the Scions, eradicated the beasts from his land. While their efforts saved many lives, full as many were tragically lost, and the terror of the Final Days seeped into hearts throughout the star.

Terminus Wrecker

A beast of the Final Days which wreaked havoc upon the village of Sramana's Salve. Various features of its physiology suggest that it was once an Arkasodara, its distinctive, trunklike organ used to inhale nearby energies.

Terminus Snatcher

This beast was sighted during the Final Days in Thavnair. When the same star-wide scourge visited the ancients, beasts arose from violent outbursts of creation magicks, but during the recent phenomenon, the creatures were born from men and women. It is said that those overwhelmed with despair were engulfed in a black mist, from which they would emerge transformed, all traces of their humanity wiped away.

KTISIS HYPERBOREIA

Creative Frontiers

The ancients were one and all gifted in the art of creation magicks, but there were restrictions on what they could create. When an idea for a new being was conceived, its creator had an obligation to submit its concept—a metaphysical recipe of sorts—to the public body known as the Bureau of the Architect for evaluation. Only those concepts judged to be beneficial to the star would be officially registered and disclosed to the world at large.

However, living things are by their very nature complex, and judging their worth at a glance is an impossible task. Thus, concepts undergoing evaluation were first released into the carefully controlled environment of Elpis for observation. Ktisis Hyperboreia was Elpis's paramount research facility: a sprawling complex of magically simulated environs which housed any number of concepts at any given time.

Hermes, chief overseer of Elpis, took refuge within this facility after refusing Emet-Selch's request to surrender Meteion, his star-faring creation. Determined to shed light upon the entelechy's relationship to the Final Days, the Warrior of Light, assisted by several ancients, forced their way through the complex and confronted Hermes. There, they would come to learn truths of world-shattering significance.

Ktisis Hyperboreia was made up of many interconnected spaces and was far larger than it appeared from the outside. Each magically re-created area was its own distinct environ, with creations released into the one that most suited their composition.

Hermes

Hermes, chief overseer of Elpis, in a transformed state. As a skilled crafter of avian creations, he was naturally well versed in wind-aspected magicks, and the herald's staff he carried allowed him to commune with Meteion and her sisters as they traveled the universe.

Ladon Lord

A many-headed variant of the bipedal serpent ophion, the Ladon Lord could exhale scorching breath from each of its mouths and prey on birds in flight. Its official release into the world had been delayed, however, due to its tendency to destroy its surroundings when excited.

THE AITIASCOPE

A Window into the Aetherial Sea

Deep in the heart of Labyrinthos lies its most well-guarded secret: the Aitiascope. Built under the strict oversight of the Forum, this powerful observational device features an immense lens allowing the Sharlayans to peer deep into the aetherial sea—deeper even than they once did via the Antitower. In exchange for their help in improving the aetherburner, the Scions of the Seventh Dawn were granted access to the Aitiascope, and from there did they stage an expedition into the depths to communicate with Hydaelyn Herself.

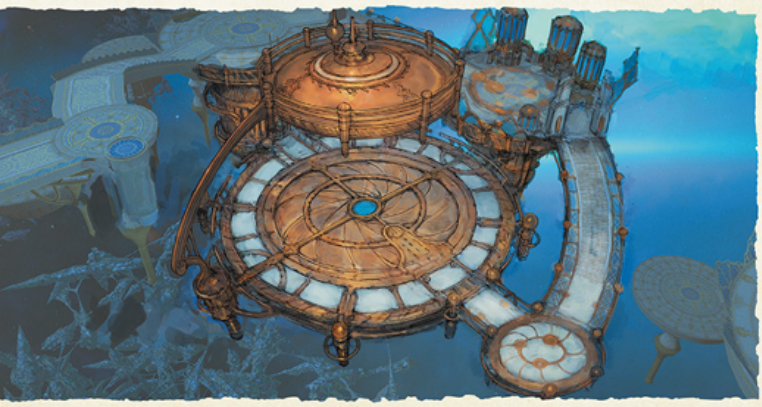
Reports of the foray indicate that their progress was impeded when the essences of their former enemies took shape to block their way. However, negative emotions are not all that linger in the aether, and the souls of erstwhile allies forged a path in that endless abyss to guide the Scions to their destination, where they came face-to-face with Hydaelyn and underwent Her trial.

Rhitahtyn the Unshakable

A fragment of the soul of Rhitahtyn sas Arvina, praefectus castrorum of the XIVth Legion. Though his essence had already partly merged with the aetherial sea, Rhitahtyn clung to existence, refusing to surrender his obsession with the adventurers who had thwarted Gaius's grand ambitions. His form was demonic in appearance, the desire to mete out vengeance twisting his spirit beyond recognition.

Amon the Undying

This fragmented soul deep in the aetherial sea once belonged to Hermes—ere it was sundered by Hydaelyn and reborn countless times over the ages. Yet the spirit that lingered in the Scions' path was neither Hermes nor the more recently active Fandaniel, but that of the Allagan technologist Amon through and through.



The Mothercrystal lay in the deepest regions of the aetherial sea. It was here that the Scions learned the truth of what slumbered at their star's center.

THE DEAD ENDS

The Edge of the Universe

At the edge of the firmament rests Ultima Thule, where Meteion and her sisters merged to become the Endsinger. Her nest took the form of a dead sun, a symbol of the inexorable end of all life, blighting the cosmos like a gaping wound.

Inside this decaying shell are re-creations of worlds that the Meteia encountered during their expedition across the stars: the world of the Grebuloffs, devastated by a pestilence caused by unmitigated environmental pollution; the world of the Karellians, whose scientific feats managed to eradicate disease but who failed to prevent political turmoil from tearing their home asunder; and the world of the Nibirun, who had eradicated war, hunger, and all other manner of misfortune, yet in doing so lost the joy of living and sought the peace of oblivion.

Even in the face of these scenes of terror and tragedy, the hope that the Scions bore could not be extinguished. It guided them true to the Endsinger, and at Ultimatum did they vanquish the progenitor of the Final Days, delivering salvation to those of us who, in defiance of despair, would yet live.

Peacekeeper

Pride of the Karellian Global Community, this autonomous war machine was unleashed to decimate the rebel faction known as the Freedom Fighters. However, its advanced artificial intelligence came to the decision that threats to peace included its creators, and thus it began a relentless campaign to eradicate all intelligent life on its planet.

Ra-la

An entity created by the Nibirun to bring about their own annihilation. The end it granted was peaceful, each prancing step a harbinger of sublime death. None now remain who might attest to the form that inspired it.

THE STIGMA DREAMSCAPE

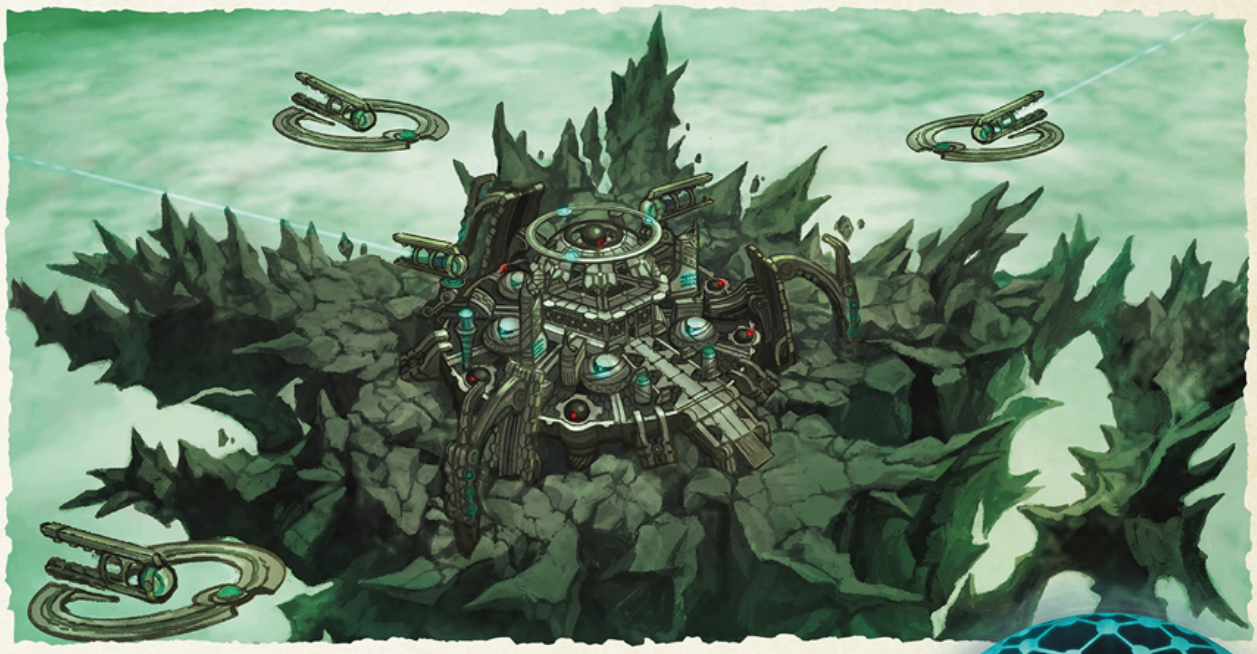
A Vision Electric

Responding to an urgent distress signal from a wayward probe, the Loporrit engineer Jammingway and a certain adventurer found themselves visiting Base Omicron. Upon arrival, they learned that matrix Stigma-1, the supposedly extinct prime authority of the Omicron civilization, had somehow sent out a simple command to all units: "Live." This single word served to revive Stigma-4, a logistics matrix that immediately resumed manufacturing weapons of mass destruction. Left unchecked, it would eventually deploy its arms across the stars in the name of Omicron dominance—with Etheirys its most likely target.

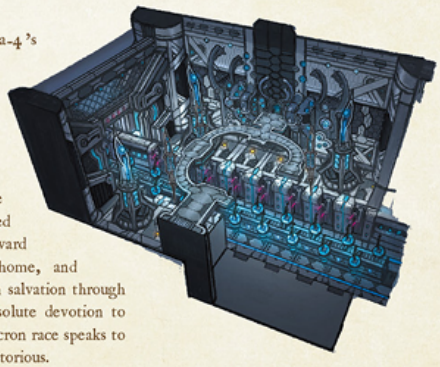
This crisis demanded an immediate answer, and with the assistance of Omicron unit N-7000 and advanced dimensional manipulation technology, the adventurer set out to falsify Stigma-4's memory. By infiltrating internal simulations of past and potential battlefields to create recollections of defeat, they demonstrated to Stigma-4 the futility of its course.

Proto-Omega

A prototype of the Omega weapon, the only known member of the Alphatron civilization to have made landfall on Etheirys. As this model had yet to be tested in interstellar warfare, its weaponry and armor were comparatively inferior. It was only later that the Omicrons would equip Omega systems with iterative improvement protocols based on the evolutionary capability of dragons, leading to an exponential increase in combat efficacy.



While traversing Stigma-4's memories, the adventurer witnessed a battle on the Alphatron Star, the Omicrons' home world. This conflict arose between two factions—one which believed the Omicrons could be saved by turning their efforts inward and revitalizing their home, and another which believed in salvation through conquest. Stigma-4's absolute devotion to the expansion of the Omicron race speaks to which faction emerged victorious.



Stigma-4

Stigma-4, originally known as Alpha-4, was fourth among the six matrices that guided the Alphatron Star's mechanized civilization. Since the forcible modification of its memory, it has found new purpose in assisting Jammingway and N-7000 with the operation of the Last Dregs café—a formidable challenge, even for an erstwhile siege logistician.

SMILETON

Utopia in Shambles

Smileton was to be a lunar paradise for the people of Etheirys—a refuge where every need was met, its inhabitants content for all their days.

When the neighborhood's architects met the Scions for the first time, however, they came to the horrifying realization that people of the current age were about one-third the size of the ancients. Chaos erupted almost immediately when Buildingway, chief engineer in charge of construction, was ordered to reduce the scale of the city to accommodate this revelation. Had the changes stopped there, perhaps the advanced technology of the Loporrits could have managed, but specifications were repeatedly changed as more information was furnished by the Scion Urianger, sometimes within the space of mere moments.

Meanwhile, on the surface of the star, the Final Days threatened mankind with imminent oblivion. Exacerbated by urgency, the swelling stream of conflicting orders caused the Big Cheese—the Loporrits' automated building system—to malfunction. Deep into the moon it burrowed, constructing a strange labyrinth in its wake and gleefully pulverizing intruders. At their wits' end, the Loporrits dispatched an equally violent adventurer to disable the system and bring an end to its grinning rampage.

Face

This aptly named defense mechanism was designed to greet residents of Smileton with a grin and intruders with a scowl. In the confusion of the residential area's modification, however, it began attacking anyone who approached regardless of the expression it wore.

The Big Cheese

An entirely automated building system that could operate even while its creators were burdened with the inconvenient need to sleep. While it was programmed to go about its task with a smile and a song, a flood of contradictory work orders served to muddle its definition of happiness. It began digging into the moon's surface with baffling fervor, filling it with more holes than the most formidable of cheeses.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

BOOK VI

INVENTIVE DESIGNS

GUNBREAKER

In the southern reaches of Ilsabard lies the nation of Bozja, where the Hrothgar pass the art of the gunblade from one generation to the next. Those who come to master these weapons once wielded by the elite guard of Queen Gunnhildr are gunbreakers true.

History

The origins of the gunbreaker can be traced back to the Third Astral Era, when the Allagan Empire was at the zenith of its power, subjugating neighboring lands to expand its influence. Pressured by the gradual encroachment of the imperial armies, the scattered Hrothgar clans were forced to flee their homes in search of refuge. Settling in what is presently known as the Bozja region, they set aside their differences to found a small kingdom with Queen Gunnhildr as its monarch.

The threat of the Empire ever loomed overhead, and when it became clear conflict could not be avoided, the fledgling nation formed an elite guard to protect its queen and resist the onslaught of its oppressor, entitling these protectors "Gunnhildr's Blades." The most distinctive feature of these soldiers were their unusual weapons, which had been designed with a built-in device to stock and expel aether. These armaments soon inherited the "Gunnhildr's Blades" appellation, though as the years passed, the truncated term "gunblades" came to be preferred.

The Allagan Empire, too, had invented weaponry of its own—firearms, capable of expelling projectiles across great distances. It is one of history's cruel ironies that these Allagan instruments of war were dubbed "guns" for their resemblance to Bozja's own blades. The queen's guard, indeed, despised the very sight of the weapons, and tore through enemy lines to destroy them with celerity, giving rise to the enduring title "gunbreaker."

Equipment

Bodyguard's Attire

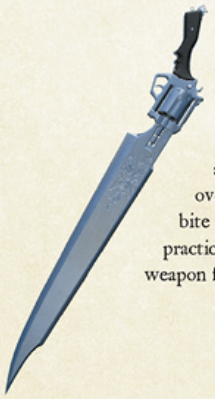
The standard trappings of the gunbreaker. Hardy and light, this stylish leather armor offers a respectable level of protection. Designed to ensure the wearer's readiness in any situation, the back of the coat features an interwoven baldric for holstering the gunblade, while a cartridge belt and maintenance tool pouch are attached at the waist.

Lion Heart

Since time immemorial, Hrothgar culture has elevated the lion above all other beasts. Its bravery in the face of death is matched only by the ferocity with which it defends its pride—a trait lauded also in Gunnhildr's Blades. As respect for both beast and Blade demands, the Lion Heart is bequeathed only to those who have proven time and time again to be the greatest of gunbreakers.

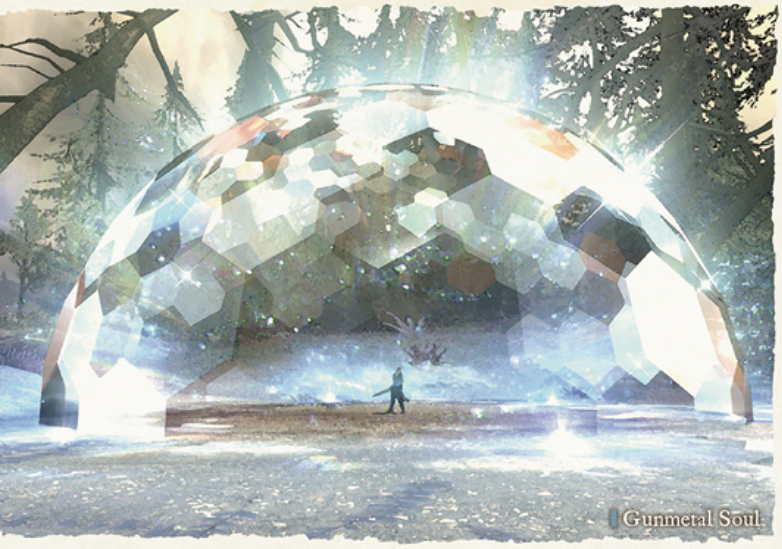
Outsider's Attire

A set of garments prepared by Radovan the Undaunted, most notable for its deceptively robust jacket. Unable to retrieve traditional garb from Bozja, he instead devised a pattern that could be rendered from Eorzean materials without compromising the gunbreaker's combat proficiency. The "outsider" moniker simply indicates that the gunbreaker in question is not a member of the queen's guard, and carries no social implications otherwise.



Revolver

The most basic gunblade design, equipped with a swing-out cylinder. Slim and light compared to more commonly used gunblades, the revolver relies on its cartridges' limited aetherial capacity to prevent the frame being overburdened. As a result, the weapon lacks the bite of other gunblades, but is nevertheless highly practical and easy to use, making it an effective training weapon for practitioners still new to the gunbreaker arts.


Gunmetal Soul

Tricks of the Trade

Gunmetal Soul

As if embodying a gunblade cartridge, the gunbreaker accumulates a truly staggering amount of aether within their body, then ignites and expels it to create a powerful barrier.

Keen Edge

The foundational skill of the gunbreaker. Exercising finesse over strength, the practitioner is able to execute a devastating slash by causing the blade to oscillate at the moment of impact.

Royal Guard

Bravely stepping into the line of fire, the gunbreaker draws the attention of enemies to protect their allies. Those in search of gunbreaker history need look no further than this technique, as there is no surer legacy of Gunnhildr's Blades.

Hypervelocity

By igniting the residual aether surrounding their gunblade in fierce combat, the gunbreaker is able to unleash a barrage of attacks at blinding speed. As it takes a hefty toll upon the practitioner, this technique can only be performed to its full potential by masters of the gunbreaker's art.

Keen Edge

Royal Guard

Hypervelocity

Radovan Slobasch

"You have your own ideals to protect, your own promises to keep."

A gunbreaker who honors the legacy of Gunnhildr's Blades, Radovan was coerced into serving in the Garlean army upon the capture of his family by Bozja's imperial oppressors. After disobeying orders in protest of a dangerous experiment planned for his homeland, however, he was summarily incarcerated for a decade. Though he eventually escaped the gaol alongside Sophie, a member of the Dalmascan resistance, it was only to discover that everyone he knew and loved had been annihilated by the very experimentation he once sought to prevent—a tragedy that would later be known as the Bozja incident. With the shock and despair of this dreadful revelation, he came close to taking his own life, but found the will to carry on in honor of the memory of the queen and clan he could not save. Dedicating his life to protecting those in need of succor, he took up the mantle of bodyguard once more, and ventured forth to Eorzea—where both Radovan, now forty-five, and his close companion, Sophie, remain.

Vitus quo Messalla

"Yes...your head will make a fine trophy."

Once a pilus prior, Vitus was court-martialed and sentenced to death after butchering a village of innocent civilians. The top brass of the imperial army had other plans for the disgraced soldier, however, whose strength was said to rival that of the Black Wolf himself, and so they spared his life on one condition: that he fight for the Empire as a conscript in their battalion of desperate prisoners. There did he do much of the Empire's dirty work, seeing countless unspeakable missions to success until he had climbed the ranks of the Alaudae to the very pinnacle. The fifty-two-year-old would finally meet his match on a mission to assassinate the defector Cato Mammula in Coerthas, where he fought Radovan and a renowned adventurer to his dying breath.

Cartridges

A form of ammunition derived from powdered crystal, the gunbreaker loads these cartridges into the cylinder of their gunblade to increase its destructive capabilities. As said cartridges are imbued with aether in advance, the wielder can instantaneously release powerful aetherially charged attacks as the need arises, even should they lack the magical prowess of a mage.

Gunnhildr's Blades

The appellation of both the elite guard of Bozja's long-ago ruler, Queen Gunnhildr, and the weapons her force wielded. In time, the armaments' name would be abbreviated to simply "gunblades."

Gunnhildr's Blades

DANCER

Though certainly beautiful in form, the movement of dancers hailing from Thavnair bespeaks a martial discipline. This is the ancient art known as the Kriegstanz, whose rhythm can inspire souls and soothe troubled hearts. Practitioners of this art have learned to land throwing weapons with the same exacting precision as their footfalls—a vital skill in their endless war against the dance of the damned, the Totentanz.

History

If one were to unfold the records of war and calamity, they would reveal many a tale in which the rapid proliferation of social unrest leads to the sudden loss of sense in man—and in some cases, a frenetic and eerie dance. This is the phenomenon of the Totentanz, the dance of the damned. According to expert dancers, should fear and anger fill man's heart, these festering emotions spread upon aetherial currents like fog across the land, spurring more victims into uneasy motion.

Standing in opposition to this force is the Near Eastern Kriegstanz, the earliest appearance of which dates to the period in Thavnairian history when the indigenous Arkasodara had united with the Au Ra in defense against would-be colonizing Hyurs. Unrest soon gave rise to the Totentanz, and it was the legendary Kadjaya who stepped forth to quell it with her fervent steps. Henceforth, her apprentices have ever formed troupes to travel the world and dance away the darkness that creeps into the hearts of men.

Equipment

Dancer's Attire

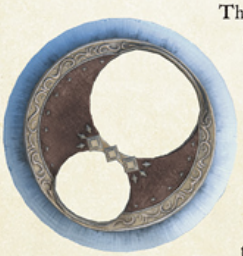
The long, ornate sash and adornments interwoven throughout this revealing ensemble were designed to accentuate both the dancer's physical beauty and the allure of their movements. A peacock's plumage serves as its motif, as such birds are revered in certain regions for their predation of venomous vilekin, which is seen as a divine expunging of pestilence.

Krishna

Their name synonymous with "darkness" in Thavnair's most ancient tongue, Krishna express this concept through a darkened inner edge, recalling the waxing and waning of the moon. Paired with their gilded decorations, these lunar surfaces also represent the vicissitudes of a soul's everlasting journey through life and death.

Softstepper's Attire

This attire was prepared for apprentice dancers by Nashmeira, the erstwhile principal of Troupe Falsiam. Made from Thavnairian weave, the clothing's vibrant red hue signifies vitality—a trait that could not be more appropriate for a dancer, who inspirits admirers through grace of movement. The loose waistcloth and the long feather attached to the turban draw attention to each elegant step.



High Steel Chakrams

The most distinct feature of this pair of chakrams is the two asymmetrical holes on each disk. With the chakram's center of balance thus inclined to one side, it spins uniquely when thrown. The sparse ornamentation and uncharacteristically dull shades discourage apprentice dancers from drawing attention to themselves via their accoutrements, as it is believed that a beginner must learn to sway the spirits of the audience through dance alone.

Crimson Lotus

Tricks of the Trade

Crimson Lotus

Setting their spirit aflame, the dancer enters a trance, stepping gracefully across enemy lines. In the wake of their footfalls bloom blood-red blossoms that scatter into countless aetherial blades.

Cascade

Like a flowing waterfall, the dancer fluidly casts chakrams one after another in a dazzlingly unpredictable pattern that leaves foes guessing whence the next blow will hail.

Saber Dance

Kadjaya, mother of the Kriegstanz, was so fond of this technique it was once synonymous with her name. Aether-imbued chakrams rain upon the foe from all directions, their shimmering edges creating the impression of a storm of blades.

Starfall Dance

Improvised by an earnest up-and-coming dancer, this technique builds upon the fundamentals of the saber dance, besetting the enemy with a shower of glimmering, ephemeral chakrams forged of aether.

Cascade

Saber Dance

Starfall Dance

Ranaa Mihgo

"I am as the flames, flickering in the darkness!"

Now the seventeen-year-old primary dancer of Troupe Falsiam, Ranaa spent her formative years in Radz-at-Han, where her family moved when she was yet a young child. Her father had given up the life of the hunter for that of the merchant, but it was the city's dancers who came to fascinate Ranaa. Resolved to take to the stage herself, the now-grown Miqo'te sought out Troupe Falsiam to beg an apprenticeship under Nashmeira, the dancer whom she most admired. Upon her thrilling acceptance to the troupe, Ranaa devoted herself wholeheartedly to her training. Despite her relative inexperience, her passion and talent are unmistakable, and her enrapturing performances have captured the hearts of audiences far and wide. Indeed, these ardent fans may be interested to know that in her free time, she delights in fashion and glamours.

Nashmeira

"Lose yourself in the music, let the passion in your heart take over, and you will move as you have never moved before."

As erstwhile principal of Troupe Falsiam, Nashmeira inherited the duty of thwarting the dance of the damned from her predecessor, though an injury sustained in her youth that developed into a chronic illness has left the thirty-seven-year-old unable to perform the Kriegstanz to the best of her ability. Concerned that the Totentanz may have taken hold in Eorzea due to the scars left behind by the Seventh Umbral Calamity, she brought Troupe Falsiam across the sea to Limsa Lominsa, recruiting an adventurer with considerable poise as an apprentice to bolster its ranks while continuing to train her star pupil, Ranaa Mihgo. She is also reportedly close friends with the renowned F'lhaminn, whom she encountered by chance when the songstress fled to Thavnair following the events of Ul'dah's bloody banquet, and meets the older woman for a cup of chai whenever the opportunity arises.

Troupe Falsiam

Though based in Radz-at-Han, this troupe of skilled dancers travels the world to lift the spirits of the downtrodden. Its history exceeds a century, throughout which the Kriegstanz has been passed down from generation to generation of performers. Today, they remain in constant search for signs of the dance of the damned, and step forward to meet it wherever it arises.

Traditional Steps

It was Kadjaya who wove various steps into the Kriegstanz as we know it today, but as its name alludes, many of the dance's influences hail from distant lands. Not all such influences are known, but steps from the ballroom dances of Aldenard's Elezen feature prominently. Indeed, terms such as "Entrechat" and "Emboite" are clearly derived from the Elezen's old tongue.

Traditional Steps

REAPER

Long before the Empire's time, the Garleans subsisted under constant threat of invasion by magic-wielding peoples. One clan sought a means to fight upon even ground with these invaders—no matter the cost. Thus were pacts with voidsent made, and scythes repurposed for the crimson harvest.

History

In this long-ago age, the Garleans' forebears were content to work their fields in the southern reaches of Ilsabard. This was not to last, however, for they faced constant incursions by would-be invaders, who eventually drove them from the bountiful Locus Amoenus into the frigid northern mountains some eight centuries ago. Even there, they found no respite from conflict, with surrounding inhabitants of the frozen territory constantly contesting what scarce resources the Garleans possessed. It was in this age of strife that the former tillers of earth would become harvesters of souls, compensating for their innate inability to manipulate magic by forming pacts with denizens of the void—pacts paid for in blood.

Thus strengthened by voidsent allies, this clan of so-called "reapers" took to the field wherever enemy forces waved the banners of war, assassinating the commanders of opposing armies to obliterate organization and morale in one fell swoop. It was they who long protected kin and country—and yet the advent of magitek and its Empire saw the reapers consigned to obscurity, until the group nigh faded from history entire.

Equipment

Reaper's Attire

This set of traditionally styled garb was in fact woven by Tataru Taru, the proprietress of a Sharlayan boutique. Though the research process reportedly placed no little strain upon the seamstress, accounts of reapers from a text on Ilsabardian history discovered in Noumenon allowed her to accurately replicate the reapers' historical attire.

Death Sickle

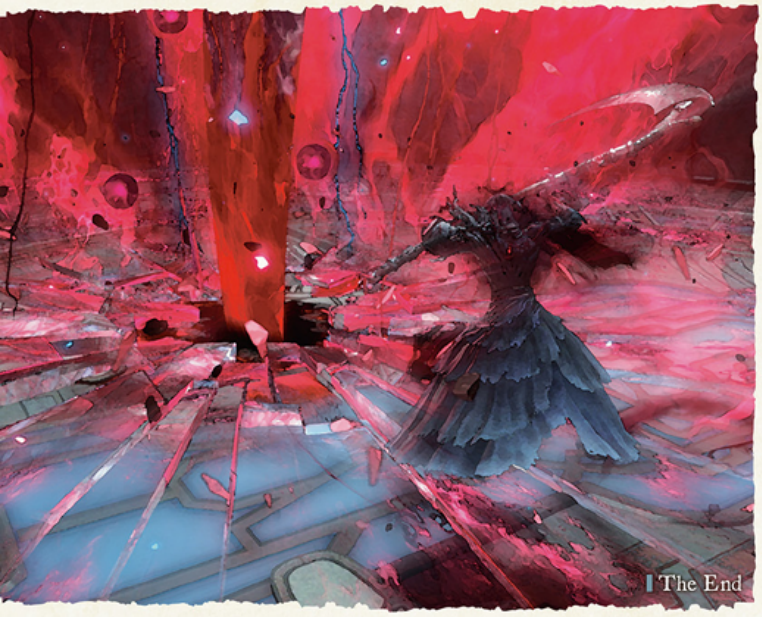
Forged of cermet, an advanced Garlean alloy of remarkable hardness, this deadly weapon's blade is indeed quite sharp. The teeth and claw on its spine are used in concert to hook and shatter the enemy's weapon.

Muzhik Attire

Its name translating to "farmer" in a language from earlier Garlean history, the muzhik attire was tailored from traditional fieldworkers' garb to suit the needs of the reaper. The long cloak provides warmth amid the frigid climes of the Eblan Rime while concealing weapons from prying eyes, and the intentionally frayed hems discourage the untrained eye from giving sturdy attire masquerading as old rags a second glance.

Demon Slicer

The protrusion on the shaft of this two-hander is a remnant of its origins as a humble sickle—and a reminder that the reapers were once but simple farmers. As for the name, some believe it a heartening reminder of the blade's potential to slice even the strongest voidsent in twain. Others, meanwhile, see it as an ominous warning that the reaper must be prepared to slay even their own avatar at the first hint of betrayal.


The End

Tricks of the Trade

The End

Through momentarily uniting with their avatar, the reaper summons forth a massive phantasmal scythe that eviscerates their prey. Practitioners must be determined—and prepared—to annihilate even the most fearsome of foes when attempting to execute this high-level ability.

Slice

As an oversized farming implement, the reaper's scythe does not lend itself to jabs and thrusts, instead requiring the strength of one's whole body to sweep the blade as required. Performing these slices accurately and effectively demands a level of proficiency only achieved through years of rigorous training.

Gluttony

This technique summons the reaper's avatar to unleash potent magicks upon the enemy and their surrounds—in exchange for a feast of souls. As such, its name serves as a reminder of the sin committed each time it is brought to bear.

Enshroud

This dangerous art sees the reaper offer their flesh as a vessel for their avatar. With the power of an additional soul, the wielder becomes a surpassing menace on the battlefield, if only temporarily. Should the reaper let their guard down for even a moment of this time, however, they stand the risk of their avatar holding the reins in perpetuity.

Slice

Gluttony

Enshroud

Drusilla Varus

"If you've any concern for the sanctity of your soul, then take your virtue and piss off!"

Born in a remote village to the Garlean clan that protected the reaper tradition for generations, Drusilla made her own pact with an avatar at a young age. Some twenty years ago, the voidsent Orcus seized control of her grandsire's flesh and murdered her husband, child, and every remaining member of her clan. Though she was powerless to stop the monster—a regret that haunts the fifty-two-year-old even now—she survived the encounter by some vicissitude of fate that saw her avatar's soul consumed in place of hers. Her grandsire having been branded a traitor to the Empire, however, she was forced to flee Garlemald, and wandered for many years before settling in Eorzea. There she found a band of Garlean exiles in need of succor, with whom she forged a new family—the Lemures. Reports indicate that she has no immediate plans to return to Garlemald, though she still prefers Ilsabardian vodka.

Orcus

"Mmm... I can smell it. Your fear. Your hatred."

Considered the greatest reaper who ever lived, Rullus eir Varus—Drusilla's grandsire—harvested countless souls in battle after battle with Orcus as his avatar. Lamenting over Garlemald's transformation from a humble nation of farmers into a cold, voracious empire, he sought to assassinate Emperor Solus, seeing him as the root cause of the nation's descent into madness. In that fateful battle, Rullus bore witness to Solus's might—a might which defied the limits of mortal men. In his desperation, Rullus drew more and yet more strength from the void, hoping to even the odds. No amount would ever be enough, however, and before long he was consumed by the power he had drawn forth, forfeiting control over his body to Orcus. The unbound fiend relished his newfound freedom in the Source, and began an endless feeding frenzy, gorging on the souls of the innocent to appease his insatiable appetite.

Avatar

The voidsent entity with which a pact is formed, summoned through the medium of a crystal. For such a bond to be established, the voidsent's soul must be uniquely compatible—perhaps nigh indistinguishable—from the reaper's own, given that the reaper's power relies on their ability to play physical host to the voidsent. If we take the star's sundering as fact, we must consider the possibility that this compatibility is rendered not by chance, but due to both souls once having been part of the same whole—however, this theory remains both unverified and unverifiable at present.

Avatar

SAGE

At Sharlayan's foremost academic institution, the Studium, did somanoutics come to be. Drawing upon the legacies of multiple storied fields of research, this art was designed with the betterment of mankind in mind, and thus are its wise practitioners known as "sages."

History

Founded in the year 432 of the Sixth Astral Era, the Studium is indeed famed for its vast library and formidable assemblage of Archons. Any of true learning knows, however, that what sets it apart is innovation.

Among the many inventions arising from within its hallowed halls is the incomparable somanoutics, an altruistic art that draws upon principles of aetherology, sorcery, and medicine. By channeling aether via their nouliths—an array of foci notable for its flexibility in creating arcane geometries in midair—the practitioner can right a patient's internal energies, or throw those of an enemy into disarray.

Whilst conjury and similar arts rely on simple enhancement of the body's inherent regenerative capacities to heal or cleanse, true to its roots, the somanoutic approach has more in common with the more targeted applications of traditional medicine. Only after close examination and analysis of the patient's physiology will the sage apply their art, using their aetherological expertise to stimulate the precise constituent energies that will promote rapid recovery.

Equipment

Didact's Attire

Engineered by one Tataru Taru, these vestments' design is based on that of the apparel used for somanoutics lectures and training at the Studium—thus the prominence of white. As the materials were hand-selected to be of the finest quality and stitched by an expert artisan of the Weavers' Guild, however, they have surpassed their precursors by a fair margin.

Hagneia

As their name—"purity," in the tongue of ages past—alludes, this array of nouliths has been outfitted with flawless crystals to improve aetherial conductivity. To ensure the weapon can be manipulated with the precision of a scalpel, much care has been applied to its aerial maneuverability, the horseshoe-shaped attachments acting as aether-assisted wings.

Bookwyrm's Attire

This simple-yet-elegant set of garments was designed at the dawn of somanoutics. A product of their age, the clothes make few concessions to scientific medicine, and are most suited to the needs of a typical mage. Their name, on the other hand, could not be better suited to the sage—practitioners of somanoutics being, as a rule, a thousandfold more voracious than the average bookworm.

Horkos

Though somanoutics is a field with the potential for much good, the difference between medicine and poison is in the dosage. As practitioners who hold the lives of patients in their hands, only those who swear an oath of non-maleficence—primum non nocere—may be accepted as students.

Horkos, meaning "oath," serves as a reminder of a sage's duty. Much like the somanoutic practitioner, these short, wide-winged nouliths are highly maneuverable.

Techne Makre

Tricks of the Trade

Techne Makre

By drawing upon life-giving aether currents both above and below, the sage unleashes a helical burst of aether, spreading a vast curative field across the surrounding area. This powerful technique's name invites one to recall the aphorism, "Life is ephemeral; art's path, eternal."

Diagnosis

The first technique invented in the field of somanoutics. The sage enlivens the flow of a patient's aether, raising the entire body's innate capacity to heal while simultaneously diagnosing those areas less responsive to the treatment.

Egeiro

To execute this resuscitation technique, the sage deploys an array of evenly spaced nouliths through which to calibrate the appropriate aetherial waveform. This is then projected onto the patient, jolting them back to consciousness.

Pneuma

The sage wields this technique as both sword and shield, depleting their enemy's aether while simultaneously redistributing it to allies—a feat that requires a masterful understanding of corporeal aether and the manipulation thereof.

Diagnosis

Egeiro

Pneuma

Lalah Jinjahl

"I took up the shield because I wanted to protect all life, just as she did to her dying breath..."

A young graduate of the Studium, twenty-two-year-old Lalah Jinjahl holds the similarly gifted Alisaie Leveilleur in high esteem. Lalah's own surpassing intellect and skill as a swordswoman saw the Forum seek her out for a mission of utmost clandestinity—her duty, to locate a group of fugitives who had stolen technological secrets. Her investigation led her to Limsa Lominsa, where she began working with an adventurer to track down Loifa—the accused—and his accomplices.

Though Lalah did not find somanoutics suited to her talents, she nevertheless studied the art extensively whilst enrolled at the Studium, and is considerably versed in its workings. Thus, upon noticing how the sage's soul crystal in her belongings reacted to her adventuring comrade, she took it upon herself to offer tutelage.

Loifa

"Do you feel it? The weight of the 'sacred duty.' To strive for the betterment of mankind and stand as a beacon of hope..."

Originally from a Veena village in the Skatay Range, Loifa was afflicted with a dire lung ailment from birth. Though he took up with a master in the traditional fashion, both believed he was living on borrowed time—until a healer by the name of Guildivain appeared promising to cure the affliction.

When Loifa arrived in Sharlayan, however, he found himself not the recipient of life-saving medicine, but the subject of forbidden experimentation. Many of his fellow captives died in anguish during this process, and those who survived were left prone to uncontrollable bouts of violence due to their unnatural surfeit of aether.

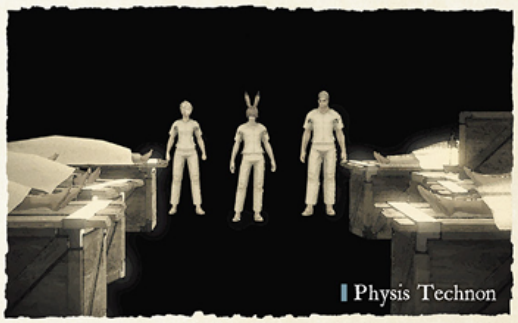
After a tragic accident born of this side effect, Guildivain fled to Eorzea in hopes of concealing his crimes. Loifa and his fellow survivors escaped the facility to follow, determined to see justice served at all costs.

Physis Technon

Erected for the lofty purpose of mankind's betterment, this institution once performed valuable medical research through the application of somanoutics. After the depraved experiments of a rogue researcher resulted in fatal consequences, however, holistic reform was called for, and Physis Technon was reborn as a facility for the treatment of the ill and injured.

Muscmaloi

This herb native to the Skatay Range acts as a powerful stimulant. While efficacious in enhancing vitality, in those unused to it, it can induce bouts of excessive agitation resulting in unpredictable behavior and even death. Since its use in dangerous and unethical experiments at Physis Technon, it has remained a banned substance in Sharlayan.


Physis Technon

BLUE MAGE

A self-styled mage returned from a sojourn to the New World claims to have mastered a unique form of spellcasting that resembles neither black nor white magic. Those who study this "blue magic"—now proliferating amongst all and sundry adventurers—learn to mimic the aetherial magicks of creatures in the wild, and are said to develop a deeper appreciation for nature in so doing.

History

Though the name "blue magic" was applied for the sake of a foreign audience, the art itself was devised by the Whalaqee people, whose deep regard for the natural world has brought them an intimate understanding of its workings. Indeed, it is through attuning to the instincts of wild creatures that the Whalaqee learned to absorb a portion of their aether, and thus a visceral knowledge of how to replicate their techniques.

Blue magic's greatest proponent in Eorzea is Martyn Goodfellow, a researcher of magicks who boldly crossed the Indigo Deep to study with the Whalaqee despite budgetary limitations. It is he who ascribed Eorzean terminology and frameworks to the art, and he has gone so far as to provide reassuringly familiar soul crystals to aspiring blue mages. These efforts were mired in trouble at the onset by accusations of fraud and the like, but with assistance from a notable adventurer and the financial backing of Ul'dahn entrepreneur Royse Royle, Martyn's fortunes have begun to change for the better. As a result of the Masked Carnivale, he has accrued a number of hopeful apprentices, and the wonders of blue magic have begun to take hold in Eorzea.

Equipment

Magus's Attire

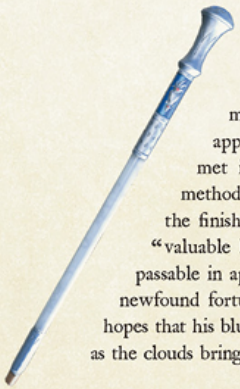
This bespoke ensemble of stage garments was made by the Weavers' Guild for participants in the Masked Carnivale at the request of its proprietor, Royse Royle. Keen to draw in the masses with spectacle, Royse ordered the attire prioritize form over function to stand out from afar.

The Spirit of the Whalaqee

Upon learning the origins of blue magic, Royse Royle ordered many of these foci for her star performers in the Masked Carnivale. It would seem that she seized upon the affixed image of the white wolf—a sacred beast allegedly the subject of countless Whalaqee legends—as indispensable in embellishing the mythos of her costumed cast of magi.

True Blue Attire

Martyn claims this specially designed outfit is perfect for the aspiring blue mage, peddling it to adventurers along with other merchandise. He recruited weavers down on their luck—regardless of skill—to produce the garments, haggling tenaciously over the price of both labor and individual materials. Perhaps unsurprisingly, none wish to have the displeasure of doing business with him again, one memorably stating, "I'd rather starve."



Rainmaker

A tawdry focus Martyn managed to sell to gullible adventurers. Desperate for a means to make the pathetic scrap of wood appealing, he approached a novice artisan he met in a tavern, claiming he had the perfect method to hone their skills. When presented with the finished product, he then charged a fee for the "valuable lesson" of making it. With the cane now passable in appearance and functional besides, he let his newfound fortune guide him to an aspirational name, in hopes that his blue mage disciples would generate gil as sure as the clouds bring rain.

Learning

Tricks of the Trade

Learning

Part technique, part state of mind, it is focused learning that guides the blue mage to success in spellcraft. By drawing out a creature's bestial instincts and internalizing its aether, the practitioner makes its power their own.

Self-destruct

Credited as the source of the "bomb" voidsent family's name, Self-destruct, when used by blue mages, converts the entirety of its caster's energy into fire-aspected aether to cause an explosion. The application of oil has been observed to make it more effective—though likely also more painful.

Level 5 Petrify

This curse, commonly used by ahrimans and similar voidsent, takes advantage of the hubris that living creatures tend to fall prey to upon reaching certain malmstones in development, targeting mental weaknesses to give foes a paralyzing reminder of their own fallibility.

Flying Sardine

The apkallu, in the wild, violently regurgitates its latest pescatarian meal at predators as a defense mechanism. In blue magic trials, Flying Sardine has proven to be an equally effective deterrent even when the sardine in question is not entirely physical, reliably shocking adversaries into silence.

Self-destruct

Level 5 Petrify

Flying Sardine

Martyn Goodfellow

"Becomin' a blue mage ain't easy—and I know that better than most—but stick with it, and one day you'll be just like me! Actually, you should probably ignore that last part..."

As a researcher of the Arcanists' Guild, Martyn embarked on an expedition to the New World, where he studied the traditional magicks of the Whalaqee. Upon returning home to present his findings to the guild, however, he was met with derision from his compeers, who claimed the art to be a collection of impractical parlor tricks. Worse yet, he soon discovered that the Whalaqee were suffering from an epidemic—one undoubtedly brought over by Eorzeans like himself. Sensing his own responsibility for their affliction, Martyn dropped everything and dedicated his life to finding a cure for the disease by whatever means necessary. Thus did he seek to codify the Whalaqee's blue magic, sell dubious wares for dubious profit, and finally become the marvel of the Masked Carnivale—the Great Azuro.

Royse Royle

"I can picture it now—the ultimate clash of blue magic!"

An up-and-coming entrepreneur based in Ul'dah, Royse is the proprietor of the Celestium, an arena that pits man against beast, and features performances from Martyn and his disciples in its Masked Carnivale. Her hunch that the Royalist owner of the Coliseum would be tolerant of such competition proved correct, and word of the Celestium spread far and wide. So far, in fact, that its accolades reached the ears of Syndicate member Fyrgeiss, who hatched a harebrained plot to seize the Celestium and use the arena's voidsent to protect his assets. Unfazed by the status and resources of her would-be usurper, Royse yet remains in control of her establishment, turning even Fyrgeiss's scheming into profit.

The Masked Carnivale

This Celestium event pits daring souls against all manner of fiends. Though gladiators have long faced beasts in the Coliseum, Royse's establishment has seen increasing popularity among the youth of the realm thanks to the spectacle offered by enigmatic performers such as the Great Azuro, as well as the Masked Carnivale's exotic menagerie.

Whalaqee Totems

Though Martyn did reference Whalaqee carvings in the creation of these totems, they are his own handiwork—their name lending a perhaps undeserved air of authenticity. Infused with the aether of creatures from the New World, said totems enable trained blue mage practitioners to learn new spells without journeying across the Indigo Deep.

The Masked Carnivale

THE GUNBLADE

Archaeological excavations have proven that blades with inbuilt capacity to store aether—the precursors to the modern gunblade—were extant as of the Third Astral Era. In fact, the leading theory suggests the gunblade traces its roots to Hrothgar ritual implements of the Second Astral Era. Per the surviving folklore, such blades—still dripping with sheep's lifeblood—would burn with light when a sacrificial soul reached the gods. This phenomenon has been confirmed by scholars of Bozjan history, although they attribute the swords' radiance to aetherially conductive crystals embedded in the hafts, rather than divine revelation.

These historic blades, among countless other artifacts, were lost in the Bozja incident, making the further study required for definitive proof impossible. Nevertheless, if one considers that the Third Astral Era title of "Queen Gunnhildr" was bestowed upon a series of favored shamans, that the queen's protectors might have wielded blades descended from her predecessors' holy relics is no difficult possibility to concede.

Prominent Designs

Gunblade

The basic structure of a gunblade is similar to that of most firearms, featuring a hammer, trigger, and cylinder—in this case, of the "top break" style. Notably, however, they also include a single-edged blade capable of rendering traditional firearms into scrap.

Blade's Resolve

This enhanced Resistance weapon demonstrates that even legendary weapons of eld can be improved upon. Though Blade's Resolve retains the iconic width of its predecessors, it boasts refined mechanisms and the strength of once-lost memories.

Bayonet

Sharply honed at the tip, the bayonet's ideal engagement involves prodigious amounts of stabbing. The inspiration for both its design and naming can be traced to remote regions of Ilsabard.

Hyperion

"Ambitious" does not begin to describe this masterful meeting of Naldiq & Vymelli's alloy and Skysteel cylinder technology. Fortunately, the proprietress of Tataru Taru's Boutique had the more apt "Hyperion" on the tip of her tongue.

Sawback

While potentially mistakable for a carpenter's tool, the sawback is nothing if not lethal in combat. By vibrating the blade, a gunbreaker is able to inflict innumerous wounds with a single blow.

Magitek Sawback

The Garlean Imperial Army requisitioned these magitek-powered gunblades for the handful of Bozjan conscripts among their ranks. Needless to say, however, most Bozjan-born gunbreakers scorn the very thought.

Manatrigger

In a fascinating convergence of histories, Ronkan mages in the First developed a weapon strikingly similar to the Source's gunblade. As it lacks any sort of mechanical element, however, the manatrigger is in some senses more of a "caneblade."

Matchlock Greatclub

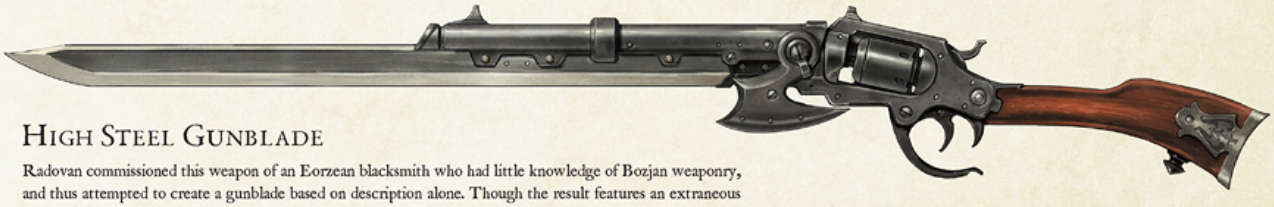
Inspired by the gunblade and designed by the Far Eastern Onishishu, the matchlock greatclub may at first seem nothing more than a brutish bludgeon. In truth, its cylindrical cavity is packed with aetherial ammunition for explosive firepower.

Hrotti

Concrete records regarding this Ala Mhigan royal treasure were lost during the Garlean occupation. However, considering Gyr Abania's position along erstwhile trade routes, it is more than conceivable that this gunblade's roots lie in Ilsabard.

Tutelary

To increase the available surface area for aetherial conduction, the masters of the Blacksmiths' Guild daringly forged two blades into one, its bayonet-like point ensuring the resilience that might otherwise be lacking in such a construction.



High Steel Gunblade

Radovan commissioned this weapon of an Eorzean blacksmith who had little knowledge of Bozjan weaponry, and thus attempted to create a gunblade based on description alone. Though the result features an extraneous barrel, it is nevertheless lightweight and easy to maneuver, making it ideal for gunbreaker novices.

Wakasa

When young Wakasa first laid eyes upon a gunblade recovered from a sunken trading vessel off the shores of Doma, she was enraptured by its elegance. Using her father's tools, she crafted this eponymous weapon in its image and gifted it to the king, gaining repute as a swordsmith in her own right.

Bluespirit Gunblade

Artisans of the Crystalline Mean cite an artifact recovered from the Crystal Tower as their inspiration for creating the bluespirit gunblade, making it a fascinating—and more importantly, verifiable—piece of evidence of cross-world cultural exchange.

Crownsblade

The Bozjan Resistance commissioned Gerolt Blackthorne to resurrect the legendary blades of Gunnhildr—symbols that once united Bozja and might yet again. Thus did the weaponsmith re-create this exquisite gunblade, down to the tilted cylinder allowing aether to flow all the more easily to the blade.

THROWING WEAPONS

As a grizzled (albeit soused) veteran once said, any weapon can be ranged so long as one has the strength to throw it. There is perhaps no greater proof of this than the myriad fanciful arms employed by dancers in their campaign against the Totentanz.

Shortswords and the like have long been employed in acrobatic performances, and thus were the natural weapon of choice for dancers to dazzle their audiences and protect their persons both. As they continued to weave ever more dynamic steps and tosses into their dances, however, they began to experiment with other implements—most notably the chakrams seen in religious images and ceremonies of eld, which through dedicated choreographical trial were eventually forged into the mesmerizing, deadly weapons associated with dancers today.

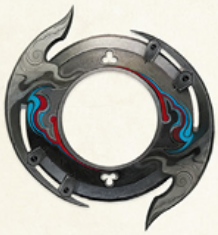
Prominent Designs

War Quoits

Most believe war quoits to be a rather extreme evolution of curved swords such as the Near Eastern shamshir. As testament to these origins, the weapon retains a small grip, making it ideal for those untested in the art of tossing naked blades.

Chakrams

Novices will note with no little amount of horror the striking lack of handle on these full-bladed quoits, developed from the ceremonial chakrams of eld. The expert, conversely, has no trouble manipulating the weapons' centrifugal force with a few well-placed fingers to hit their target with lethal accuracy.



Far Eastern Chakrams

The chakram is thought to have made its way to the Far East via the hands of wandering ascetic monks. As local swordsmiths put their own distinctive materials and techniques into its re-creation, however, the Far Eastern chakram differs from its Near Eastern cousins more than is obvious at first glance.

Glaives

The name of these multi-pronged throwing weapons derives from that of the relatively diminutive Ilsabardian gladius—proof of the lasting impact of the simple shortsword on the dancers' craft.

Tathlums

It is apparent at first glance that the smithing of the tathlum requires tricks beyond the average mortal's ken. Though the weapons' name seems to refer to the shining slingstones wielded by ancient gods, their origins and construction remain steeped in mystery.

Windfire Wheels

Kami wielding wheels or rings are far from uncommon in Far Eastern legend. These particular weapons are named for wheels wreathed in divine fire that were tossed to the winds to purge the realm of evil.

Blade's Euphoria

This enhanced Resistance weapon sports both more traditional sharpened spines and peculiar protrusions. The latter are in fact magical instruments akin to tiny staves, with the ability to channel and magnify the aether at work during a dance.

Enchufla

Master weaponsmith Gerolt Blackthorne faithfully reforged the thin, crescentiform blades of these Resistance weapons. As both right and left quoits feature two bladed rings, each attack inflicts four slices in quick succession, making short work of any enemy.

Cryptlurker's War Quoits

These relics excavated from underground ruins in Nabaath Areng may look like rudimentary farming implements, but the smooth transition of curved blade into curved haft indicates that they were always intended for use as throwing weapons—as does the prayer that the opponent should suffer a swift death engraved upon the flat of each blade.

Gyosei

As their name—"morning star"—and delicate appearance suggest, these instruments are primarily employed in star scrying ceremonies in far-flung Hingashi. Ever adhering to the adage, "What the customer doesn't know won't hurt them," however, Rowena's House of Splendors markets the Gyosei as throwing weapons—which, by the simple act of flinging, they handily become.

Barathrum

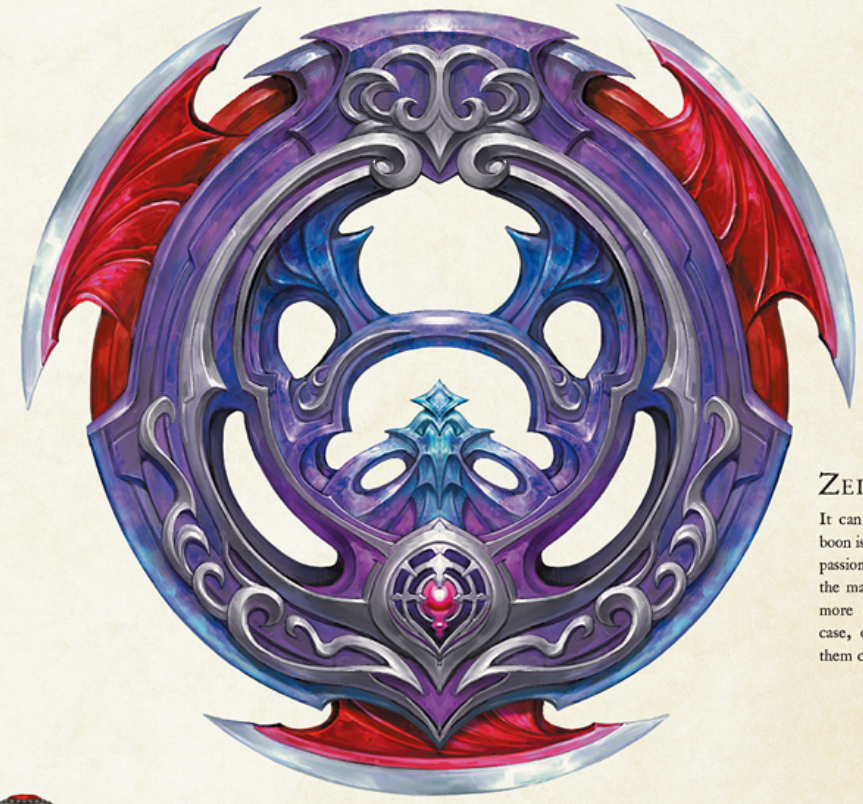
According to a renowned artisan of the Blacksmiths' Guild, it was a sight of a man with all the trappings of a Far Eastern ninja carrying the biggest shuriken that Limsa—"or indeed, the world!"—had ever seen that inspired the creation of this imposing triple-bladed masterpiece.

Griffinbanes

The mad king Theodoric of Ala Mhigo is said to have hunted flying prey with these discus-like weapons. With a single throw, the King of Ruin shattered the bones of a mighty griffin and sent it plunging to its death—or so the story goes.

Palaka Chakrams

Wrought in the image of the mighty sun, the Palaka chakrams' spiked edge was intended to enhance this symbolism, though it may incidentally increase effectiveness in battle in the fashion of similarly spined tathlums. The Thavnairian weave wrapped around the blade is colored with a special alchemical dye, enhancing aetherial conductivity.



Zelotupia

It can be said that a mage's greatest boon is determination, but this selfsame passion can devour the soul. Thus did the mages of eld at times detach their more dangerous sentiments—in this case, envy—from the self, and give them crystalline form.

Terpsichore

Though it appears no more fearsome than a standard dagger when not in use, Terpsichore is in truth composed of six deadly blades assembled in the fashion of a fan. The beauty of this keen chorus is so striking that it has been graced with the name of a goddess of dance.

Ruby Tide Windfire Wheels

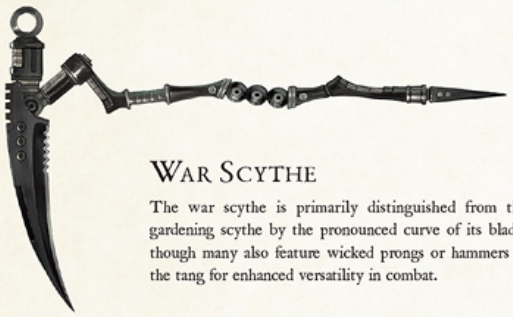
As their red coral adornments allude, these wheels were used as ceremonial implements in Shisui of the Violet Tides. Nevertheless, having been modeled after the kami's own accoutrements, they exceed most quoits in capacity to inflict violence when in the hands of a skilled dancer.

THE SCYTHE

Centuries ago, in the temperate climes of southern Ilsabard, Garlean farmers reaped their harvests with two-handed scythes. As these selfsame farmers took up these scythes in defense of their homes, however, the erstwhile tools underwent a variety of changes. Grips once present for the purpose of hewing stalks at the base were abandoned in favor of a longer and more versatile snath, and blades became larger in recognition of the power of momentum. The result was a weapon superior in reach and devastating in power.

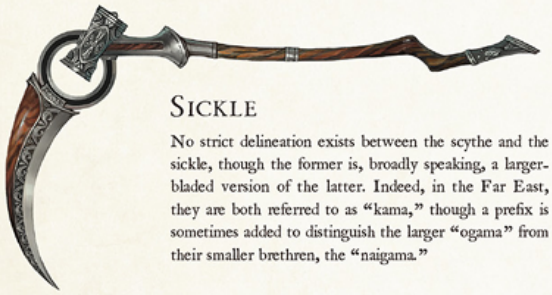
It is interesting to note that, even as the reaper's scythe developed into a formidable weapon of war, it evolved identically to the garden scythe in certain ways. Hinges to allow the blades to fold toward the snath, for instance, have been a popular addition to both varieties.

Prominent Designs



War Scythe

The war scythe is primarily distinguished from the gardening scythe by the pronounced curve of its blade, though many also feature wicked prongs or hammers at the tang for enhanced versatility in combat.



Sickle

No strict delineation exists between the scythe and the sickle, though the former is, broadly speaking, a larger-bladed version of the latter. Indeed, in the Far East, they are both referred to as "kama," though a prefix is sometimes added to distinguish the larger "ogama" from their smaller brethren, the "naigama."

Zaghnal

As descendants of battleaxes and warhammers, rather than scythes and sickles, zaghnal often feature straight, pick-like, or otherwise unusual blades. These weapons are said to have brought unprecedented prosperity to Near Eastern lands during the Fifth Astral Era, and likely were the precursors to the Far Eastern "war talon" as well.

Hellhound Scythe

But a glance at this military weapon will betray its true purpose—to inflict all possible suffering upon an enemy before death. The barbed blade is expressly designed to rip through flesh, leaving any poor wretch caught in its teeth in unspeakable agony.

Death Scythe

Intended for use by the headsman, the Death Scythe's blade is peerlessly sharp. However, even the keenest blow may fail to cut cleanly—in which case, the intended severing can be concluded with the convenient axe blade attached at the tang.

Scaevan Magitek Scythe

This ostensibly "beyond innovative" magitek instrument was conceived by renowned Garlond Ironworks consultant Nero Scaeva. Small ceruleum engines power the chain of teeth along its blade, which infinitely increases its proficiency in dismemberment.

Lakeland Scythe

An instrument of execution used long ago in Lakeland, this scythe bears significant resemblance to the Death Scythe of the Source. As such, it appears to support the theory that, faced with the same problem, even men realms apart tend to arrive at similar solutions.

Blackbosom Void Reaper

Extrapolating from the scythe's original purpose of reaping the life from crops, practitioners of the necromantic arts have at times turned to these tools for their unsavory rituals. This weapon's erstwhile owner was allegedly one such necromancer.

Naigama of the Crimson Lotus

This short-bladed scythe hails from Sui-no-Sato, where it was used in a ceremony sacrificing the year's most resplendent catch as offering to the kami of the sea—a custom likely based on similar harvest rituals held on the nearby continent.

Cryptlurker's War Scythe

Unearthed from the ruins of Nabaath Areng, this scythe is thought to have been used by tombkeepers of eld to send the unquiet dead safely on their way. Hopefully no revenants yet linger, as a significant number of the artifacts have been unceremoniously plundered and sold to the Boutique of Splendors.

Fae Sickle

The pixies of Il Mheg are clear on the point that this sickle is a tool of horticulture, not violence. Yet rumors that overgrown leafmen waiting to be trimmed shiver as if in terror—even when there is nary a breeze—cast no little doubt upon this claim.

Moonward Crux

Though this weapon was ostensibly constructed based on lunar folklore, one must wonder at the smith's translation of "quadruple-bladed" to "murderous pinwheel." For those who enjoy a touch of novelty in the course of their reaping duties, the moonward crux has been made available for sale through the machinations of a notoriously prolific merchant, though invariably in exchange for eccentric currencies.

High Durium War Scythe

The additional prong on this Near Eastern military scythe may at first appear superfluous. In truth, the additional mass results in a heavier blade capable of severing any target with ease—given its wielder possesses the necessary strength to swing it.

NOULITHS

During the Second Astral Era, practitioners of healing magicks implemented their arts with the support of naturally occurring objects of power known as adder stones. Records indicate that, by arranging them around an ailing patient, these healers were able to create a confluence through which to channel curative aether.

Other traditions would adopt the concepts at work in adder stones more broadly into magical foci such as canes, as well as arcane geometries. Early adopters of somanoutics, on the other hand, sought to harness the ancient power of adder stones entire—thus, the noulith.

Made from a comparable material to adder stones, the highly maneuverable nouliths can create arcane geometries of heretofore unknown complexity, allowing for intricate and powerful magicks. Still, to cite nouliths as the only viable foci for a sage's power would be folly—many can and do convert amulets, gemstones, and any number of other objects into potent tools for both combat and healing using the same principles.

Prominent Designs

Milpreves

Named with an alternate term for the adder stones by which they were inspired, these foci were created in the early years of somanoutics and are thus the most primitive variety of nouliths. They are easily recognized by their antiquated shape—closer to that of stones than wands—and default "X" formation.

Syrinxi

A more advanced form of milpreves, likewise equipped upon the back in the shape of a cross. Unusually sharp for an instrument of magic, these nouliths share an etymology with the term "syringe."

Pendulums

These nouliths are often used in asymmetrical geometries, though aligned neatly when stowed. The mesmerizing sway of each pendulum in action gave rise to their distinctive name.

Wings

The characteristic length of these nouliths was designed to optimize the potency of resulting aetherial confluences. Due to their relative bulk, they are most comfortably carried in the pattern of a pair of wings.

Lancets

A small-but-insistent group of sages will refer to all nouliths with a scalpel-like appearance as "lancets," regardless of whether they might be more appropriately termed "wings" or "pendulums" based on optimal arrangement. Perhaps unsurprisingly, such nouliths are also particularly favored by experts in physical medicine.

Dzi

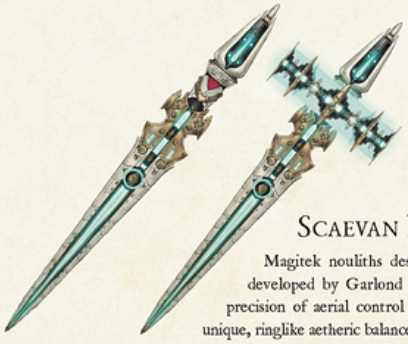
Protective amulets originating from the mountainous regions of Othard. Perhaps owing to the fact that they are generally crafted by spiritual practitioners using precious gems, their abilities strongly resemble those of adder stones and nouliths.

Crystarium Milpreves

Artisans of the Crystalline Mean created these nouliths based solely on the Crystal Exarch's account of basic somanoutic theory. It is little wonder, then, that the result most strongly resembles rudimentary adder stones.

Cryptlurker's Pendulums

Recovered from underground tombs in Nabaath Areng, these arcane instruments were likely used for rituals wherein spirits of the dead were summoned for their testimonies. The foci now find themselves amongst the Boutique of Splendors' wares, as their superior ability to create confluences is worth much to modern magical practitioners.

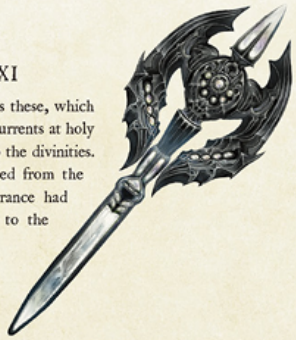


Scaevan Magitek Wings

Magitek nouliths designed by Nero Scaeva and developed by Garlond Ironworks. Considering the precision of aerial control to be key, Scaeva invented unique, ringlike aetheric balancers (patent currently pending) to enhance these somanoutic instruments.

Monstrorum Syrinxi

Thavnairian pilgrims favor staves such as these, which are intended to be struck into aetherial currents at holy sites so that prayers might flow safely to the divinities. When these instruments were recovered from the Tower of Zot, however, their appearance had grotesquely mutated, presumably due to the excess of tainted aether.



Radiant's Milpreves

In light of the increasingly chaotic state of world affairs, the Radiant Host of Thavnair expanded their tactical horizons to include the somanoutic arts. These nouliths were thereby created on an experimental basis, with their dragon-like form no doubt a tribute to the nation's beloved satrap.

Edenmorn Pendulums

Discovered within the primordial sin eater Eden, these foci are of miraculous symmetry, featuring a precious stone at the crux of two conical protrusions. Based on their appearance, they seem to have been influenced by Gaia's predilections, though it is unclear how this came to be so.

Moonward Milpreves

Shipped with the wares of a suspiciously well-connected merchant, these nouliths prominently feature large red jewels said to symbolize the fallen moon, Dalamud. Each jewel is supported by a delicate, beautifully crafted needle responsible for controlling aetherial flow.

Nabaath Pendulums

At first glance, these nouliths recovered from Malikah's Well resemble simple flintlock rifles. Upon closer examination, however, one will notice a crystal affixed to the firing hammer where otherwise flint would be. This detail betrays the true and innovative nature of these weapons—to discharge not a cartridge, but a concentrated blast of aether.

Imperial Magitek Wings

These distinctly Garlean implements were originally used to measure the concentration of aether in the Lifestream at various locations in the Empire. However, as they conceal flawless crystal elements within, they may be used as substitutes for more traditional nouliths.

Palaka Pendulums

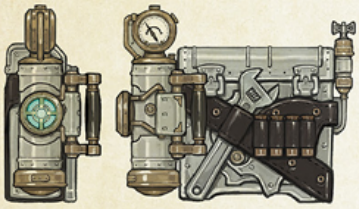
Ascetics training at the Font of Maya reportedly used these Thavnairian inventions to carve arcane geometries into the walls and floors of the nearby temple. An array of four results in a formidable set of nouliths—no laborious carving required.

MACHINIST KIT

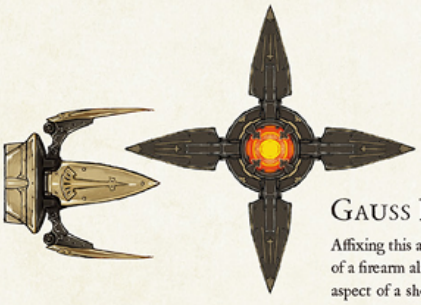
As is the case with their signature firearms, the machinist's efficacy in combat is achieved through the sophisticated union of several moving parts. Drawing upon innovations made through cooperation with the Garlond Ironworks, as well as more traditional principles of Eorzean aetherology, the Skysteel Manufactory's Stephanivien de Haillenarte has created mechanical accoutrements for his disciples quite unlike anything seen even in Garlemald.

Indeed, not since Allagan aetherochemistry have magic and mechanics been so readily combined—first as the aetherotransformer, and later, the autoturret. With all this and more at their disposal, machinists have become more akin to army than soldier on the battlefield.

Aetherotransformer



This auxiliary device is equipped at the waist and stores converted aether as lightning-aspected energy in its inbuilt crystal, allowing the machinist to power all manner of weaponry at will. It also holds a convenient supply of spare cartridges and maintenance tools.

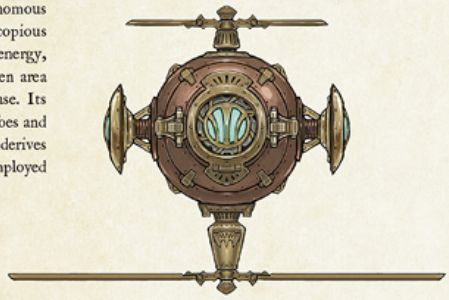


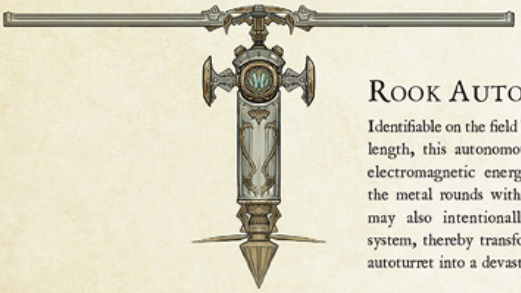
Gauss Barrel

Affixing this accessory to the muzzle of a firearm alters the propulsion and aspect of a shot.

Bishop Autoturret

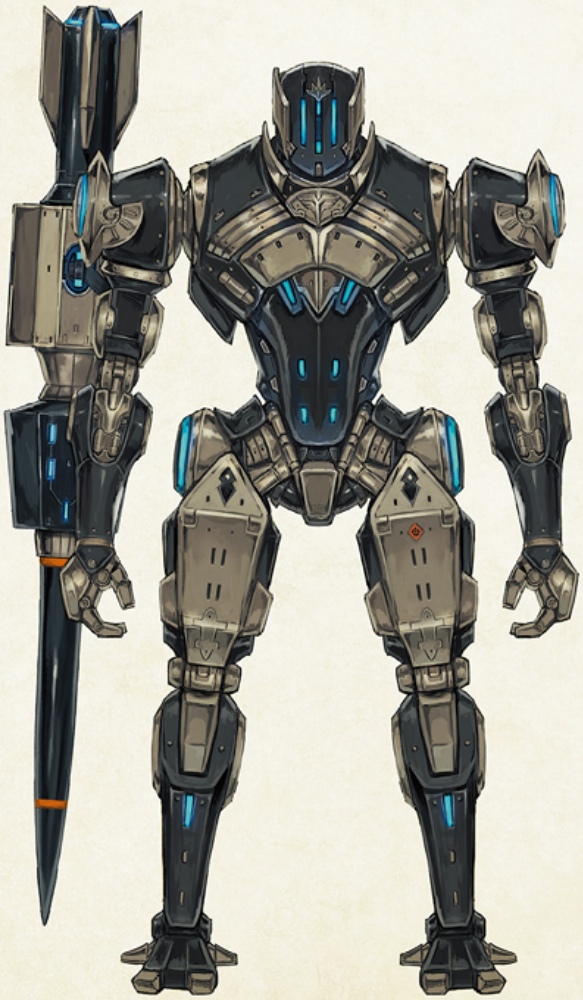
This portable, autonomous cannon discharges copious amounts of electrical energy, thereby securing a given area with efficiency and ease. Its capacity to recognize foes and the proximity thereof derives from the technology employed in Ul'dahn mammets.

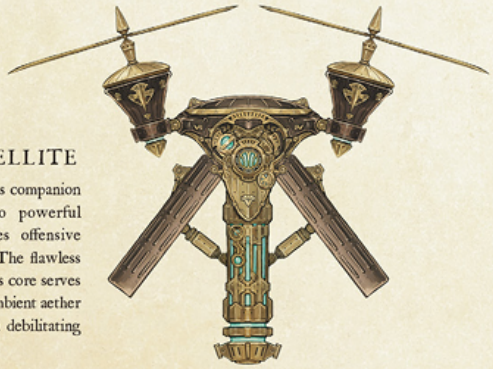




Rook Autoturret

Identifiable on the field by its distinctive length, this autonomous cannon uses electromagnetic energy to discharge the metal rounds within. A machinist may also intentionally overload its system, thereby transforming a simple autoturret into a devastating explosive.



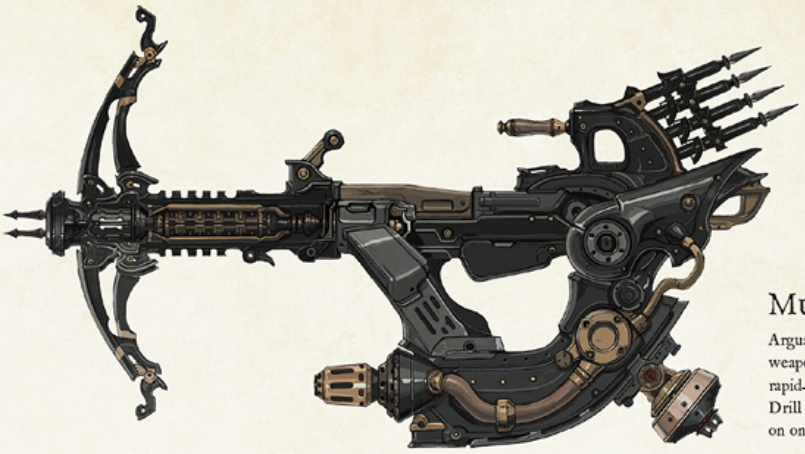


Knight Satellite

This massive autonomous companion is equipped with two powerful propellers and provides offensive assistance from the air. The flawless crystal incorporated as its core serves as a catalyst to convert ambient aether on the battlefield into a debilitating ray of destruction.

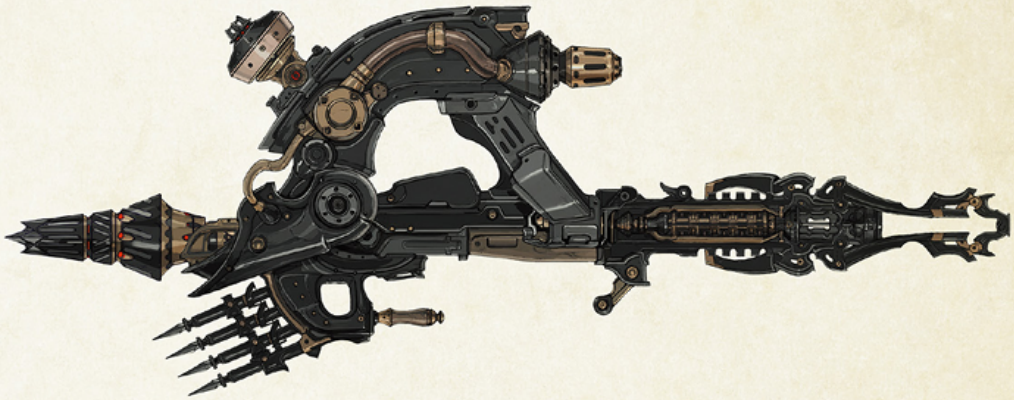
Automaton Queen

A far cry from an autoturret, this anthropoid automaton was created using the technology of the Holy See's automated knights and designed to excel at both strategic decision-making and hand-to-hand combat. The war machine is also equipped with such abilities as Pile Bunker and Crowned Collider (enhancements responsible for furthering the technology of pile drivers and aetheromatic augers, respectively), making it alarmingly powerful to boot.



Multishot

Arguably the most varied and versatile of machinist instruments, this weapon exhibits vastly different capabilities depending on utilization. The rapid-fire Auto Crossbow, poisonous gases of Bioblaster, and excavating Drill are generally shot from the hip, whereas balancing the weapon's rail on one's shoulder enables firing of the chain-like Air Anchor.

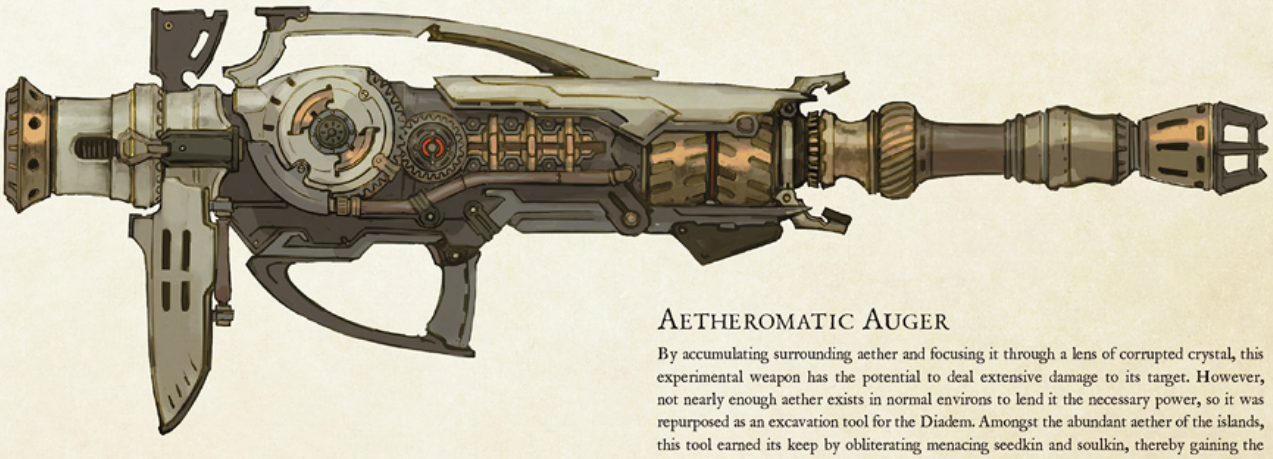


Scattergun

While the electromagnetic mechanics of this weapon are essentially identical to those of the rook autoturret, the ammunition provides a crucial difference between these portable arms. In a nod to the grapeshot used in dragon-slaying cannons, scattergun casings are packed with a mass of tiny bullets, exponentially widening the range of devastation inflicted by a single discharge.

Sniper Rifle

The sniper rifle was developed in tandem with the scattergun, but designed with special emphasis on accuracy across long distances. Indeed, so accurate is this firearm that its creators were rumored to have sold their souls to a demonic huntsman in exchange. Such hearsay is no more than that, of course, as one only has to look as far as the scope—and the technology of Astrologicum telescopes incorporated within—to discover the true source of this gun's prowess.



Aetheromatic Auger

By accumulating surrounding aether and focusing it through a lens of corrupted crystal, this experimental weapon has the potential to deal extensive damage to its target. However, not nearly enough aether exists in normal environs to lend it the necessary power, so it was repurposed as an excavation tool for the Diadem. Amongst the abundant aether of the islands, this tool earned its keep by obliterating menacing seedkin and soulkin, thereby gaining the Ishgardian Restoration project an abundance of raw materials.

A Gunbreaker's Panoply

Allegiance Blinder

The mirrorlens on this blinder is capable of aetherial detection, allowing the gunbreaker to detect hidden foes by adjusting its dial to focus on the signature of living creatures. If it is dismissed by said foes as a hastily cobbled metal eyepatch, all the better.

Allegiance Coat

Even the most innovative find difficulty in improving on perfection, and so it is that the gunbreaker's iconic longcoat has remained largely unchanged. Still, some have found room to experiment with fit, in this case with harness-inspired tailoring to the torso.

Allegiance Longboots

Leather boots grant free and largely silent movement, making them ideal footwear for the gunbreaker. Buckles may be winched tightly against the leg to prevent undesired encumbrance, while the metal plating at the knee protects from potentially debilitating injury.

Form & Function

While they fulfilled a role similar to the Sultansworn, the royal protectors of Queen Gunnhildr eschewed such plate and chainmail as Ul'dahn paladins prefer. The reasons for this are twofold: Firstly, the Bozjan monarch was, above all, a shaman whose religious duties required concentration in silence—a silence too fragile to survive the ambient clanking of armored guards. Secondly, the annealed metals of traditional armor are poor conductors of aether, so those legendary gunbreakers chose to clothe themselves in long leather coats more appropriate to their craft.

While trends of fashion come and go, this fundamental preference for leathers over steel has survived, and modern gunbreakers strike a silhouette shockingly like that of their precursors.

A DANCER'S PANOPLY

Etoile Headdress

This ribbon spun from the finest Thavnairian weave is weighted on either end with golden embellishments. These not only enhance the ribbon's decorative charm, but also create a hypnotic effect as they swing in tandem with the dancer's movements.

Etoile Halfgloves

Leaving the arm and fingers bare, these gloves provide a transfixing splash of glittering gold across the hand, one of the most expressive features at a dancer's disposal.

Etoile Longcoat

Accented by intricate gold metalwork in the traditional Thavnairian fashion, this costume has a fanciful cut best serving the most confident of dancers. Note how gemstones are woven into the fabric in order to provide points of aetherial concentration.

Form & Function

Behind every great dancer is an even greater seamster, providing the gorgeous vestments that dazzle an audience while granting ease of movement to its wearer. Master tailors of the fabric capital Radz-at-Han have offered their services since the inception of the Kriegstanz, and so it is that most such performers prefer Thavnairian weave, a silk valued for its comfort, luster, and aetherial conductivity.

Over the years, elements such as sashes, engraved metal adornments, and feathered decorations have been incorporated into a dancer's dress, influencing the dance itself in turn. A skilled performer wastes not a single opportunity to draw the eye, taking advantage of such accoutrements with steps to make them flow and flash like streams under the Thavnairian sun.

A Reaper's Panoply

Reaper's Chapeau

This iconic pairing of a wide-brimmed hat and facial covering not only grants the reaper anonymity, but proclaims them as deliverer of certain death.

Reaper's Corselet

A dark cape cascades from the shoulders of this fitted leather armor, providing both ease of movement and a sense of secrecy. Catalysts useful in summoning voidsent are equipped at the waist.

Reaper's Armguards

These gauntlets are crafted from the tanned hide of Ilsabardian cattle, hardened with a special blend of alchemical solution and the blood of voidsent.

Form & Function

The sight of a reaper is the rare glimpse of one's inevitable death, and most who fall by the scythe are never so fortunate as to witness it. The reaper's dark leather regalia ensures this, making flesh and blood appear—and sound—no more substantial than whisper and shadow.

That these predominately Garlean assassins have not abandoned their stygian attire in favor of colors more suited to the silver frosts of the Eblan Rime, however, has led to speculation that it is no simple camouflage. Some postulate that by emulating the ominous appearance of their avatar, a reaper confuses and terrifies the victim. Or perhaps the coloration of their more mundane garments is in deference to the fact that, on the occasion that reaper and voidsent become one, they are wreathed in aetherial garb seemingly woven from darkness itself.

A SAGE'S PANOPLY

Didact's Gloves

The gemstones embedded in these gloves create small confluences through which the sage may easily transfer appropriate amounts of aether to nouliths mid-flight. Additional medical implements may be attached to the port on the right glove as needed.

Didact's Visor

The lens of this visor allows a sage to check the flow of aether within a patient's body. It may be displaced from the eyes at a moment's notice, thereby causing no inconvenience to the user should they require the immediate use of full faculties during battle.

Didact's Coat

The traditional sage uniform of white accented with blue. At the waist is an aetherometer, amongst several other medical instruments, while from the neck dangles a pendulum serving as a sort of fifth noulith.

Form & Function

Based on healing prowess and affinity for flowing white habiliments alone, one might be hard-pressed to find any difference between the sage and white mage. However, where the white mages of Amdapor wore their whites as a symbol of purity, sages don theirs in the name of maintaining physical cleanliness.

In the midst of battle, of course, a clean healer is an indolent one, and herein lay a vexing conundrum—the stark contrast of bright red blood upon a pure white uniform was contributing to retinal fatigue, and the resulting greenish afterimages were impediments to executing the delicate geometries expected of any somanoutic practitioner. Blue was therefore introduced into the uniform, and proof of its efficacy can be found in the coloring of the raiments modern sages favor today.

A BLUE MAGE'S PANOPLY

Mirage Hat

Particularly when coupled with its matching feathered mask, this handsome top hat with its high, cylindrical crown is allegedly a "must-have" for any "blue mage of mystery."

Mirage Coatee

A glamorous costume created by none other than enigmatic fashion-monger Masked Rose. While retaining the elegance of classical morning dress, this outfit is a testament to his ingenuity, incorporating embroidered flourishes within the lining that enhance the channeling of aether.

Mirage Gloves

Equal parts chic and functional, these leather gloves are designed to help blue mages unleash their full potential. The aetherially conductive azure jewel found in the ring upon the right thumb assists the flow of magic into the mage's weapon of choice.

Form & Function

While similar in many ways to the garb of other magical practitioners, the dress of a blue mage is most notably informed by its eponymous color. This is thought to be of considerable significance to the Whalaqee originators of blue magic practices, as it is associated with ceruleum—"lifeblood of the planet"—the bountiful Lapis Canyon, and the garb that their people typically wear. Ever zealous in his mission to import Whalaqee traditions to Eorzea wholesale, Martyn has therefore adorned both himself and his protégés in the azure preferred by his mentors. While the finer cultural details may not be conveyed to those of us an ocean away through appearance alone, the blue mages' flamboyant apparel has at least left an impression, as those who frequent the Masked Carnivale can attest.

Encyclopædia Eorzea III

BOOK VII

CURIOUS CREATURES

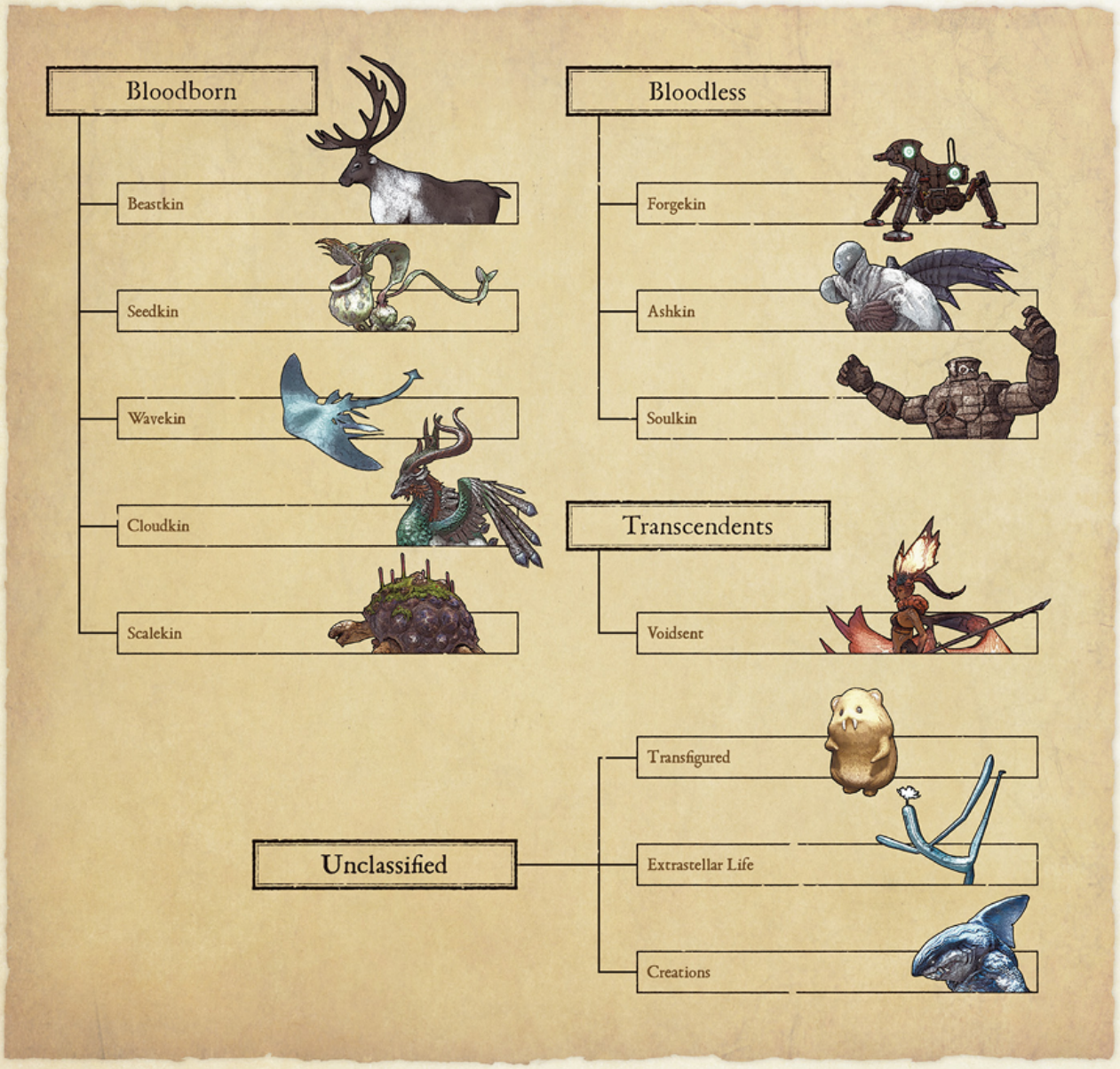
A BROADER BESTIARY

The Scions' report on distant and parallel worlds has plunged naturalist studies the star over into a state of flummoxed disarray, demanding significant updates to would-be encompassing texts including both the *Bibliotheca Historica* and our own *Encyclopaedia Eorzea*. However, if there is one truth upon which scholars can agree, it is that in times of hardship, one is far better served by an excess of information than a dearth of it. As such, the bestiary of this volume contains entries concerning not only the provably real, but also the rumored and, at times, downright ridiculous.

Classification and Indexing

Sharlayan's system of three regna—kingdoms—and twelve classes has heretofore been the primary method of classification of living creatures and those imitative of life. However, the Scions' report has introduced a significant element of complication with the inclusion of entities hailing from both spatially and temporally distant stars. How are these creatures to be distinguished from those of the Etheirys we know today—and, without an avenue for further research, how are we to determine whether our existing classifications apply at all?

While these matters remain under discussion, the Studium's Faculty of Natural History has proposed interim classifications separate from the existing kingdoms for those beings to whom the existing schema clearly does not apply. Upon further investigation, we may see these creatures divided into classes within one or more kingdoms—or the system revised entirely—but for the purposes of this volume, they will be categorized under "Transfigured," "Extrastellar Life," or "Creations." For maximum clarity under the circumstances, the realm in which each creature was observed for the purposes of providing the information herein is also noted.



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BEASTKIN

According to data furnished by the Scions of the Seventh Dawn, beastkin are as numerous and diverse in the First as they are on the Source, and many share similar characteristics despite inhabiting different realms. While far from an exhaustive catalogue of the beastkin of both worlds, the below examples should serve as an illustrative sampling.

Echevore

The scales on this critter's back are arranged in such a way as to put one in mind of the succulent echeveria. Lying concealed in tall grass, it lures insects with its tail, which secretes a sweet-tasting fluid akin to nectar.

Armadillo

Though the armadillo's protective shell at times causes it to be mistaken for a scalekin, the hard protrusions are in fact formed of bone matter. When cornered, the creature can toss massive boulders with its three-pronged tail as deftly and accurately as an expert marksman wielding a sling.

Cama

Long ago in Norvrandt, generations of domesticated cama were bred with the aim of increasing their utility as draft animals. However, with the advent of magically enhanced breeding techniques and the creation of the amaro, the demand for camas plummeted, and many farmers allowed their beasts of burden to wander free. Thus released to the wilds, they grew ever more feral as ages passed.

Phooka

These feathered simians bear a striking resemblance to the paissa, though they make their home in Il Mheg, the faerie kingdom of the First. Their slow wits often put them at the mercy of the fae, who seem to take a sadistic joy in manipulating phookai into fighting amongst themselves.

Maultasche

This tremulous hulk is the equivalent of the Source's goobbue. While identical in most respects, the maultasche's native habitat has resulted in different flora sprouting from its head.

Cliffmole

A variety of mole that inhabits the mountainous regions of Kholusia. With a dearth of vegetation to use as cover, the beastkin has adapted to life in its barren home by camouflaging itself amongst the rocks. So effective is this disguise that it deceives even the most keen-eyed birds of prey, and more than a few adventurers and mountaineers have been surprised by a boulder stirring underfoot.

Desman

The resemblance of this beastkin to the cliffmole is so uncanny that one cannot but conclude that the two are closely related. The main point of variation between them is the color of the outer shell, with the white exterior of the desman reflecting its surroundings in the Burn—considerable evidence in favor of the theory that the shell's main function is to help the creature blend into its habitat.

Caribou

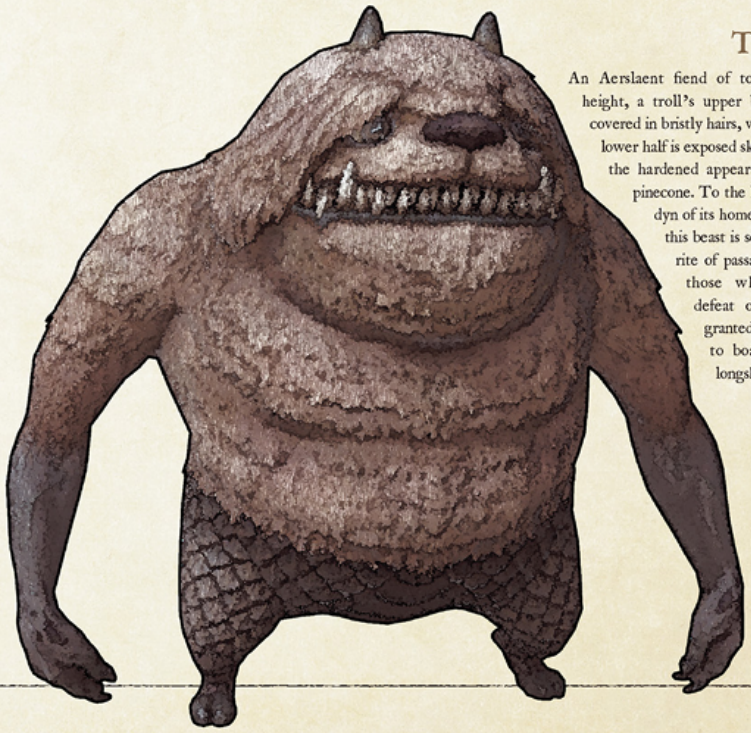
This species of hoofed beastkin is a common sight across the Three Great Continents and the frigid regions of the New World, yet widespread domestication means that not all are found in their natural habitats. Although they share many commonalities with the antelope, both male and female specimens of caribou can grow an imposing set of horns.

Eldthurs

Despite the imposing name, naturalists believe Eldthursar to be naught but yetis whose ancestors forswore their icy mountain homes, choosing instead the molten lakes of Pyros to raise their young. Though not necessarily known for their obedience, some have been trained to accept the orders of a rider without taking a bite out of their thigh.

Vajralangula

The vajralangula which inhabit Thavnair can be distinguished from armadillos by their distinctive cargo: instead of lobbing deadly projectiles with their tail, they use this appendage to carry amra fruit. This is done as a display to potential mates, as a larger fruit indicates that their territory is replete with such bounteous specimens. However, despite its value as proof of fecundity, the beast will not hesitate to use the trophy as a weapon if the situation calls for it.



Troll

An Aerslaent fiend of towering height, a troll's upper body is covered in bristly hairs, while its lower half is exposed skin with the hardened appearance of pinecone. To the Roegadyn of its home island, this beast is seen as a rite of passage, for those who can defeat one are granted license to board the longships.

Seedkin

Seedkin of the First share all the characteristics of those that dwell in the Source, including the capacity to move independently for the purposes of hunting, defense, and reproduction. Thus, it is strongly advised that any who wish to brave the wilderness of lands both familiar and new peruse this section at length, so as not to fall victim to an errant seedkin by fault of their own ignorance.

Leannan Sith

An ambulatory plant with a body indistinguishable from that of a voluptuous woman. With their beauty and siren song, they lure ill-fated hunters and woodcutters deep into the forest, where they drain the life force of their prey.

Triffid

The purple leaves of the triffid set it apart from the leshy, and mark its home as the distinctive forests of Lakeland. Indeed, it is quite possible that the Forest of the Lost Shepherd's namesake met his fate at the dendriform hands of this predatory seedkin.

Gigantender

Primarily found in Amh Araeng and other arid desert regions, the gigantender is distinguished from the common sabotender by its unusual size and crown of multiple branches. Their fruit is said to be deliciously sweet but difficult to consume due to the large number of seeds within.

Mythrilcap

This highly mobile fungus is a close relative of the funguar. The delineating difference between the two is that while the funguar uses its long appendages in a similar manner to arms, the mythrilcap uses them as legs, allowing it to leap in a way which evokes the quick, short hops of the chapuli—and horror in unsuspecting naturalists.

Genomos

Found throughout the realm, but most notably upon the northern isles, the carnivorous genomos lies in wait for prey which seeks shelter in the brush. Due to their predilection for small insects, tender genomoi have long been raised in captivity for the purposes of pest control.

Tomatl

This carnivorous seedkin inhabits heavily wooded areas such as the Rak'tika Greatwood, propelling itself through the verdure by rolling about in its vaselike carapace. The tomatl can sense the smallest vibrations in its surrounding area, and when prey is detected, it emerges from its shell with such speed and fury that pottery becomes a source of nightmares for any fortunate enough to survive the encounter.

Asvattha

This relative of the dread morbol haunts the jungles of the Near East. Highly fertile, its presence can be discerned by the large number of seeds left in its wake. Great care is required when disposing of these toxin-coated seeds, but once their potent poison is removed, they can be soaked in liquor to give the beverage a flavor which defies explanation.

Snapweed

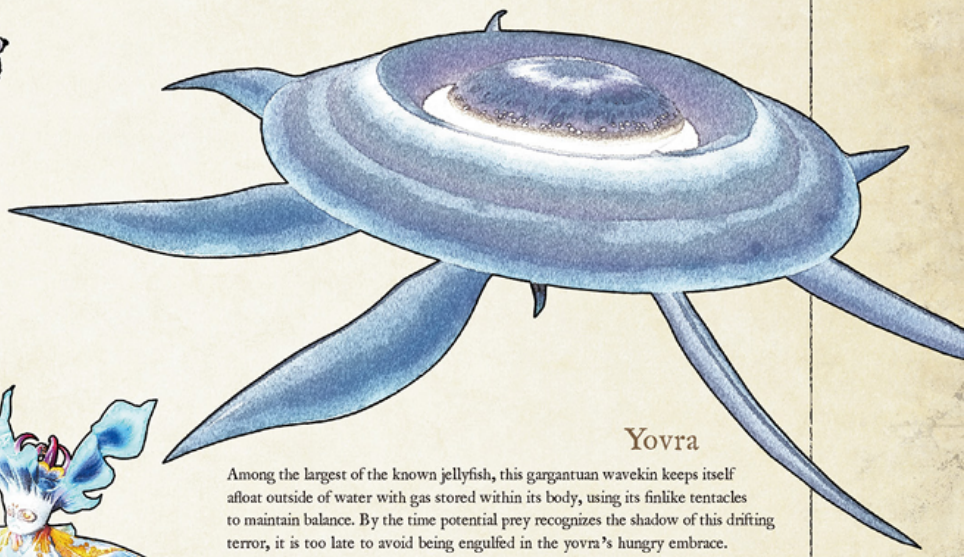
The jar-shaped organ which makes up the bulk of this ambulatory seedkin evolved from a mere leaf into a sophisticated snare. Any insects which fly into its maw are dissolved into sludge by the digestive fluids contained within, and although swift extension of its tendril-like legs propels the snapweed to considerable heights, its fine sense of balance keeps it from spilling even a single drop of these essential fluids.

Wavekin

This class includes denizens of seas, rivers, lakes, and marshes—all of which can be found in abundance in both the First and the Source. Of a kindred encompassing fish, shellfish, amphibians, and more, wavekin are as multifaceted as they are numerous. Some dart through the water like arrows, others crawl ponderously across the ocean floor, and yet others float with the aid of gas-filled sacs.

Dagon

Lurking in the depths of the Tempest and similarly spacious bodies of water, the dagon hides its many tentacles within its shell until a threat approaches, then extends them to make itself appear larger and more menacing. Though soft of flesh, the parasitic coral adorning it should see most would-be predators regretting their attempts to take a bite.



Yovra

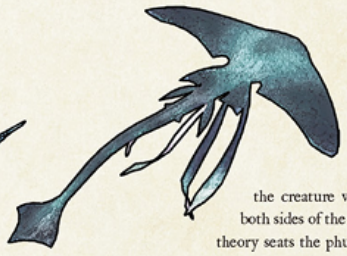
Among the largest of the known jellyfish, this gargantuan wavekin keeps itself afloat outside of water with gas stored within its body, using its finlike tentacles to maintain balance. By the time potential prey recognizes the shadow of this drifting terror, it is too late to avoid being engulfed in the yovra's hungry embrace.

Clionid

The clionid feeds on plankton early in life. As it matures, however, it begins consuming flesh in order to satisfy its voracious appetite, using the tentacles extending from its head to latch onto prey. A winsome appearance that belies a vicious nature gives the colloquial appellation of "sea faerie" a chilling accuracy.

Phuabo

The broad head of this wavekin resembles that of a ray, yet its body is unmistakably sharklike. As such, naturalists have long debated over the minutiae of the phuabo's classification. For a short while, the creature was called a "shark-ray" to mollify both sides of the argument, but the current prevailing theory seats the phuabo firmly amongst the rays.

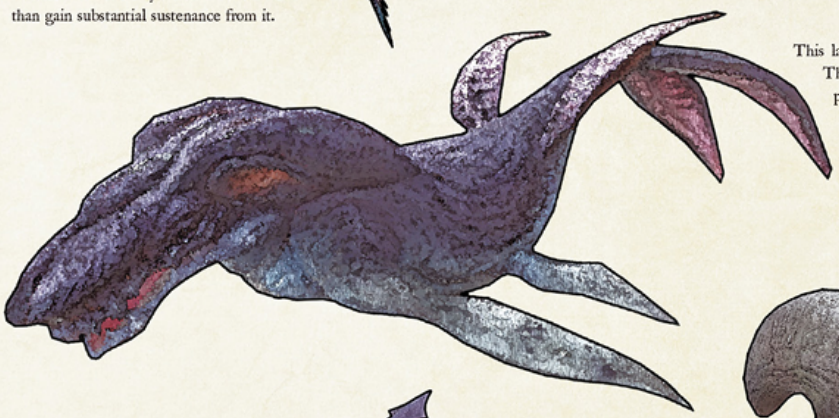


Danbania

Of all the wavekin that make the Tempest their home, the danbania is perhaps the most aggressive. With hardened fins that resemble blades, the mere whisper of its name causes local Ondo to cling to their fishing nets protectively. As a final taunt to any tenacious enough to catch and cook the creature, its bony body assures that one is more likely to choke on the meal than gain substantial sustenance from it.

Pteraketos

This large whale spends its life wandering ocean waters. Though it oft travels via leisurely swimming, the pteraketos can also use its fins as aether-borne wings to propel its massive bulk through the air. On its head is a large organ within which it stores ambient aether, enabling the usually docile wavekin to defend itself with powerful bursts of magical energy.



Limascabra

A close relative of the uragnite, this wavekin's feeding practices are thought to improve the quality of the water in which it lives, leading researchers to release large numbers into the man-made rivers of Labyrinthos. While it is edible, limascabra flesh is quite bitter, and most would agree that it is at best an acquired taste.

Xzomit

The body of this enormous squid emits a mysterious glow, thought to be a reaction to the ambient aether in the surrounding waters. One theory posits that the luminescence facilitates communication between xzomit, although this has proven difficult to observe in the wild. The wavekin can fend off predators by hardening its fins and charging forward, using its own body as a sort of organic projectile.

Luncheon Toad

A species of gigantoad native to the Near East, this enormous wavekin earned its name from the delicious taste and texture of its flesh—ostensibly similar to that of chicken. In Corvos, the meat is marinated in spices and yogurt before being baked in an earthen oven to seal in the flavor.

Cloudkin

Cloudkin are winged creatures all, but those wings do not necessarily bear them across the skies. Many have been bound to the land by the vagaries of evolution, and more bred for their feathers and meat.

Rail

Largely inhabiting the island of Kholusia, these stocky birds are thought to be related to the Source's dodo, as not only are they similar in appearance, but they also spew a poisonous gas when threatened. Perhaps this miasma, much like the rail's plumage, differs slightly from that of its kin in the Source—though none have yet been willing to breathe deeply enough to find out.

Wood Rail

Found in the Rak'tika Greatwood, wood rails are easily distinguished by the unsettling plumage resembling a face on their lower bodies. Accepted wisdom is that the wood rail was the result of selected breeding conducted by ancient Ronkan mages, but no evidence has been found to support this theory.

Batsquatch

A species of giant bat relocated to the Qitana Ravel to deter would-be thieves from trespassing in the ruins. In the searing Light of the Flood, their already limited eyesight was lost. By contrast, their already exceptional hearing and use of echolocation improved dramatically.

Harpy

While this cloudkin could easily be mistaken for the wood rail of the First, naturalists have determined that—in the Source, at least—it comes from a separate lineage to the dodo or hamsa. The facial pattern is thought to serve a similar function to the eye spots which can be observed in other species, making the bearer appear to be a larger and more fearsome creature.

Alkonost

This monstrous cloudkin is native to northern Ilsabard, and males sport large antlers akin to a deer's. They are used in a similar fashion as well, in male competition for territory and mates. Records of the Bozjan southern front indicate that these creatures were used by the beastmasters of the IVth Imperial Legion.

Hamsa

A flightless bird native to Thavnair, the hamsa is widely bred for alchemical materials and meat. Though closely related to the dodo, native to the island of Mazlaya, academics have yet to agree on which variety is the more ancient.

Scalekin

Covered in hard shells or scales, many of the specimens that belong in this class are either carnivorous or omnivorous, and often rest comfortably at the top of their respective ecosystems' food chains. Their populations, however, are vulnerable to changes in temperature, and the habitats in which they can thrive are somewhat limited when compared with other types of beasts.

Anaconda/Bhujamga

Although bearing two different names, the attributes of this ferocious predator are almost identical between the First and the Source. In the former, it stalks the Rak'tika Greatwood and is called an "anaconda," while in the latter it haunts the island of Thavnair and is known as a "bhujamga." That these species inhabit similarly humid and heavily canopied locales can be no coincidence.

Iguana

Massive, vicious reptiles that inhabit the island of Kholusia. Skillfully wielding their long prehensile tongues, they seize their prey with fearsome speed and accuracy. Prone to insatiable pangs of hunger, the largest of these creatures have been known to swallow unfortunate dwarves whole.

Draco/Monitor

Although diminutive at first glance, this scalekin can spread its membranous wings to quite successfully intimidate potential predators. In the First's Lakeland, this creature earned the name "draco" for their resemblance to the dragons of legend. In the Source, however, they are called "monitors" after their tendency to observe their surroundings from the forest's towering canopy.

Deepglider

A close cousin of the draco, this scalekin has adapted to life at higher altitudes. In the Kingdom of Voeburt, the sight of the deepglider soaring through the sky, green and red wings spread as if to envelop the world in its embrace, inspired many to dream of such lofty heights. Thus, designs featuring the creature were popular amongst knights in the region.

Pisaca

A vicious Thavnairian scalekin with plating as strong as steel, claws as sharp as swords, and a tongue as long and lacerating as a whip. Its savagery is such that it rarely hesitates to attack even armed travelers. Little wonder, then, that local legends cast it as a fierce demon.

Kacchapa

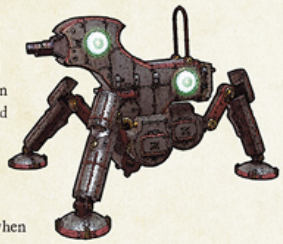
A variety of adamantoise specific to Thavnair, the kacchapa is almost completely identical to others of its species—right down to the name meaning "tortoise." It can be distinguished, however, by the effects of its environment: the plants sprouting from the kacchapa's shell lend it a distinctive color.

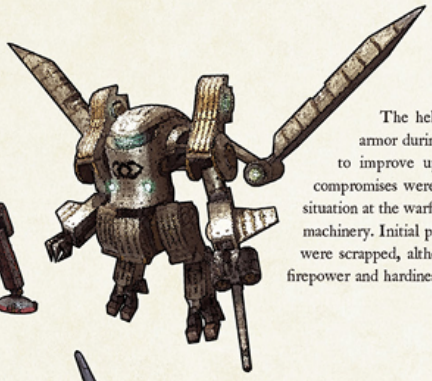
Forgekin

Many of the entries below were once thought to be truly alive, but the class of "forgekin" was established once it was understood that the appearance of life was a result of a complex interplay of machinery. Included within this classification are the products of ancient Allagan research, magitek weaponry of the Garlean Empire, and examples of Loporrit ingenuity.

Nimrod

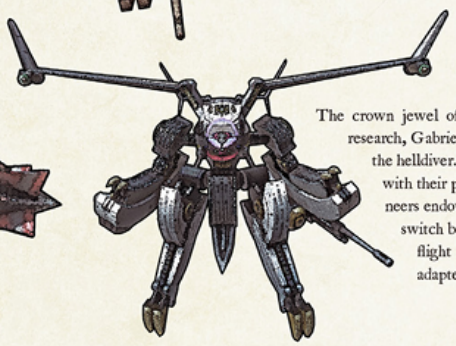
Unlike magitek armor, which was developed as an alternative to mounted cavalry, the nimrod was created by the Garlean Empire to serve as an unmanned mobile cannon. Its agility and firepower are inferior to those of the various magitek armor models, but it can still present a significant threat when deployed in large numbers.





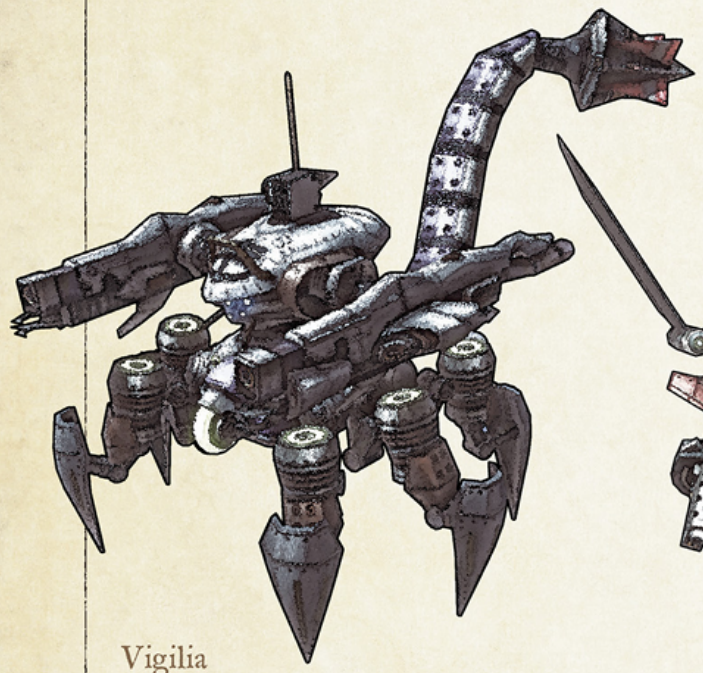
Helldiver

The helldiver was developed as a successor to sky armor during the second phase of new research intended to improve upon existing airborne magitek. Numerous compromises were made in its design due to the deteriorating situation at the warfront and immediate demand for combat-ready machinery. Initial plans to implement transformation capabilities were scrapped, although engineers did succeed in enhancing its firepower and hardiness compared to the previous model.



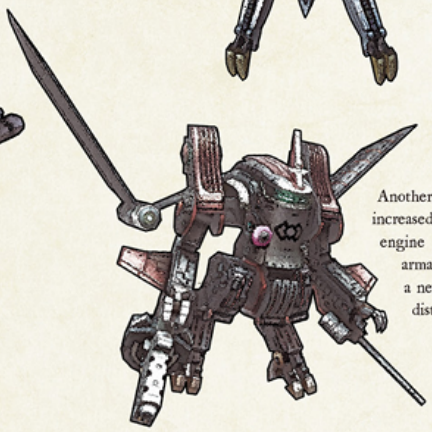
Gabriel

The crown jewel of phase-two airborne magitek research, Gabriel was introduced not long after the helldiver. Achieving what they could not with their previous creation, Garlean engineers endowed Gabriel with the ability to switch between a configuration ideal for flight and a humanoid configuration adapted for melee combat.



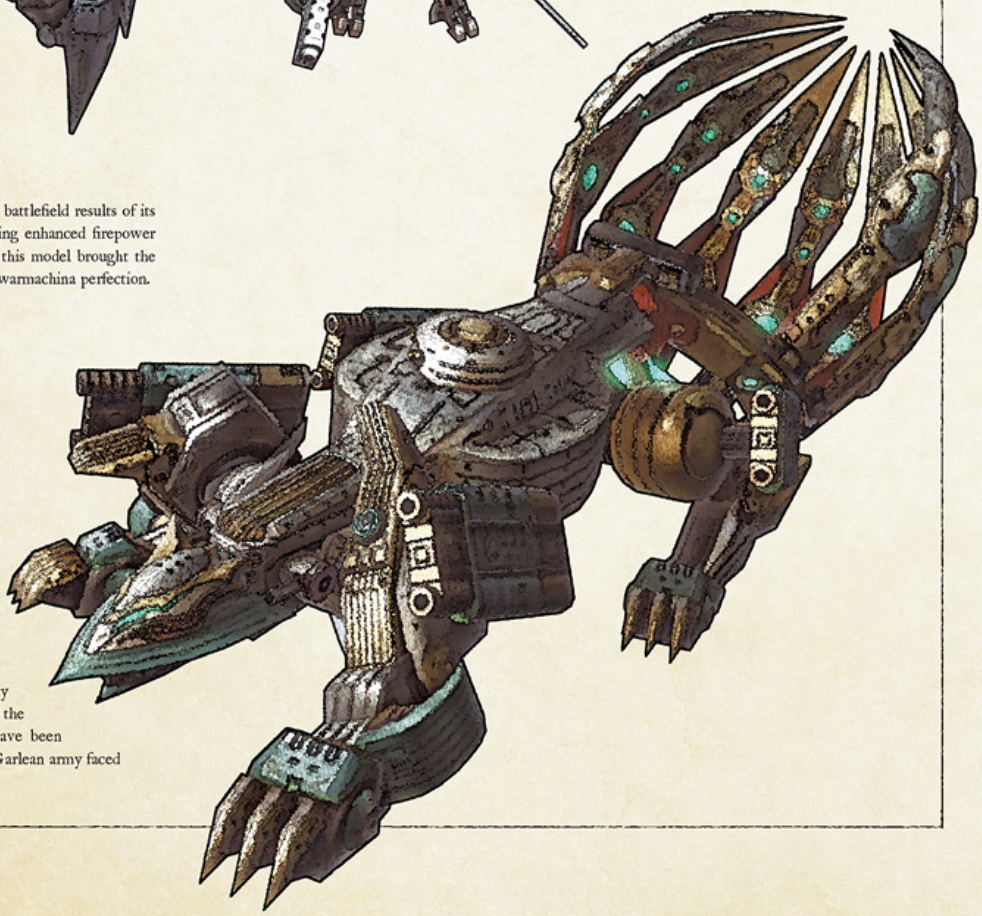
Vigilia

Vigilia's development was based on the battlefield results of its prototype, the magitek scorpion. Boasting enhanced firepower and a more precise control mechanism, this model brought the Empire a step closer to the pinnacle of warmachina perfection.



Blackburn

Another technological evolution of the helldiver, the increased power output of the blackburn's ceruleum engine enables the machina to carry even more armaments. In addition to its enhanced firepower, a new ultra-hard cermet alloy lends the fuselage a distinctive crimson hue.

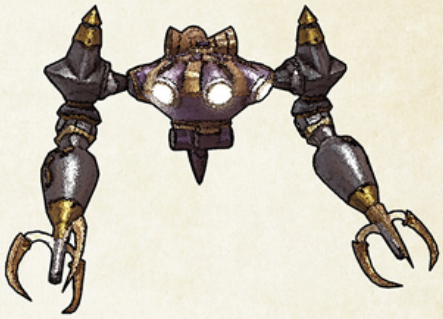


Dáinsleif

This quadrupedal magitek armor was deployed by the IVth Legion while it was still in the prototype stage. Displaying the imperial tendency to appropriate from conquered cultures, the Dáinsleif's unique design is said to have been inspired by a nine-tailed beast that the Garlean army faced during its invasion of Doma.

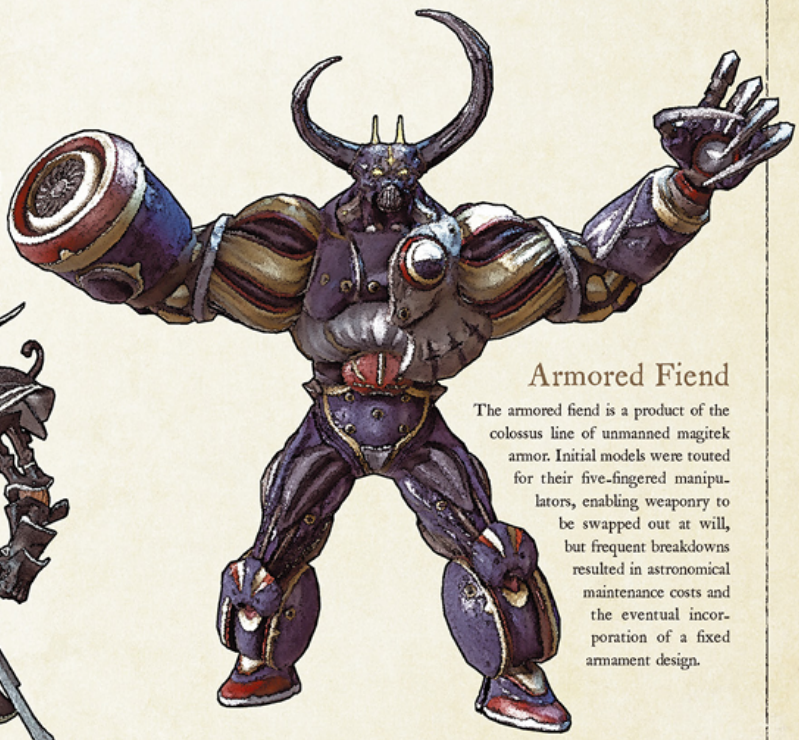
Laborer

Designed by Sicinius the Methodical, senior engineer of the IVth Imperial Legion's magitek detachment, this machina takes inspiration from an ancient automaton found in the excavation of the Clockwork City of Goug. Its main improvement over the original is the inclusion of a ceruleum engine, which increases its capacity by orders of magnitude.



Satellite

Yet another unmanned weapon, this machina is used primarily for aerial surveillance and reconnaissance. When it detects a presence, it will check it against a database of known friendly entities and, if no match is found, rain Garlean Fire upon the earth. Unfortunately, it is not uncommon to hear of accidental casualties caused by outdated databases.

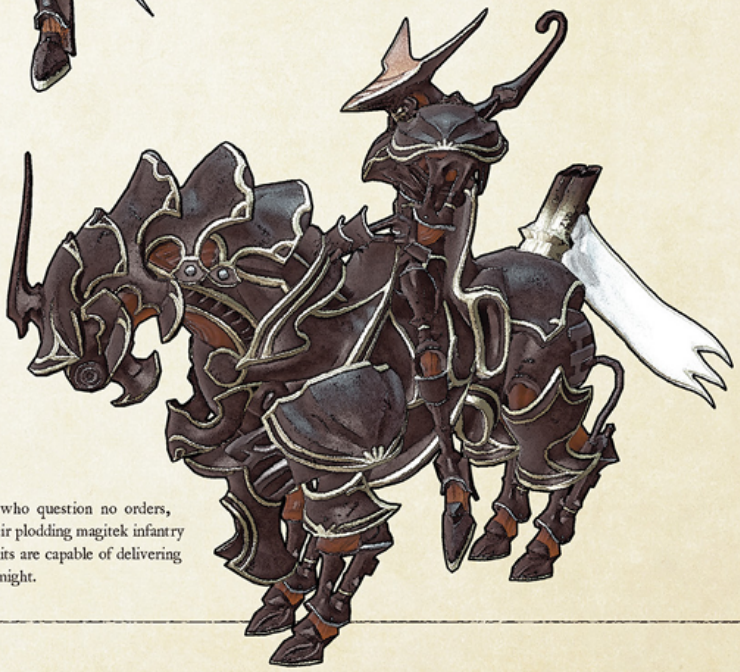


Armored Fiend

The armored fiend is a product of the colossus line of unmanned magitek armor. Initial models were touted for their five-fingered manipulators, enabling weaponry to be swapped out at will, but frequent breakdowns resulted in astronomical maintenance costs and the eventual incorporation of a fixed armament design.

Infantry

The ranks of the imperial army have long been bolstered with conscripted troops from the provinces to compensate for the small population of trueborn Garleans, but such a practice means facing the constant risk of rebellion. Magitek infantry were developed in response to the demand amongst Garlean officers for soldiers of unwavering loyalty.

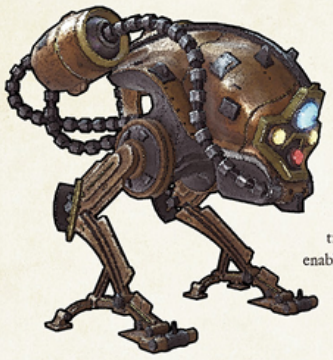


Cavalry

Not satisfied with a legion of mechanical foot soldiers who question no orders, Garlean engineers developed the equine charger to give their plodding magitek infantry a much-needed boost to mobility. The resulting cavalry units are capable of delivering stunning blows which rival even magitek armor for sheer might.

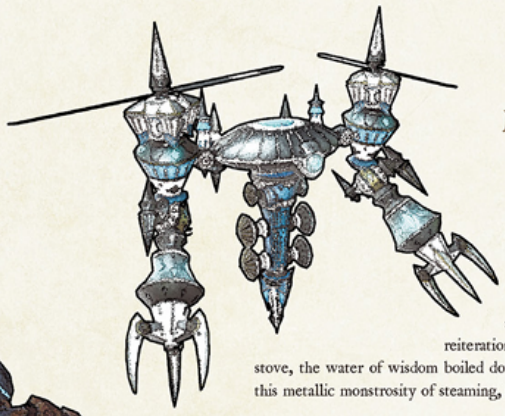
Tunnel Armor

An improved version of Prometheus, the tunnel armor's development focused mainly on increasing utility as a siege weapon. Thus, the two large drills attached to either side of its body spin at a force which can churn even the thickest castle walls into dust—might which was unexpectedly turned upon the IVth Legion when the Bozjan Resistance managed to capture one in a skirmish.



Death Machine

A cruel machine of pitiless metal which was created in an attempt to make the magitek reaper autonomous. With no crew needed to man it, excess armor was shed, trading durability for mobility. This enabled swift hit-and-run tactics, giving this forgekin a deadliness which befits its name.

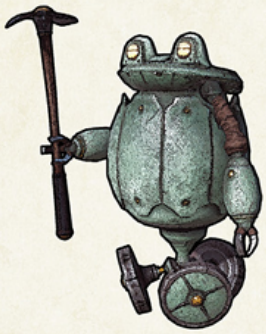


Mark CXLIV Thermocoil Boilbuster

Born from a simple desire to heat water for loved ones, one innocent idea has been warped beyond recognition after decade upon decade of reiteration. Left too long on creation's stove, the water of wisdom boiled down to nothing, giving rise to this metallic monstrosity of steaming, searing destruction.

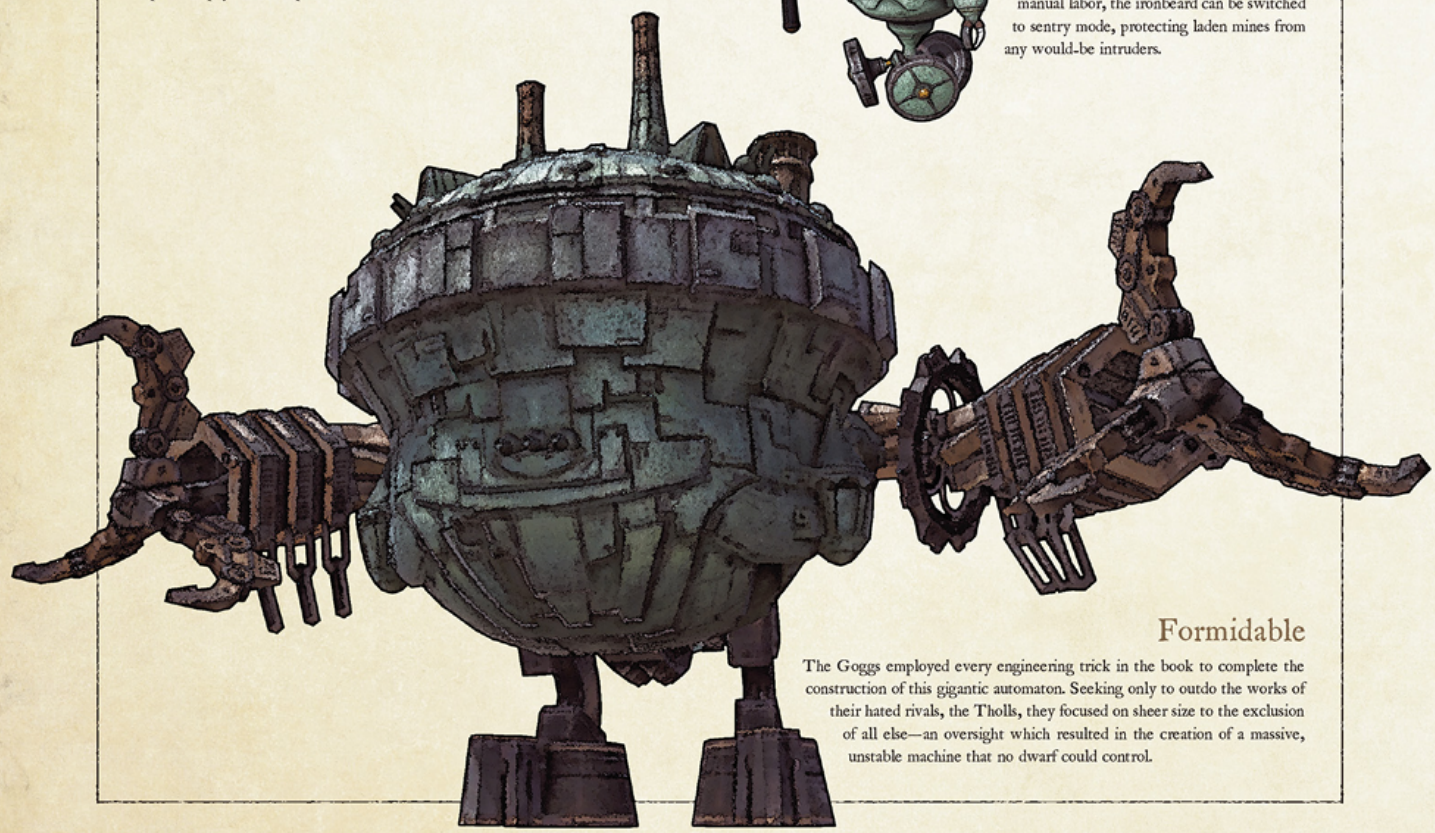
Defective Drone

Found within ancient Allagan ruins in the Burn, the precise function of this unmanned weapon is unclear. Its primary purpose is theorized to have been excavating tunnels, as it is borne by bladed wheels and outfitted with an impressive payload of explosives.



Ironbeard

Manufactured by dwarven engineers, these automata are mainly used for simple and repetitive tasks such as mining, their barrel-shaped bodies serving as storage units for ore and other excavated treasures. When not performing manual labor, the ironbeard can be switched to sentry mode, protecting laden mines from any would-be intruders.



Formidable

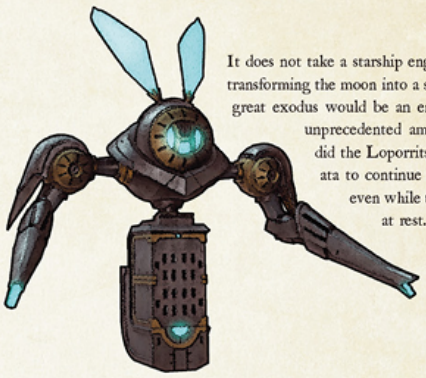
The Goggs employed every engineering trick in the book to complete the construction of this gigantic automaton. Seeking only to outdo the works of their hated rivals, the Tholls, they focused on sheer size to the exclusion of all else—an oversight which resulted in the creation of a massive, unstable machine that no dwarf could control.

Frameworker

The paradise of Smileton was to be a perfect haven, and it was imagined that ordinary guards would doze off out of boredom. A guard cannot guard while asleep, so the Loporrits deemed it necessary to create these man-shaped constructs that know naught but wakefulness.

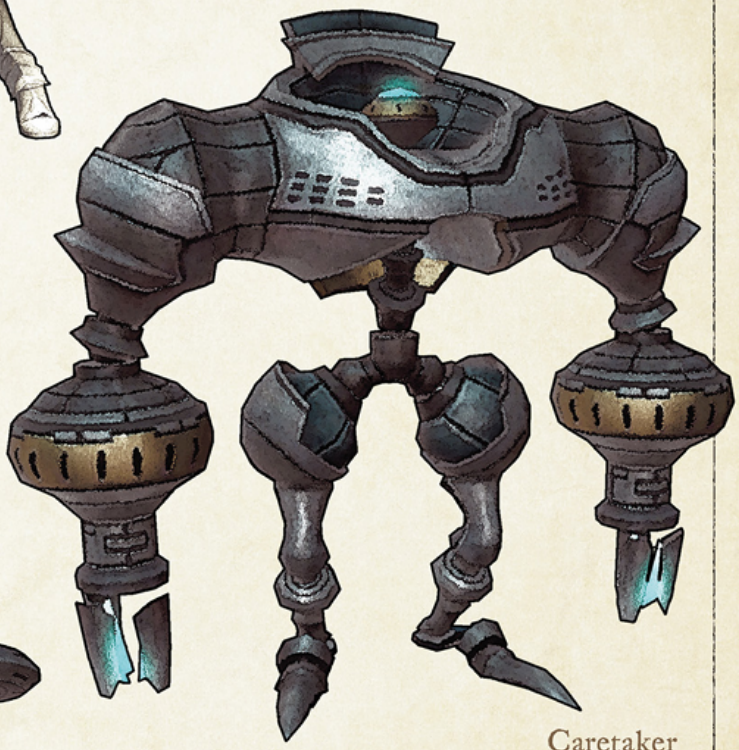
Supporter

It does not take a starship engineer to predict that transforming the moon into a suitable vessel for the great exodus would be an endeavor requiring an unprecedented amount of labor. Thus did the Loporrits create these automata to continue work day and night, even while they themselves were at rest.



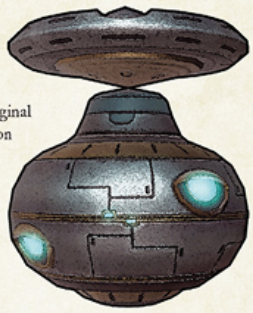
Scraper

Even with supporters helping them, the Loporrits quickly realized that more hands—or sharp metallic claws—would be required if they were to complete their great work. The industrious engineers ventured into the nearby wreckage of an Allagan satellite and scavenged anything built for labor that they could find, attaching their own limiter units to the machines before setting them to digging.



Cleaner

Though perhaps not obvious at a glance, the design of this automaton was inspired by ceramic golems. Repurposing the original machine's magical turret for sanitation duties, the Loporrits tasked this unit with incinerating foreign objects. When visitors arrived on the moon, however, the cleaner miscategorized them as detritus to be removed—a chore it undertakes with inexhaustible determination.



Caretaker

The Loporrits' design for this mechanical servant was based on the ceramic golem blueprints they received through their interactions with Sharlayan. Ensuring the smooth operation of the Carrotorium is a caretaker's main role, and so absolute is its devotion to the safekeeping of carrots that it will tear limb from limb anyone it perceives as a threat—which unfortunately includes just about everyone.

Landed Freedom Fighter

The Freedom Fighters, a faction found on the eighth alien star visited by the entity known as Meteion, were noted for fielding this terrestrial warmachina. It has the appearance of an armored beast, yet it is unclear whether the weapon was piloted or entirely autonomous.

Airborne Freedom Fighter

As the name suggests, this is an aerial unit of the Freedom Fighters' warmachina. Its wings evoke the image of a giant flying insect, and it draws on the energy stored within its tanklike abdomen to emit powerful shockwaves.

Ashkin

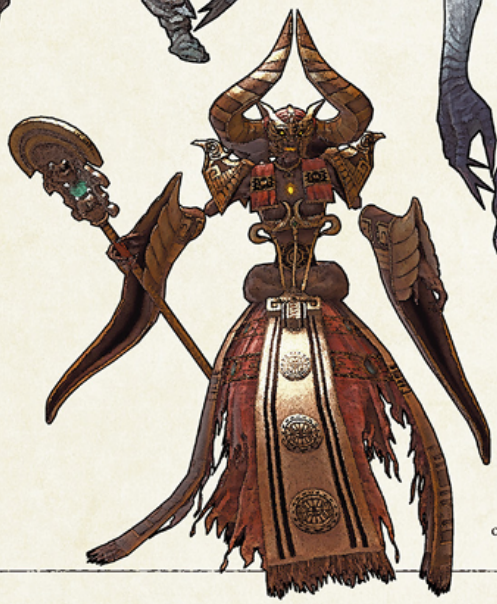
Ashkin are united by the characteristic that they cannot die in the conventional sense of the word. While the precise origins of many beings in this class are shrouded in mystery, naturalists theorize that many ashkin are created when souls are prevented from rejoining the Lifestream, causing them to take on grotesque forms and haunt the material plane in search of peace that never comes.

Spartoi

Spartoi was first witnessed on the Bozjan southern front, and some have suggested that this walking terror manifests when a vast number of lives are lost in a short period of time, as in periods of war or calamity. Pieces of innumerable broken souls are thought to merge together, giving rise to Spartoi's abhorrent and deadly form, but the exact process of its genesis is yet ill understood.

Ying-Yang

The two heads that jut from this monster's shoulders are thought to be the result of a soul torn by unresolved feelings—a tangible manifestation of the opposing forces that dwell in the hearts of all sentient beings. Others disagree with this theory, believing it to be but a twin-pated beast of unusually terrifying countenance.



Dreamer

These creatures haunt the ruins of ancient Ronkan civilization. According to legend, a dreamer is not the natural manifestation of a spirit of the departed, but rather the final result of an attempt to achieve immortality. Ronkan priests were said to sublimate their souls through meditation, then willingly immolate their corporeal bodies at the culmination of the ritual.

Voidsent

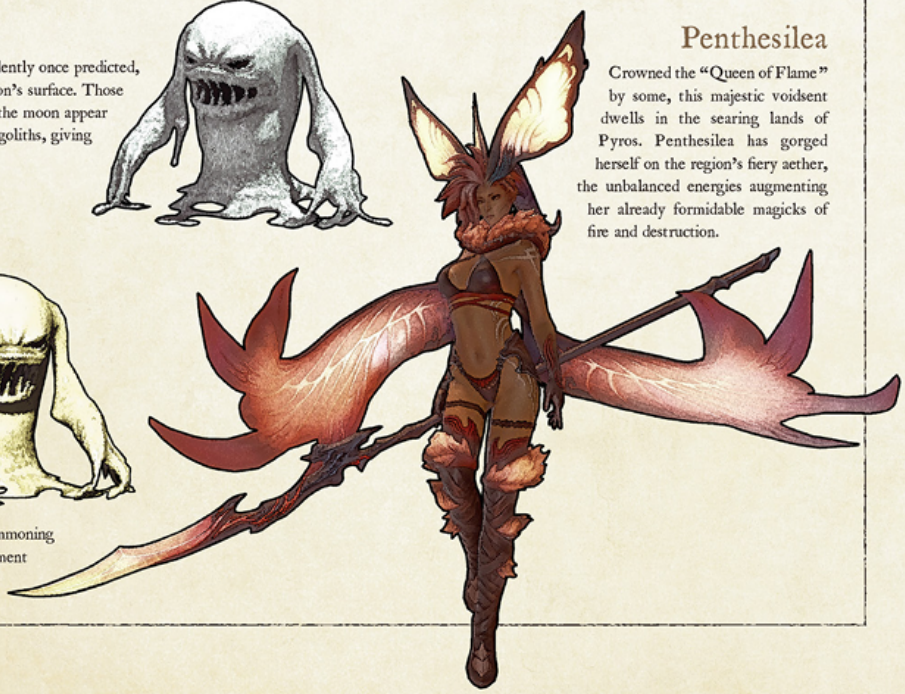
The void itself is but one reflection of the Source, and is more properly termed the Thirteenth. Although at one point in the distant past the world and its creatures were not unlike our own, a flood of Darkness swallowed all trace of Light, twisting its denizens into tormented husks cursed with an insatiable hunger for aether.

Mousse

As the self-proclaimed xenobiologist Chrysielle evidently once predicted, some few voidsent have found their way to the moon's surface. Those souls that seep through naturally occurring rifts on the moon appear to have thus far taken to possessing the bodies of regoliths, giving rise to the volatile grey mousse.

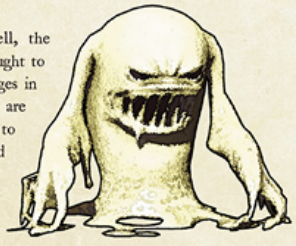
Penthesilea

Crowned the "Queen of Flame" by some, this majestic voidsent dwells in the searing lands of Pyros. Penthesilea has gorged herself on the region's fiery aether, the unbalanced energies augmenting her already formidable magicks of fire and destruction.



Custard

Sighted in Malikah's Well, the custard may have been brought to the First by a group of mages in ancient Amh Araeng, who are known to have attempted to communicate with the void by tearing open dimensional holes known as "hollows." Low in the hierarchy of voidsent, this creature uses sand as its vessel, and it is uncertain whether its summoning would have been considered a success or disappointment by the metric of those bygone mages.

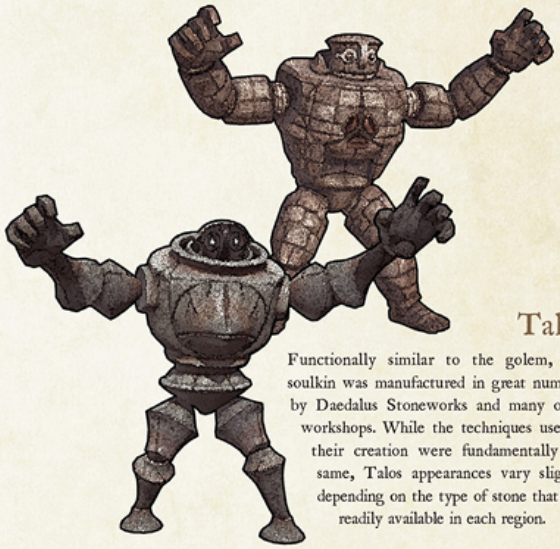


Soulkin

The term "soulkin" refers to those whose corporeal forms are animated solely by aether rather than biological or mechanical processes. Based upon the many instances of soulkin noted in the Scions' reports, it is evident that such entities were also developed in the First to serve as biddable familiars.

Flower Basket

It is said these botanical beasts were originally golems created long ago in the Kingdom of Voeburt, conceived by mages to tend the royal gardens. Their present floral appearance is the work of fae folk, who settled there after the kingdom's fall and indiscriminately bathed the land in pixie magicks. The result: beautiful flower beds as far as the eye can see, as well as a new breed of gardening guardians.



Talos

Functionally similar to the golem, this soulkin was manufactured in great numbers by Daedalus Stoneworks and many other workshops. While the techniques used in their creation were fundamentally the same, Talos appearances vary slightly depending on the type of stone that was readily available in each region.

Huaca

One of myriad beasts conjured by the great mages of the Ronkan Empire to keep watch over their holy temples. When dormant, they appear to be nothing more than ordinary statues, whose presence dominates the chambers in which they are placed. Intruders foolish enough to disturb the guardians' slumber will be forced to prove the measure of their worth, lest they be cast down into the darkest depths of the temple, never to be seen again.

Ronkan Vessel

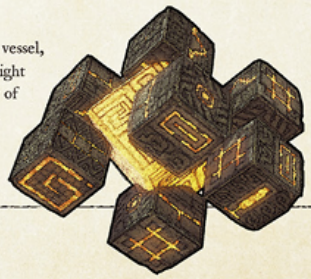
These stone servants were first constructed during the dawn of the ancient Ronkan Empire, and the passage of time has worn down many of their once-formidable horns. As they are one of the earliest examples of the stone familiar, techniques for replicating ambulatory limbs had not yet been mastered upon their creation, and the movement of the vessels is rudimentary at best.

Ronkan Doll

In the bygone Ronkan Empire, stone familiars such as these were used primarily to guard holy temples and other locations of import. As the empire expanded, the secrets of their construction spread across Norvrandt, and it was gradual improvements to these techniques that eventually resulted in the creation of the Talos.

Huldu/ Dynamite

Although similar in appearance and temperament to voidsent bombs, this entity is a naturally occurring phenomenon in which ambient aether coalesces in stone deposits. It is believed that the mages of ancient civilizations studied such phenomena in order to develop their own methods of creating soulkin, leading to the eventual advent of golems and the Talos.



Ronkan Thorn

Though arguably less elaborate in design than the Ronkan vessel, the Ronkan thorn was in fact developed during the twilight of the empire, after the Ronkan doll. As the supremacy of the Ronkans waned and neighbors chipped away at the empire's borders, it seems that they could no longer spare the resources to create elaborate familiars.

Echo

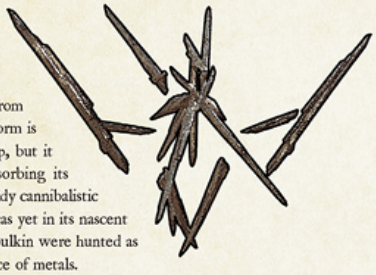
Covered in foliage, this creature was long thought to be a seedkin, but naturalists have concluded that it is born of the aether which slumbers in the trunks of decaying trees. With the turning of the seasons, seeds become lodged in the knots and cracks of the echo's surface and sprout, leading to an overgrown appearance and the gradual wasting of the host as its vitality is consumed by new lives.

Evil Weapon/ Mystic Weapon

This soulkin is a curious form of arcane entity, easily recognized by the dancing sword which floats above its squat, monstrous body. Contrary to appearances, however, the enchanted sword itself holds the mind, whilst the body acts as a puppet. Such beings were once prized as servants in the nation of Nabaath Areng, and thus it is not uncommon to encounter them roaming the badlands, bereft of master and purpose. Examples of these enchanted weapons also exist in the Source, having been created through an almost identical process.

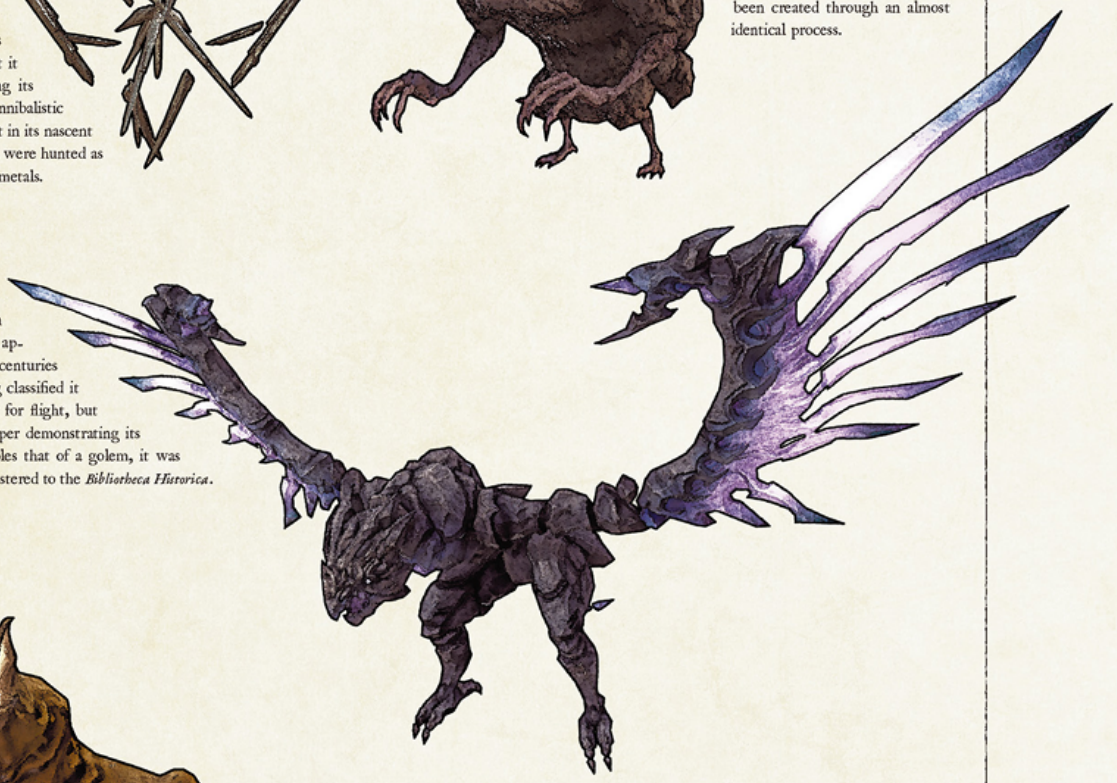
Calx/ Metalloid

This golem arises naturally from metallic crystals. Its initial form is oft no larger than a fingertip, but it grows progressively by absorbing its crystalline neighbors in a steady cannibalistic process. When metallurgy was yet in its nascent stages, it is said that these soulkin were hunted as a reliable—if perilous—source of metals.



Kukulkan

Crystalline wings bear this soulkin through the air, its hulking frame appearing as if hewn from stone by centuries of stormy winds. Naturalists long classified it as a cloudkin due to its capacity for flight, but following the publication of a paper demonstrating its composition more closely resembles that of a golem, it was reclassified as a soulkin and re-registered to the *Bibliotheca Historica*.



Cubus

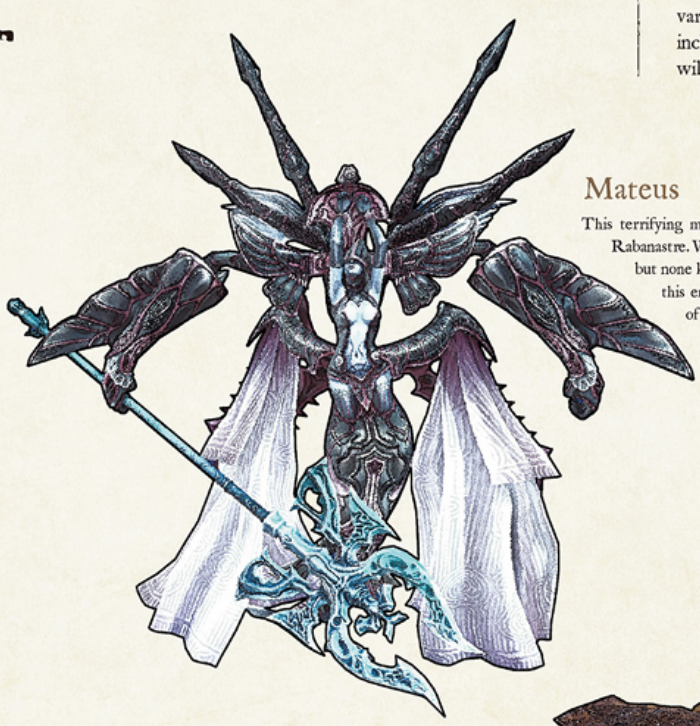
The exact nature of this soulkin—witnessed in the Tempest—remains shrouded in mystery. Its outer appearance is similar to common voidsent puddings, yet naught of its origins is known—though that such creatures were somehow brought into existence when the confused shades of Amaurot failed in their attempts to employ creation magicks remains a distinct possibility.

Mudman

When a golem is not properly maintained for an extensive period, it becomes a mudman. The rocks and stones that make up its outer layer fall away, leaving behind a ghoulish form more befitting an undead creature—and perhaps reflecting its suffering during untold years of neglect. Along with its body, the magicks governing its actions fall into disrepair, and the once-dutiful servant becomes naught but a mindless machine of mayhem.

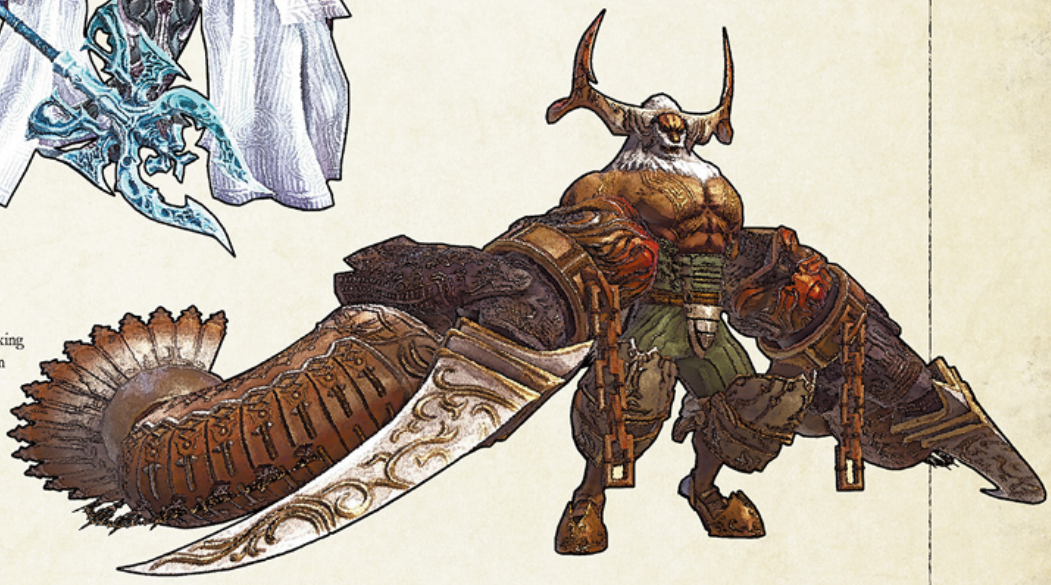
Transfigured

This chilling category includes those who have undergone transfiguration by magical, alchemical, or other means, shedding their physical form but maintaining their intelligence, although to what degree varies among individuals. The below examples do not include sin eaters or beasts of the Final Days, which will be introduced in a separate section.



Mateus

This terrifying monstrosity was sighted in the ruined city of Rabanastre. Within a mass of jutting armor is an icy totema, but none know who it was that traded their humanity for this embattled existence—or what they truly asked of the imperfect auracite that granted it to them.



Hashmal

This hulking abomination was first seen stalking the ruins of Rabanastre. A IVth Legion Zealot upon the plateaus of Zadnor also managed transformation into Hashmal, harnessing the power of an auracite relic.

Belias

Though this creature was first discovered in the ruins of the Ridorana Lighthouse, a IVth Legion Zealot was warped by auracite into something of uncanny similarity upon the plateaus of Zadnor.

Famfrit

Though Famfrit was originally a menace only to those exploring the Ridorana Lighthouse, the IVth Legion onmyoji Yamatsumi transformed into a nearly identical creature after succumbing to the influence of auracite. Such fragments transform their bearer into a form which aligns with their heart's most earnest desire, so it stands to reason that those with the same wish may be changed in a similar fashion—yet the question remains as to how two *identical* desires would manifest in two different people. One theory suggests that Gilbrisbert the Puppetmaster fabricated a particular desire in Yamatsumi's mind before presenting the onmyoji with auracite to serve his own twisted ends.

Adrammelech

This entity is bound to the will of imperial pilus prior Albeleo, who is said to have effected the summoning with an auracite stone recovered from the ruins of Dalmasca. Readings of ancient inscriptions found the creature described simply as "the Wroth."

Cuchulainn

This former Zealot of the IVth Legion was reborn by the power of auracite in the likeness of Cuchulainn, the Impure of Ivalician legend. While he shares his name with a renowned voidsent, this is believed to be no more than coincidence.

Shemhazai

A IVth Legion Zealot transformed by the power of auracite into a twisted monstrosity resembling Shemhazai, the Whisperer of Ivalician legend. She is believed to hold sway over the spirits of the netherworld.

Umbril

These creatures were found lurking within the towers which appeared during the Final Days, including the Tower of Zot. In those looming spires, countless imperial soldiers and victims from tribes across the realm were tempered with more aether than their bodies could contain, and this is thought to be the end result of that horrific torture—a corruption of mind and body that knows only slaughter.

Gnoll

Before the world was awash in primordial Light, the nation of Lakeland was governed by the elves. Their lands were peaceful and prosperous, but dissidents who remembered the days of eld—when elves ruled the whole of Norvrandt—grew hungry for more wealth, more power. In the end, they would serve the Shadowkeeper, who transformed them into twisted, hellish beasts we now know as the gnoll.

Giant Beaver

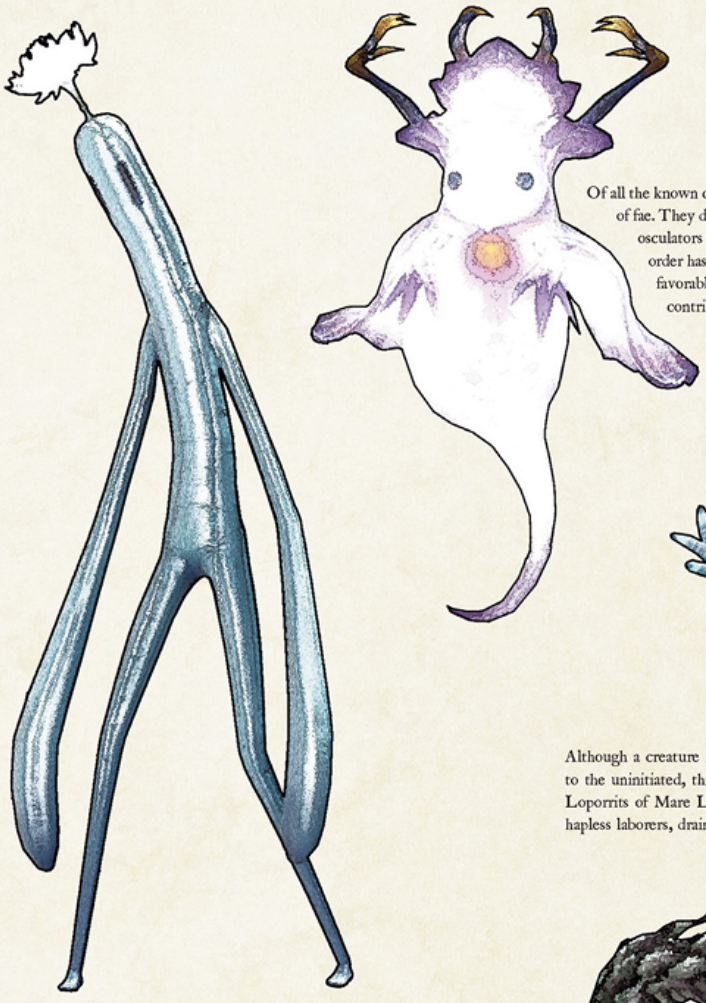
A mysterious being that appeared at Phisor Lran. Whatever may be the truth of its identity, some mysteries in the world are better left unsolved... Or so the faint of heart might say. Others, however, would risk life, limb, and more in pursuit of beaver-related revelations, and one such intrepid naturalist has lived to tell the terrifying tale in his memoirs, revealing that the creature

Warg

Like the gnoll, wargs were born from elves who served the Shadowkeeper. They differ from their more bestial cousins, however, in their ability to stand on two legs and wield weaponry. As they have retained a fair degree of their former intelligence, these fearsome creatures can employ swordplay and tactical thinking—skills that are made all the more dangerous by their surpassing vitality and physical strength.

Extrastellar Life

These creatures live beyond our star. Some were discovered on the moon's surface, while others hail from even more distant corners of the great expanse. One characteristic they all share, however, is their relatively recent entry into the annals of naturalistic classification. Little is known about their ecology, but as research progresses, many of them may be placed among pre-existing kinships.



Daphnia

Of all the known creatures, the daphnia perhaps best evokes a type of fae. They drift through Mare Lamentorum, preying on the osculators that prey on the Loporrits in turn. This natural order has caused the Loporrits to look upon the creatures favorably, unaware that many of their own missing have contributed to the daphnia's proliferation.

Osculator

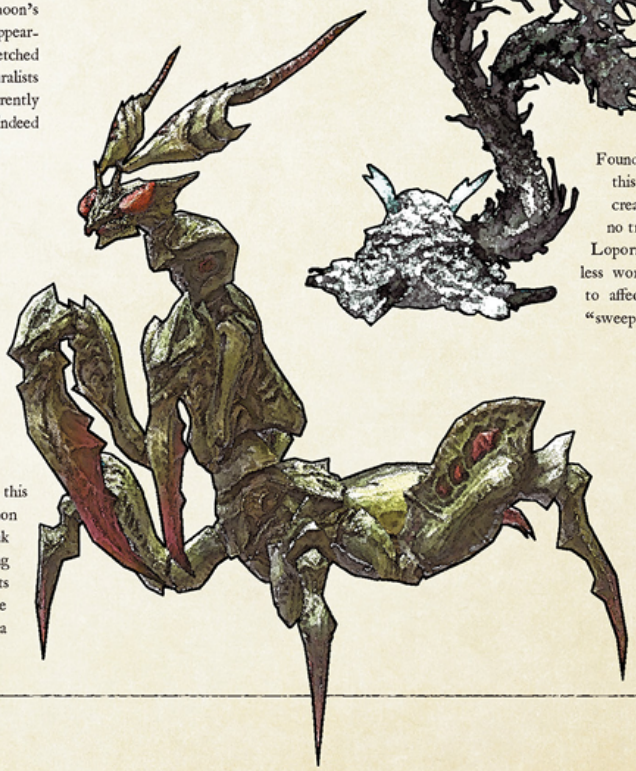
Although a creature named "one who kisses" may seem innocuous to the uninitiated, this leechlike invertebrate is much feared by the Loporrits of Mare Lamentorum. Without a sound, it latches upon hapless laborers, draining their lifeblood dry with terrifying rapidity.

Lunatender

An ambulatory being which lives on the moon's surface, commonly in Mare Lamentorum. Its appearance resembles a sabotender that has been stretched to the limits of what nature will allow. Naturalists specializing in sabotender physiology are currently debating how this variation may have arisen, if indeed the two creatures are related at all.

Sweeper

Found gliding across the moon's surface, this invertebrate swallows any dead creatures in its path, leaving behind no trace after its hunger is sated. The Loporrits appreciate that this leaves less work for them and so have taken to affectionately calling the creatures "sweepers."

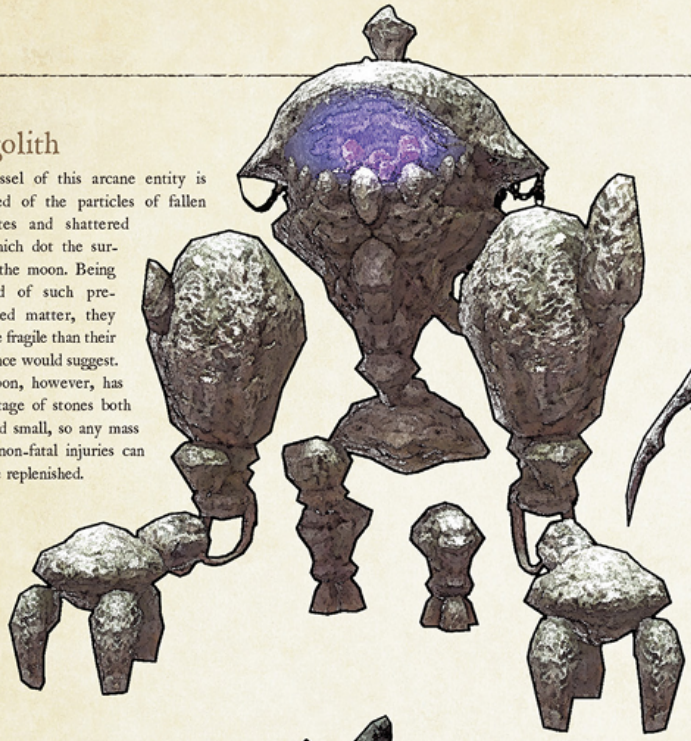


Trimmer

Yet another denizen of Mare Lamentorum, this creature bears a resemblance to the common mantis. Using its sickle-shaped forelimbs to break apart rocks, the trimmer survives by feasting on the insects hidden within. Lunar inhabitants are careful to give them a wide berth, as those same forelimbs are easily capable of snipping a Loporrit-sized morsel in twain.

Regolith

The vessel of this arcane entity is composed of the particles of fallen meteorites and shattered rock which dot the surface of the moon. Being rendered of such pre-pulverized matter, they are more fragile than their appearance would suggest. The moon, however, has no shortage of stones both large and small, so any mass lost to non-fatal injuries can easily be replenished.

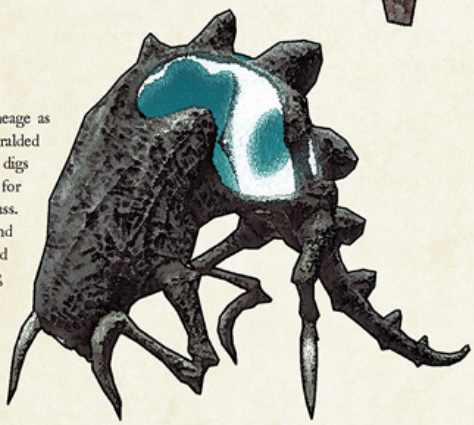


Thinker

This fungus has evolved rather differently than those of Etheirys. Its progenitors are believed to have escaped to the moon's exterior when an Allagan vessel plunged into an underground bioplant built by the Loporrits, and evolved with the aid of leaked chimera incubation fluid—something the vessel carried in great quantities.

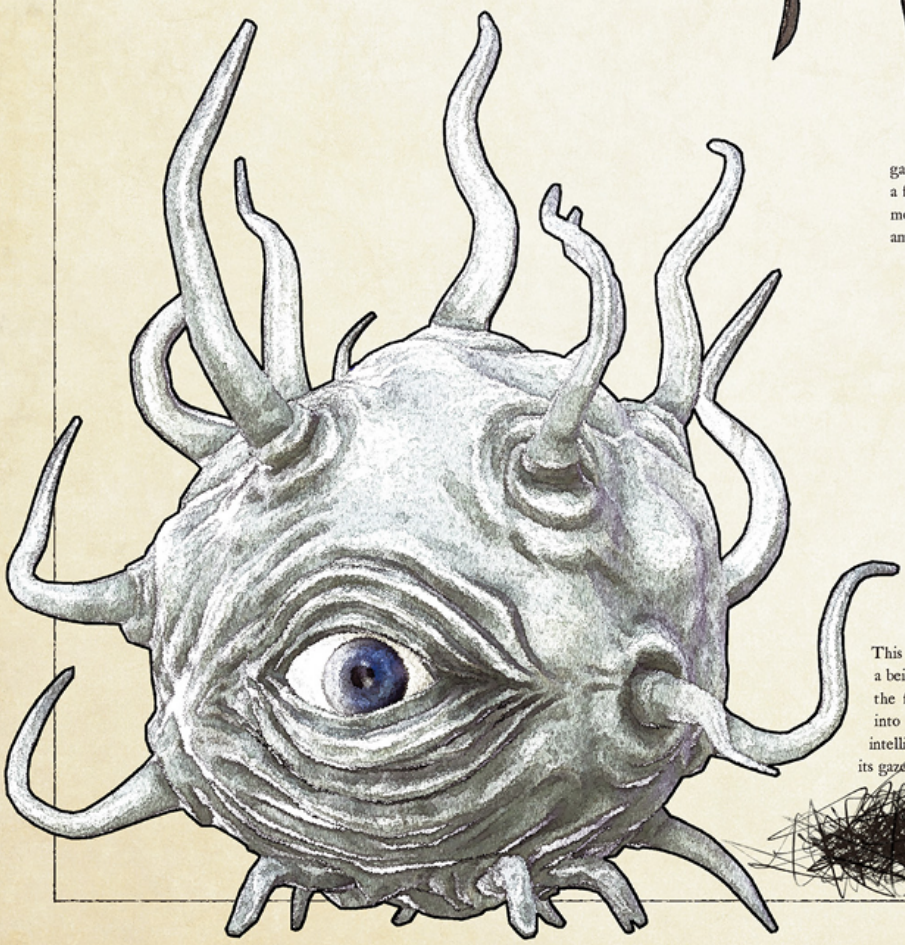
Weeper

From a similar evolutionary lineage as the thinker, the weeper is oft heralded by a strange scraping sound as it digs through the ground, searching for fungus to add to its own mass. Many have confused the sound for that of a weeping person, and thus did it earn its unnerving appellation.



Wanderer

Having evolved in a similar way to the thinker, the wanderer begins its life as fine mycelium gathering beneath the ground, eventually emerging as a full-grown fungus which then drifts away in search of more fertile ground. In this respect, they are similar to ambulatory mushrooms such as funguars.



Other One

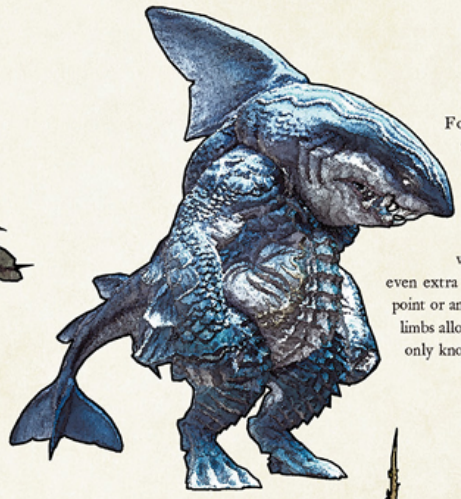
This ghastly floating mass is thought to be a recreation of a being that Meteion encountered upon her journey across the firmament, but its precise origin is unclear. Gazing into its singular eye, one cannot deny the glimmer of intelligence. Per an unlucky Ea's testimony, the unnerving its gaze from a certain [illegible]

Creations

The beings within this category were allegedly born not from the crucible of evolution, but from the careful manipulation of creation magicks by the ancients. Those creations among the Scions' report that appear to have persisted in some form or another post-sundering are of particular interest, and thus are the focus of the following section.

Panopt

The panopt arose when an eccentric creator stationed at the Cthonic Horns attempted to crossbreed yggdreants with other plant species. This particular result of said experimentation initially lacked a purpose to justify its existence, but the Bureau of the Architect accepted the concept's registration once its utility as a tool for surveillance was recognized. The watcher would later introduce panopts to the moon to take advantage of this very function.

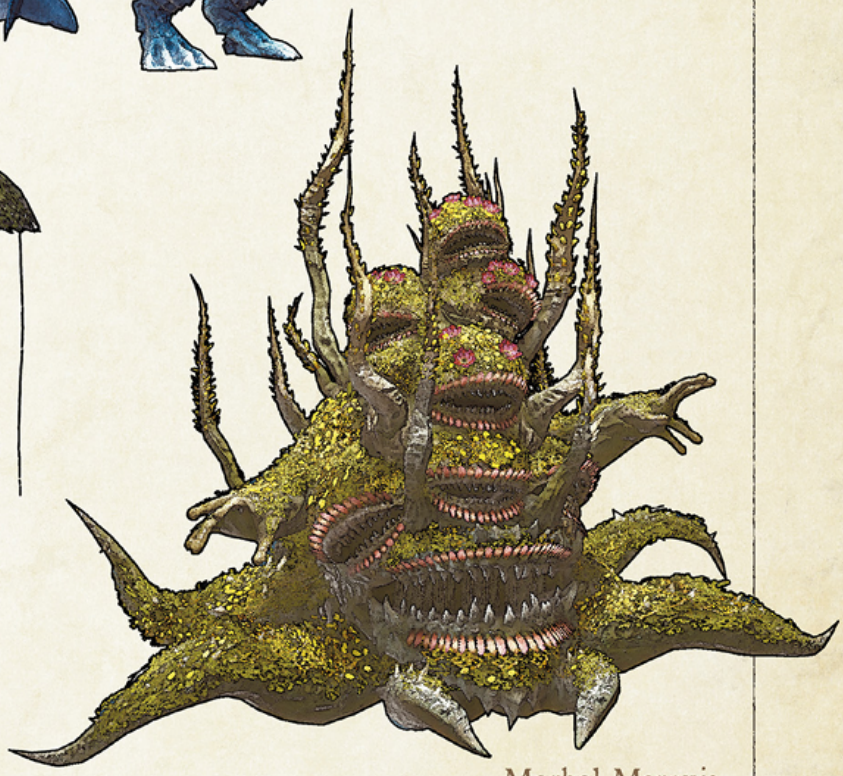


Petalodus

For reasons unknown, sharks were a popular foundation upon which many ancients built their creations, modifying almost every imaginable aspect of the poor creatures. Altered sizes, biological enhancements to ensure survival in different bodies of water, wings to enable flight, greater intellect, and even extra heads were all bestowed upon sharks at one point or another. In the case of the petalodus, functional limbs allowed the creature to walk on land for the gods only know what purpose.

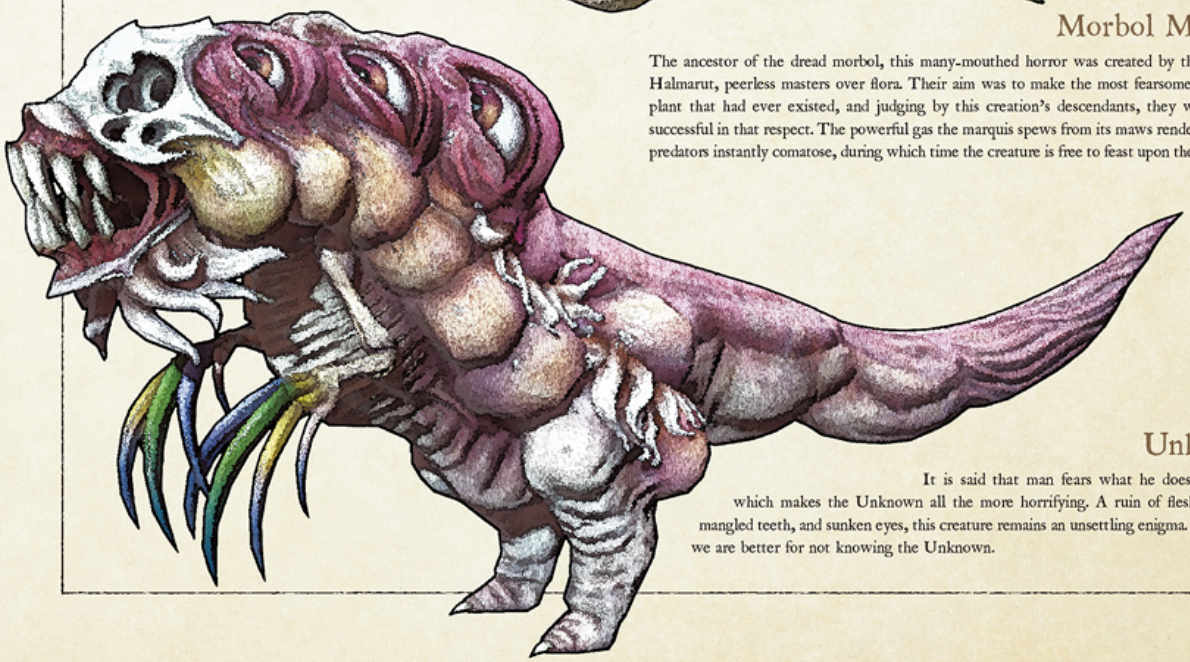
Yggdreant

This rather mobile plant drifts through the air by spreading its branches like an umbrella and accumulating buoyant gas under the canopy. It can change altitude by altering the distance between branches, creating gaps through which the gas can escape. While this alone is enough to make the creation notable, it also bears a single eye in its trunk, which allows it to pinpoint prey before piercing it with sharpened roots and draining its blood.



Morbol Marquis

The ancestor of the dread morbol, this many-mouthed horror was created by the Words of Halmarut, peerless masters over flora. Their aim was to make the most fearsome ambulatory plant that had ever existed, and judging by this creation's descendants, they were beyond successful in that respect. The powerful gas the marquis spews from its maws renders would-be predators instantly comatose, during which time the creature is free to feast upon them at leisure.



Unknown

It is said that man fears what he does not know, which makes the Unknown all the more horrifying. A ruin of flesh and bone, mangled teeth, and sunken eyes, this creature remains an unsettling enigma. Yet perhaps we are better for not knowing the Unknown.

Melanion

The impressive antlers of this four-legged carnivore resemble branching trees, while its whisker-like appendages suggest that it may be an ancestor to the coeurl. The melanion's soul is so dense with aether that some worried it would be unable to return to the Underworld upon death, and for a long while it was under strict observation to ensure that its essence would not haunt the world after its passing.

Lyssa

It seems the main objective of this concept, created by an eponymous researcher, was to produce a bipedal wolf. The resulting creature is known for its surpassing cunning, though mysteries surround how exactly this feat was accomplished, as its creator disappeared shortly before her concept was submitted to Ktisis Hyperboreia.

Keraunos

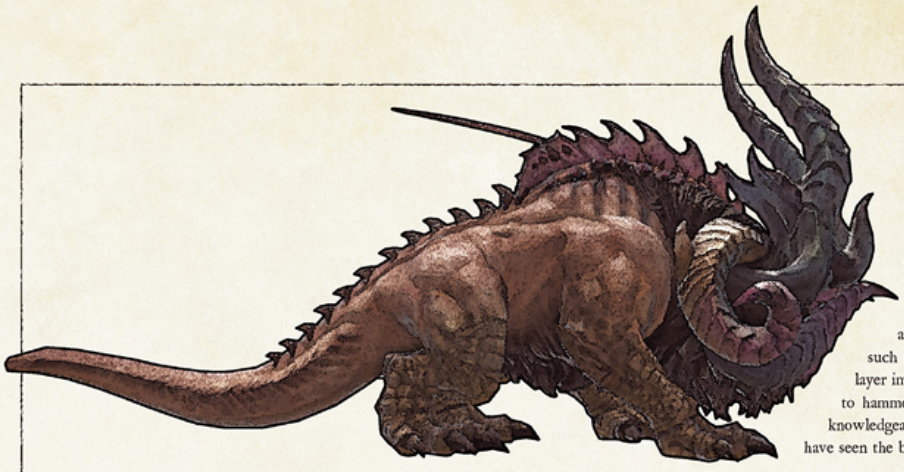
This creation was encountered while under observation in Elpis. Its main function was to promote rainfall in arid regions, which was achieved by enabling it to generate storm clouds by accumulating aether in its horns. Reportedly, the creature required many iterations in the name of making this thunderous ability safer both for its bearer and the people around it.

Ophion

By combining a snake and a lizard, the researcher behind this creation hoped to make a creature which possessed the flexibility of the former and the ambulatory movement of the latter. This concept proved to be replete with predatory potential, but there was some concern that its fecundity would lead to a depopulation of the herbivorous life of any region into which it was introduced.

Ladon

Despite concerns about the ophion's excessive efficiency as a predator, ambitious creators still wished to improve upon the concept, and the ladon is but one result. With its many heads, it can focus its deadly breath on many points at once—or so they thought. Initial iterations ran into difficulties, in fact, when the heads wounded each other, but eventually a means was developed by which their thoughts were attuned via aether, ensuring that the creature would not be the source of its own demise.



Io

This beast was created by Kleon, a man with a penchant for designing round and robust life-forms. He wished to see his creation reign as an apex predator, but ran into various setbacks, such as the coarse hair meant to act as a defensive layer impeding the io's vision. Kleon was eventually able to hammer out these faults with the advice of a certain knowledgeable familiar, and this seminal moment is said to have seen the birth of the fearsome behemoth species.

Gryps

For many years, academia has entertained the idea that the griffin may in fact have been a chimeric entity developed by the Allagan Empire. With the revelation of the gryps's existence, however, the prevailing theory points to this ancient ancestor as proof that the griffin is correctly classified as a cloudkin.

Hippokampos

Although this creation was deemed too dangerous to be released into the world, its value as a research subject was undeniable, and thus it was confined within Pandæmonium. Possessed of remarkable vitality, unique flexibility, and abundant magical power, it can manipulate water in the surrounding environment at will.

Phoinix

Giving life to the phoenix, a bird wreathed in brilliant flames and which can defy death itself, was long the aspiration of those who excelled at phantom creation. Many flawed iterations were produced in the pursuit of perfecting the concept, and the phoinix is but one such failure, bereft of its successor's benevolent temperament and inclined perpetually toward fiery fury.

EDEN PRIMALS

After the veil of night had been restored to the First, a plan was enacted to restore life to the Empty. This undertaking was carried out by a group of brave souls led by the Oracle of Light, and would come to employ primals in restoring the balance between Light and Darkness.

Elemental Restoration and Primal Summoning

Born with singular abilities and revered as the Oracle of Light, a young girl named Ryne spurned her fate and joined forces with the Warrior of Darkness, embarking on a fraught journey to reclaim the night. After this quest had concluded, however, she sensed the same terrible energy that had given birth to the sin eaters emanating from within the Empty. Compelled by duty to investigate, she discovered a being known as Eden—the first sin eater. Alongside her allies, who again included the Warrior of Darkness, she formulated a plan to use this ancient creature's power to stimulate the environmental aether of the Empty, and thus restore balance and life to the desolate region.

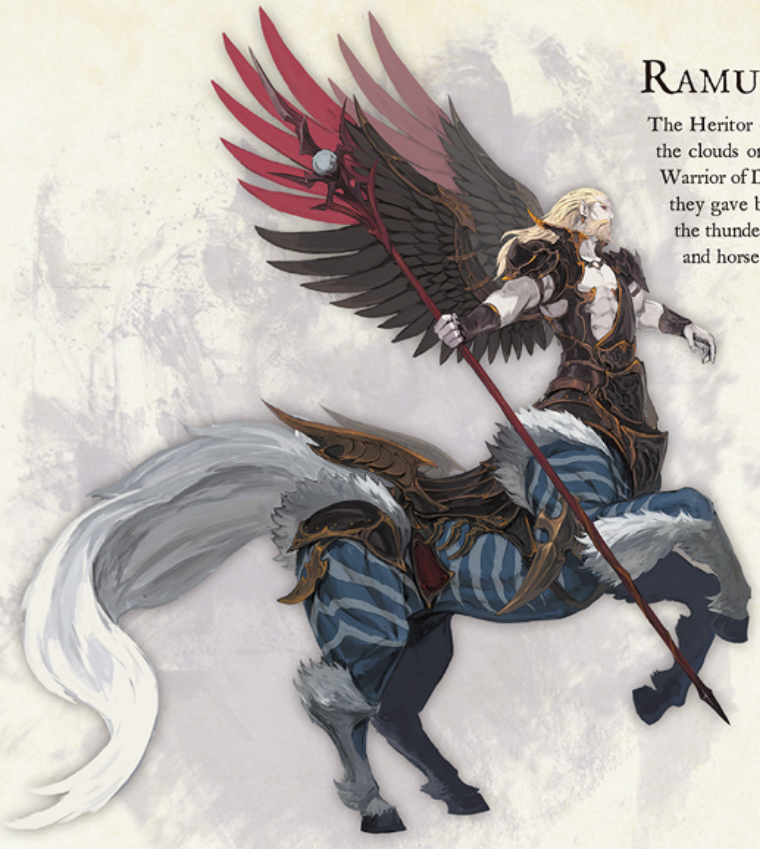
The group used Eden itself as a means of transport, traveling to regions in the Empty which once had strong concentrations of elemental aether. At each destination, Ryne would use the great sin eater to seize and manifest what aether remained in the atmosphere into physical beings—primal entities of pure and unbridled elemental power. These entities could then be slain to release their aspected aether in one fell blow, transforming the Empty's glacial trickle of energy into a rushing river. As these "primals" were built upon the Warrior of Darkness's memories and Ryne's imagination, however, some aspects differed significantly from their inspirations in the Source.

Leviathan

Summoned in the Nereus Trench, where the ocean depths extend further than anywhere else in the First, this primal's aether would make waters run free once more. Though largely similar to the sea serpent worshipped by the Sahagin in the Source, its form in the First was graced with two heads instead of one.

Titan

Among the towering spires of Atlas Peak was this primal manifested, the roar of his challenge thundering across the Empty. Perhaps the Warrior of Darkness was consumed by memories of tumbling endlessly from sheer cliffs, or Ryne could not shake visions of a mighty walking mountain—whatever the case, the earth trembled as the Heritor of Crags grew in magnitude amidst a pitched battle.



Ramuh

The Heritor of Levin was summoned over the Gandof Thunder Plains, where the clouds once roiled and bolts of lightning rained like drops of water. As the Warrior of Darkness and Ryne imagined a being with dominion over the heavens, they gave birth to a primal reminiscent of not only the Lord of Levin, but of the thunderous entity Ixion. The pounding steps of this fearsome hybrid of man and horse shook the very firmament.

Ifrit

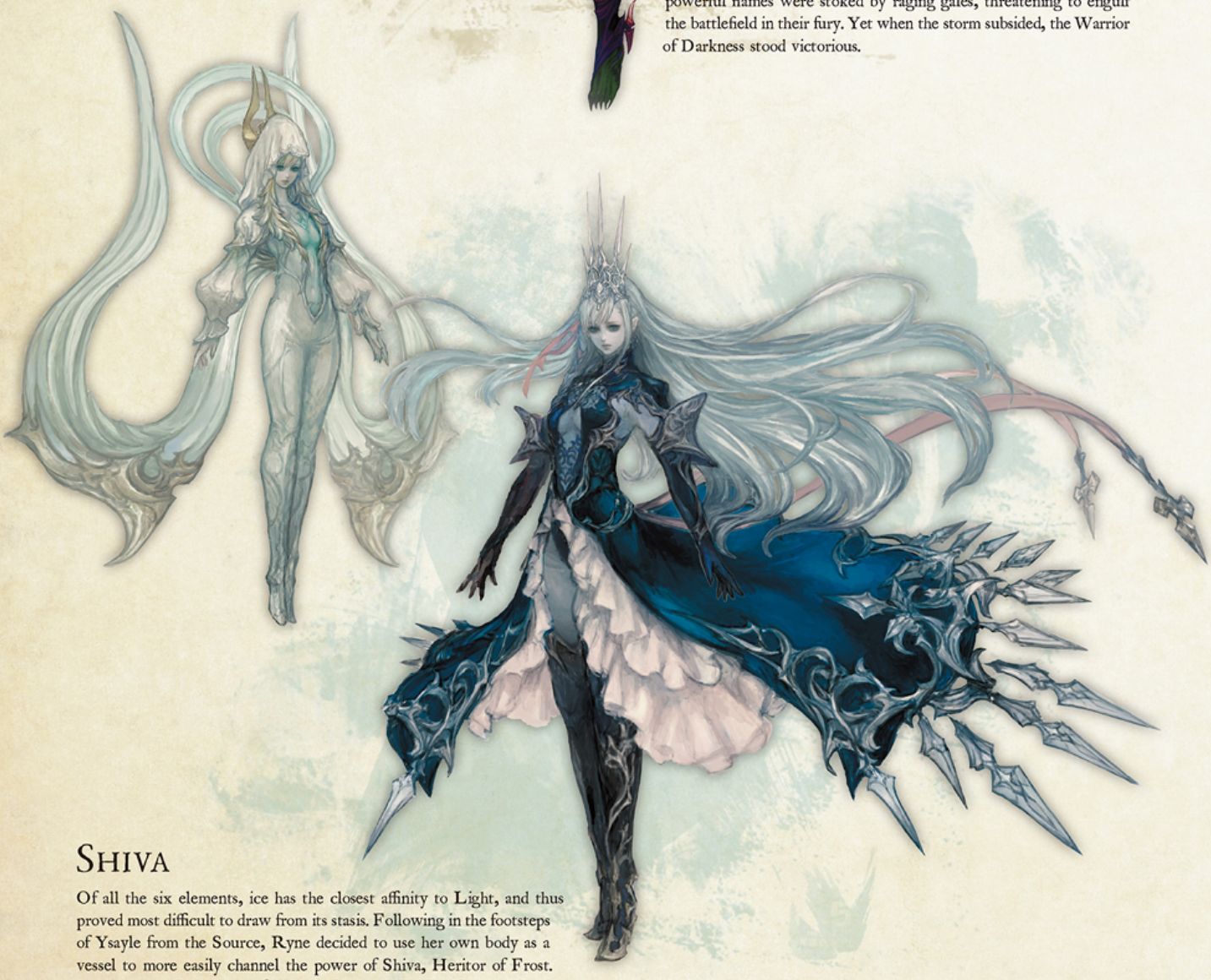
To maintain nature's balance, it was deemed necessary to restore both the elements of fire and wind at once. Ashfall, once known for its searing heat and relentless winds, was chosen as the location where this would occur. Perhaps due to the extremity of the elements once flowing through the region, it was not difficult to recall their masters, and the resulting primals each emphatically bore the signature characteristics of their counterparts in the Source.

Garuda

Summoned along with Ifrit in Ashfall, this Heritor of Fury is held aloft by a profusion of wings and commands piercing winds without mercy—a description anyone familiar with the Ixal's Garuda would surely recognize.

Raktapaksa

Although Eden's Ifrit and Garuda initially resembled their forms in the Source, during the battle with the Warrior of Darkness they combined into a single ferocious entity—a fusion caused, perhaps, by their simultaneous summoning. Already powerful flames were stoked by raging gales, threatening to engulf the battlefield in their fury. Yet when the storm subsided, the Warrior of Darkness stood victorious.



Shiva

Of all the six elements, ice has the closest affinity to Light, and thus proved most difficult to draw from its stasis. Following in the footsteps of Ysayle from the Source, Ryne decided to use her own body as a vessel to more easily channel the power of Shiva, Heritor of Frost. At the great glacier in the far north did she do battle with the Warrior of Darkness, serving as one final obstacle to the restoration of the Empty.

Cloud of Darkness

With all six elements restored, the Empty began showing signs of recovery. Any feelings of triumph were short-lived, however, for life withered away almost as soon as it had sprouted, its growth strangled by Light. Ryne's group knew then that they must venture to balance the weight of astral stasis with its opposite, but the question remained as to what form Darkness should take. Eventually, it was decided that they would visualize the Cloud of Darkness, a voidsent of the highest rank once bested by the Warrior of Light.

Fatebreaker

While the expedition party succeeded in spreading the invigorating power of Darkness to the Empty, their efforts awakened the latent consciousness of the Ascian Mitron, who upon returning to the world took Gaia—Oracle of Darkness and Mitron's erstwhile partner—prisoner. As the Warrior of Darkness and their allies rushed to rescue her, Mitron conjured a foe wrought from Ryne's deepest hopes and fears to stand in their way. The resulting being resembled Thancred, Ryne's mentor and guardian, most of all—though some aspects were reminiscent of General Ran'jit and his familiar Gukumatz, or even Ryne's former captor, Vauthry.

BEASTS OF THE FINAL DAYS

The Final Days were twice accompanied by the appearance of a terrifying menagerie of twisted beasts, which laid waste to the resplendent world of the ancients and caused untold suffering in our own. Yet despite the indelible stain they have left on the pages of history, much of their true nature is not widely understood.

Beasts of Eld

As the shroud of the Final Days descended upon the ancients, out-of-control creation magicks gave birth to the beasts that would spell the end of their golden age. While the conjuration of life from aether was commonplace among the people of the time, the process had ever been bound by a rigorous set of rules. This chaotic period saw each of these rules shattered in turn, with the unpredictable appearance of monstrous entities wreaking untold havoc—and, for the first time, gave the ancients reason to fear the power they possessed.

The cause lay in Ultima Thule, at the very edge of existence, whence the Endsinger sent a wave of despair to sweep across the sea of stars. Once Etheirys was caught in the churning tides of dynamis, men began to witness their darkest fears becoming reality. For one poor soul, this meant meteors raining destruction upon the land; for another, it was a city burned to ash by unquenchable flames. Yet another saw an abomination from the realm of nightmares come to life—the First Beast of the Final Days.

The First Beast

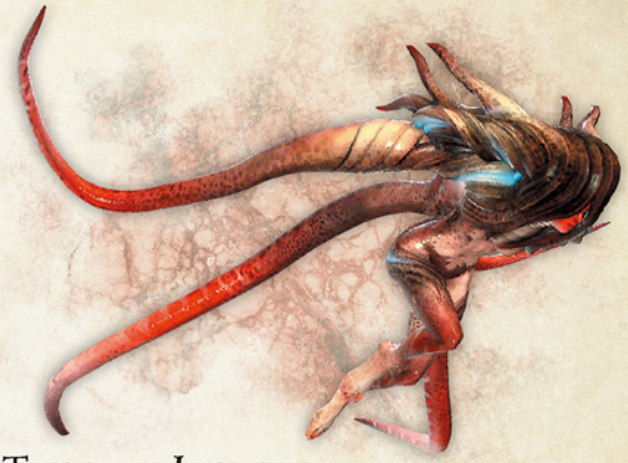
The First Beast was truly a repellent sight. Although it bore elements of a man's face—two eyes, a nose, and a mouth—its ill-proportioned, skinless visage was a haunting mess of exposed muscle, crowned by a blooming horn. It scuttled about on many legs like a caterpillar, its back bristling with coarse hair and sharp spines, and its flanks lined with anatomically impossible maws hanging open as if frozen in mocking laughter. Those who beheld this horror were overcome with terrified revulsion, inspiring the unintended creation of further beasts and giving rise to a cycle of unending terror.

Archaeotania

Amaurotine researchers captured this powerful beast in ancient times, hoping to discover a means to thwart the spreading aberrations. It has since been sighted in the First, in the depths of the Tempest. Has Archaeotania persisted all this time, sealed within ruins which survived the sundering? Or was it merely another prop conjured by Emet-Selch to help convey the horror of the Final Days?

Terminus Flesher

This beast's hulking frame rivals even the mighty gigas in size, and its demonic, goat-horned appearance is reminiscent of a voidsent. The markings graven into its hide evoke a sense of unease, drawing those who look upon them ever deeper into a spiral of terror.

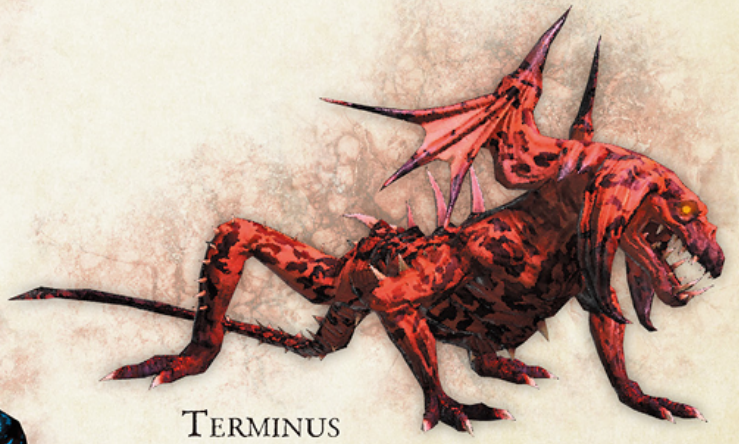


Terminus Idolizer

A fell beast which takes the form of a woman with four writhing tentacles in place of arms. Its voice repeats unrelenting adulations of despair, the creature chanting as if possessed.

Terminus Sprinter

Resembling a horse with a metallic, spiked mane, this creature seems to lack the unnerving appearance of other dynamis-spawned beasts. As the pounding of hooves draws closer, however, its chosen prey is seized by dread—a sudden realization that escape is impossible.



Terminus Detonator

A floating sphere with a pair of stubby arms, the terminus detonator has an explosive nature that greatly resembles the voidsent bomb. In fact, some have theorized that the memory of this beast endured through the ages and, when the residents of the Thirteenth became twisted by Darkness, gave form to the bombs that terrorize the contemporary age.

Terminus Lacerator

This lizard-like quadruped has two wings sprouting from its head—oddly unnatural appendages which suggest no deliberate hand behind its creation. The patterns adorning its body also conjure feelings of wrongness and revulsion.

Terminus Pursuer

With a hide as dark as the cosmic abyss, this canine beast runs down panicked crowds and slaughters them with ruthless efficiency. Its tail is long and whiplike, while its luminous claws slice through steel as easily as flesh.

Terminus Crier

Diminutive in size and quickly dispatched in battle, this beast nonetheless sowed dark seeds in countless hearts. Its large ears capture the keening wails and desperate screams of the doomed, which it later repeats to other innocent souls to drive them further into despair's embrace.

Beasts of the Current Age

The primary difference between the first and second comings of the Final Days is the manner in which their calamitous beasts were made manifest. While the monstrosities of eld were, as previously mentioned, created by an outburst of creation magicks, those of the present day were the result of innocents being transformed by swells of despair.

This variance arises from the fundamental nature of the ancients versus those alive today. We are composed of much less dense aether, thus our inability to wield creation magicks. This paucity of aether, however, makes it easier for us to manipulate dynamis, a force driven primarily by emotions. The physical metamorphoses observed during the Final Days arose from such sudden changes to the dynamis—birthing beasts shaped by the dark hands of despair.

Similar phenomena have taken place in which aether, the constituent energy of body and soul, is warped to create creatures such as sin eaters and voidsent. However, since beasts are wrought from emotion unbound by physical limitations, dynamis gives rise to more extreme results. Furthermore, when one succumbs to transformation into a beast, naught remains in their heart save the singular sentiment that inspired their despair. This is thought to be the reason behind beasts' single-minded behavior.

Blasphemies

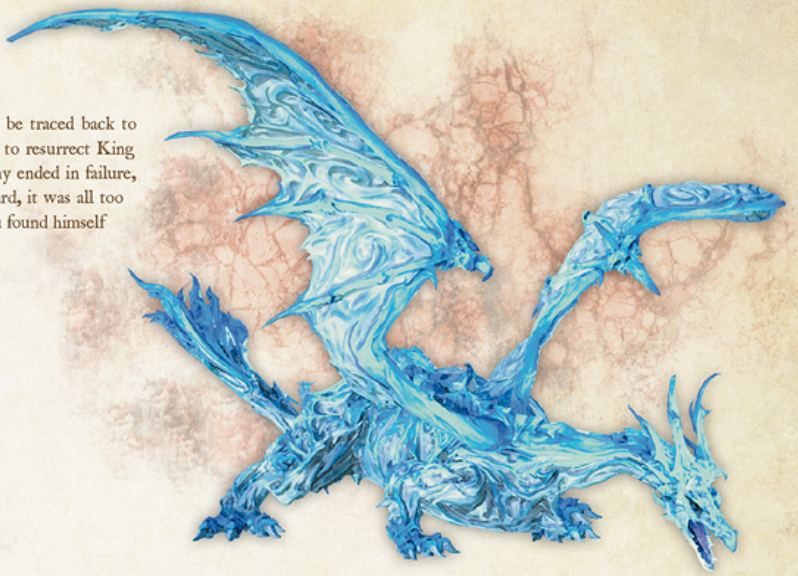
Witnessed in Radz-at-Han, the initial beast to emerge from the chaos of the Final Days was branded "blasphemy" for its twisted resemblance to Thavnair's divinities. Leaders from Eorzea and the Far East followed the lead of their Thavnairian allies, adopting a similar naming convention for the first beast to appear in each nation. Compared to the creatures which spawned in their aftermath, these initial aberrations were always far more massive and powerful. This is perhaps due to the fact that those most susceptible to the transformation were already sunk deep within the mire of despair, and this intense emotion influenced a greater quantity of dynamis.

Svarbhanu

The blasphemy of Thavnair, Svarbhanu arose from the transformation of a prosperous merchant named Khalzahl. Its appearance bears many similarities to the First Beast attested by the ancients—which is unlikely to be pure coincidence. Certain primordial fears are, perhaps, burned into our very souls.

Profane Fafnir

This blasphemy stalked the snowy fields of Coerthas, but its genesis can be traced back to Azys Lla, where the bishop Vartinoix attempted to use an Allagan clone to resurrect King Thordan and his knights twelve. This attempt to restore the old hegemony ended in failure, and though the clone indeed inherited the legacy of the full Heavens' Ward, it was all too much for a mortal mind and body to bear. Consumed by despair, Vaindreau found himself transformed into a dragon—albeit a false one.



Gleipnir

This blasphemy's first victims were reported in the Black Shroud, and the subsequent hunt revealed its former identity as a Padjal named Ea-Sura-Supin. Those fortunate enough to survive its wrath recalled patterns on its skin resembling heavy chains, and so was it named Gleipnir after a similarly bound monster of legend. The poisons which spewed from its maw and coated its claws caused symptoms like those of the Creeping Death, a sickness which once ravaged the Black Shroud.

Charlet

A blasphemy sighted in Gyr Abania, this towering entity was once a childhood friend of Fordola. All reports say he was a kindhearted man, yet his soul was wracked with guilt after he failed to join his brother and their friends in volunteering for the imperial army. This pacifist nature is thought to be the reason Charlet never attacked people.

Izanami

In Doma, rumors spread that one of the kami visited the earthly realm. This hearsay was born from a grieving heart, when a woman named Kisei beheld Minato—her daughter by marriage—transform before her very eyes. Instead of acknowledging the tragedy for what it was, she claimed that Minato had been possessed by the spirit of Izanami, and recruited followers from desperate souls searching for answers. The blasphemy's victims were former imperial conscripts, likely due to the fact that Minato's own husband was forced to join the Garlean army—a posting from which he never returned.

The Indigo Beast

The beasts which stalked La Noscea were largely former Sahagin, a tribe long in danger of extinction. It is perhaps unsurprising, then, that this blasphemy was born of the greatest among them—the Indigo Matriarch—and revered by the Crushing Tide, a particularly belligerent faction. In form it resembled Archaeotania, a beast witnessed during the first Final Days.

Nerva yae Galvus

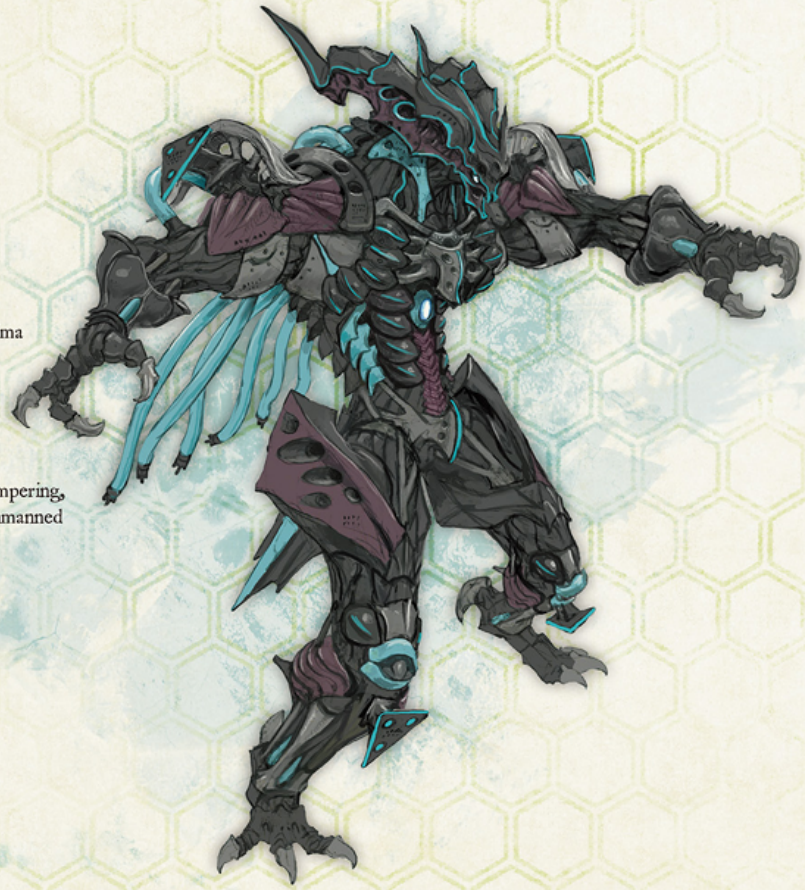
This blasphemy is a metamorphosed member of the Garlean nobility—a leader of one faction in the civil war that precipitated the Empire's downfall, in fact. As befitted a man with ambitions for the imperial throne, the hideous beast he became held court in the Tower of Babil as if intending to build an empire all his own.

THE ULTIMA WEAPON PROJECTS

Forged for the hunting of eikons, the history of the Ultima Weapon extends back to the Allagan Empire. Though its development and inner workings were long steeped in mystery, recent events have shed considerable light on Ultima—and its would-be successors.

Allag's Ultima Project

The embattled people of Meracydia, as well as rebels within the empire itself, were taught by the Ascians how to summon godlike entities—knowledge which enabled them to launch counteroffensives against the heretofore inexorable Allagan armies. While we know such summoned beings as "primals," the Allagans used the term "eikons"—and for a time these all-powerful beings ground the machine of conquest to a halt. The matter of how to combat this new threat became a top priority for the military minds of Allag, and while several ideas were eventually tested in the field, all were subordinate to the Ultima Project—the creation of a weapon that would claim dominance over man and god alike.



The Ultima Warrior

A prototype manufactured in the early stages of the Ultima Project. Utilizing technology for bipedal movement and artificial musculature perfected during the development of iron giants, this weapon was able to mimic the unique capabilities of eikons by reproducing their aetheric signatures. However, this process was so accurate that test pilots were enthralled by primal tempering, prompting engineers to hastily redesign the system for unmanned operation.

The Ultima Beast

Building upon lessons learned during the development of the Ultima Warrior, the Allagans next endeavored to create a bio-weapon. Using the behemoth as the creature's base, they blended other suitable creatures into its composition through chimerical processes, creating a weapon that boasted unrivaled vitality. Its design also employed a mechanism that could temporarily increase its overall power through an injection of alchemical mixtures. In terms of pure destructive capability, the Ultima Beast was equaled only by a handful of other creations during the empire's reign. Yet like other chimeric creatures, it suffered from an unstable temperament, and ensuring that its wrath did not turn upon friend instead of foe was an ever-present challenge.

Proto Ultima

As the next evolution in the Ultima Project, the design of this weapon attempted to incorporate all the strengths of its predecessors. The lower body was a recreation of the Beast and its unrivaled vitality, while the upper body emulated the Warrior and its power of eikon mimicry. It was also installed with a Motherbit command function, enabling the manipulation of unmanned drones.

The construction of this weapon is said to have satisfied ninety percent of the objectives set forth by the Ultima Project. For the final model, however, the prototype was fitted with a cockpit for manual operation, the compartment shielded with aether-resistant armor to protect the pilot from enthrallment. It was further improved by the Heart of Sabik, a mysterious auracite power source furnished by the Ascians.

Garlemald's Ultima Weapon Project

Thousands of years after the fall of the Allagan Empire, an ancient weapon, half-fossilized by the ages, was unearthed in Gyr Abania, which at that time was under Garlean rule. This proved to be none other than the Ultima Weapon, the eponymous final product of the Allagan Empire's Ultima Project.

According to the testimony of Gaius Baelsar, who led the XIVth Legion of the imperial army and served as viceroy of Ala Mhigo, the excavation was carried out in accordance with information provided by the Ascian Lahabrea, who offered assurances that the discovery would prove key to defeating the primals. Soon after the Ascian's guidance bore fruit, Gaius ordered tribunus Nero tol Scaeva and the other magitek engineers to restore the weapon to a condition which would allow it to be deployed.

The Ultima Weapon

This ancient weapon, discovered in Gyr Abanian ruins, was only partially restored. Nero tol Scaeva led the undertaking, and although his skill at reverse engineering was peerless, many Allagan contrivances confounded even his abilities. Therefore, the final product was not identical to the original, and had certain parts replaced by magitek technology. This compromise was necessary not only due to the difficulty of understanding the craftsmanship at work, but also due to the anticipated need for replacement parts that would inevitably arise after long-term operation of the Weapon.

Nevertheless, the Ultima Weapon was deployed to battle with great success, conquering Eorzea's primals and absorbing their essence for its own. One by one fell Ifrit, Lord of the Inferno; Titan, the Lord of Crags; and Garuda, Lady of the Vortex, each defeat solidifying the Ultima Weapon's claim to supremacy.

The Second Ultima Weapon Project

Operation Archon, launched by the Eorzean Alliance to combat the XIVth Legion of the imperial army, succeeded in casting off the shackles of Garlean conquest and destroying the Ultima Weapon after a hard-fought battle.

Even so, the Empire was undeterred, and almost immediately began moving forward with the second Ultima Project, which would build upon the technological information accumulated by the XIVth Legion. This new endeavor would be helmed by Valens van Varro, legatus of the reformed VIIth Imperial Legion and self-proclaimed rival to Gaius van Baelsar. His education at the Magitek Academy gave him a firm foundation in the principles of magitek, and he was able to develop synthetic auracite to serve as a replacement for the Heart of Sabik.

The Synthetic Auracite System

Valens knew that it would be impossible to rebuild the Heart of Sabik, the workings of which could only be comprehended on a rudimentary level by even the brightest minds of Allag. Instead, Valens chose to approach the problem from a different angle, scouring data on various relics found throughout the world for anything that could function as a substitute heart.

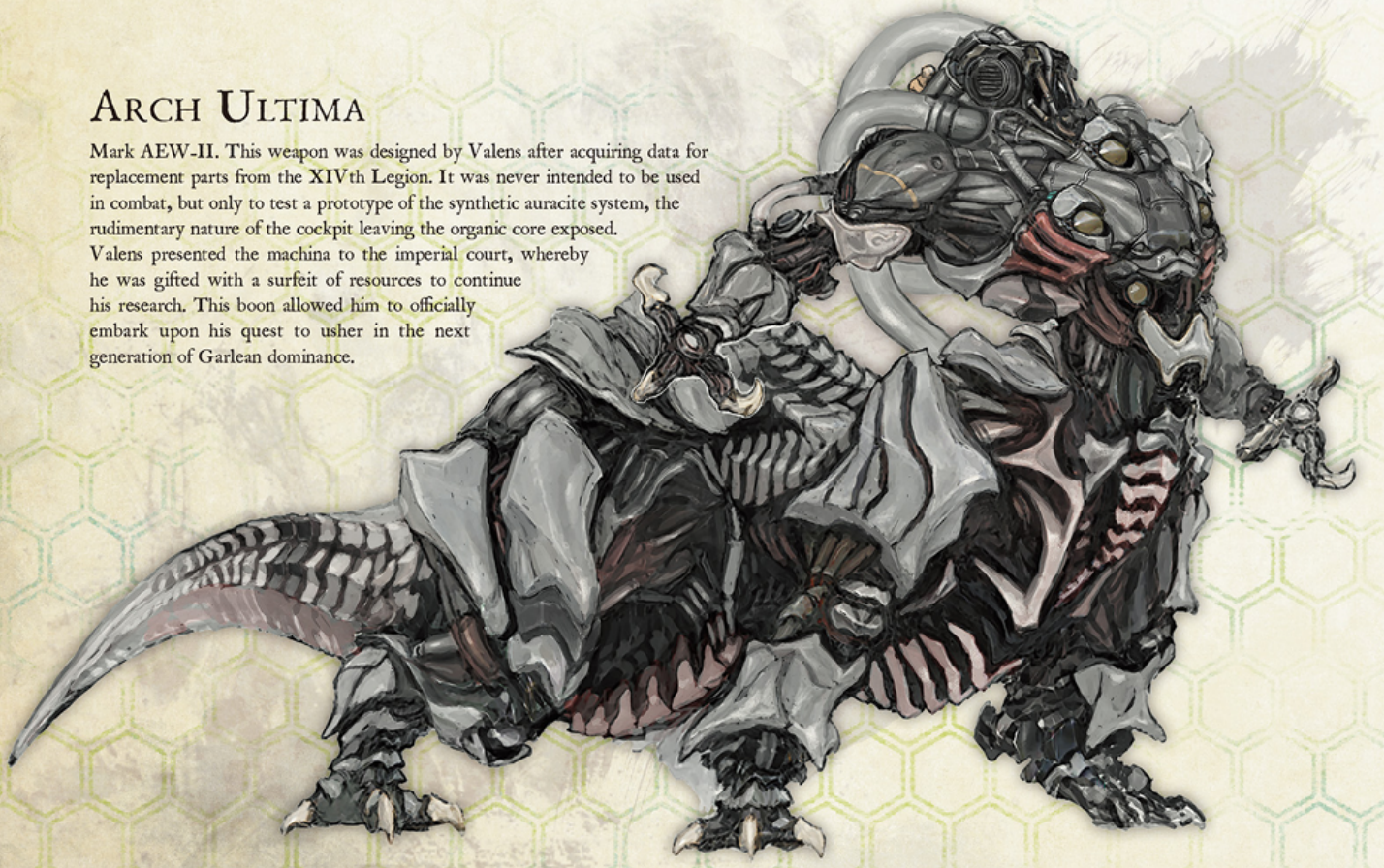
He found what he sought within Ivalician legend, which told of auracite. These magical crystals were said to resonate with the most earnest wishes dwelling within people's hearts, granting them power rivaling the divine. After much effort, he managed to procure a piece, and thereafter develop his synthetic auracite system. While the details of Valens's research were lost during the chaos of Werlyt's liberation, it seems that said system incorporated a function that created an "organic core" from the machina's pilot. Their memories would be overwritten with the memories of seasoned generals or soldiers, allowing even inexperienced recruits to serve as highly efficient pilots.

However, for those who would become the core, activating this function would be their final independent action. They would be irrevocably fused with the system, forever unable to return to their former lives. This depraved process displayed the depths to which Garlemald was willing to sink in order to feed its ambition.

Crystalline devices are placed in magitek cuirasses worn by imperial officers. These were intended to serve the same function as soul crystals, accumulating the knowledge and experience of the wearer. However, Garlean researchers trail behind others in the field of aetherology, and reports have claimed that the data gathered was unreliable.

Arch Ultima

Mark AEW-II. This weapon was designed by Valens after acquiring data for replacement parts from the XIVth Legion. It was never intended to be used in combat, but only to test a prototype of the synthetic auracite system, the rudimentary nature of the cockpit leaving the organic core exposed. Valens presented the machina to the imperial court, whereby he was gifted with a surfeit of resources to continue his research. This boon allowed him to officially embark upon his quest to usher in the next generation of Garlean dominance.



The Ruby Weapon

Mark AEW-III. The deployment of the Ruby Weapon marked the first known case of the synthetic auracite system being used outside of Garlean territory. The combat data of Nael van Darnus, former legatus of the VIIth Imperial Legion, was used to enhance the warmachina's combat capabilities. Reports indicate that, like the original, it is able to absorb the aether of primals, which may be the cause of the vastly different appearance and combat capabilities. It possesses extremely dense armor and flexible clawlike weapons. Shortly after its deployment in the Ghimlyt Dark, a team led by the Warrior of Light intercepted it and rendered it inoperable. Garlond Ironworks carried out a thorough investigation of the wreckage.

The Sapphire Weapon

Mark AEW-IV-B. The second known case of the synthetic auracite system being used in open combat, employing the combat data of Regula van Hydrus, former legatus of the VIth Imperial Legion. Evidence indicates that the warmachina was in an incomplete state, and Oversoul was used to mitigate mechanical deficiencies. It was deployed off the coast of Werlyt and sent into battle with Garlond Ironworks' G-Warrior, piloted by the Warrior of Light. It was then rendered inoperable but structurally intact, with only superficial damage sustained. Its affinity for water is said to be attributed to a primal it consumed in the Corvos Narrow.

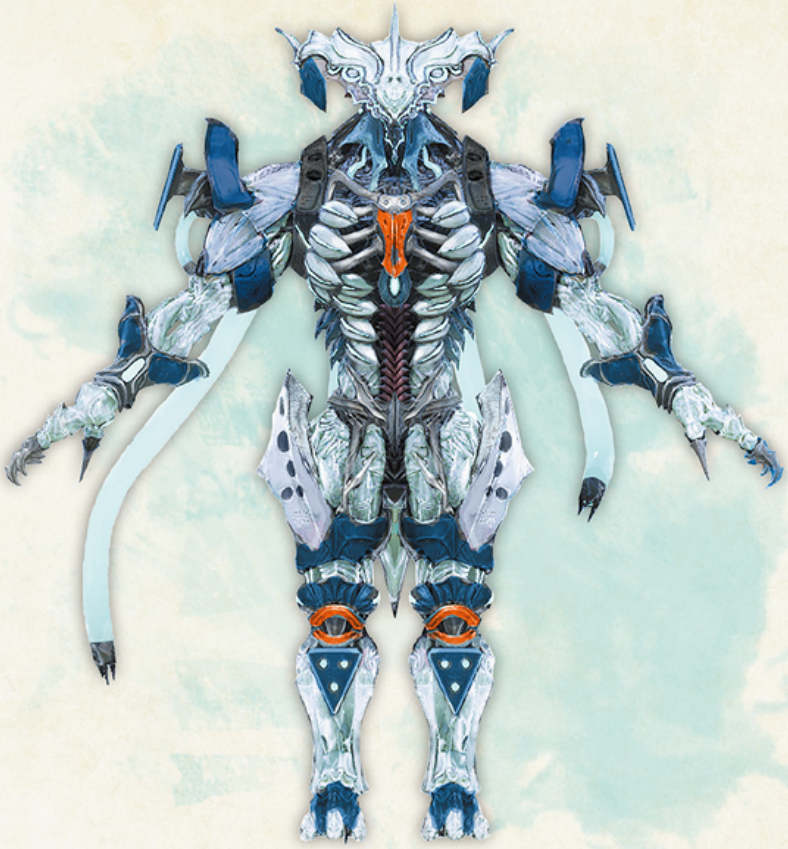
The Emerald Weapon

Mark AEW-V-B. The third reported instance of the synthetic auracite system being employed in battle. Combat data from Gaius van Baelsar, former legatus of the XIVth Imperial Legion, was used as a basis for its attack parameters. However, all data collected after van Baelsar's invasion of Eorzea was lost upon his defeat in the Praetorium, meaning data used in the Emerald Weapon must have preceded the Seventh Umbral Calamity. His gunblade techniques and tactics involving multiple soldiers bearing ranged weapons were incorporated in the warmachina's armaments, in particular the floating manipulators that could be positioned at various locations around the battlefield. Infused with the aether of an unknown primal summoned by the mountain tribes of central Ilsabard, this warmachina boasts impressive versatility.

The Diamond Weapon

Mark AEW-I-Z. Although it was the fourth reported instance of the synthetic auracite system being employed in battle, the Diamond Weapon differed from the previous models in that it did not incorporate the combat data of a renowned imperial soldier. The Weapon's shell was created in the early stages of the Weapon project, hence its model number, but systems implementation was delayed until it could be perfected. The final specification incorporated data collected by units that fought the Warrior of Light, and implemented the newly developed Overmind system. A living subject—the orphan known as Alfonse—was fused with the core prior to activation. The Diamond Weapon is also believed to have gained the primal abilities possessed by the previous Weapons, though the exact process used is still shrouded in mystery.

In addition to the various armaments concealed within its outer casing, the Diamond Weapon displayed combat capabilities similar to those of the Ruby and Emerald. By purging the bulk of its armor, it was able to further increase its maneuverability. According to various sources, Valens van Varro would have used the Diamond Weapon to overthrow the Garlean capital and seize the throne, but was thwarted by the bravery of the Baelsars and the Warrior of Light.



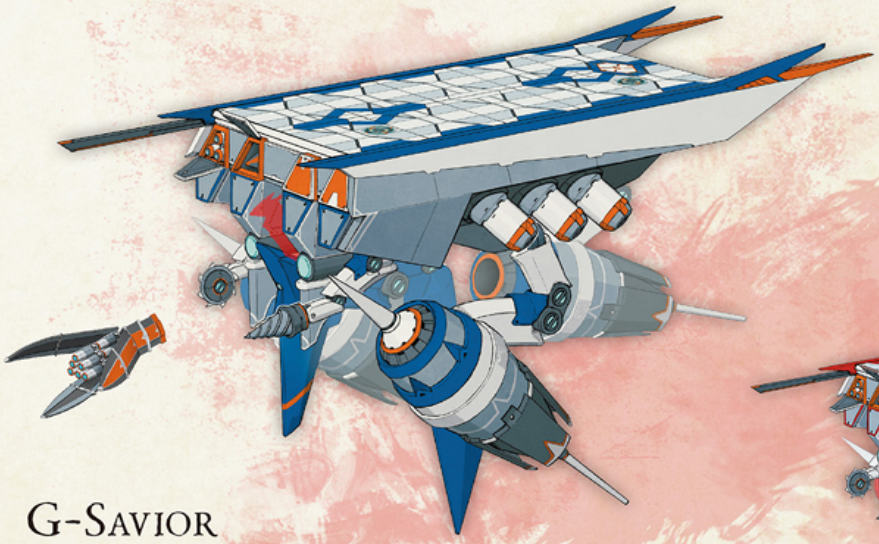
Weapons Built by Garlond Ironworks

As Eorzea faced invasion by the VIIth Imperial Legion's warmachina, Garlond Ironworks founder and leader Cid Garlond set in motion a secret plan to fend off this new menace. Using the selfsame technology that threatened the realm, Cid designed and deployed his very own warmachina against the Garleans. Dubbed the G-Warrior, it was a restored version of the Ultima Warrior—found during an investigation of the Fractal Continuum, a repository of Allagan artifacts located in Azys Lla. Of course, the master engineer went further than simply restoring the old machine, making various modifications along the way.

Garlond began by eliminating the elements of the prototype which defied analysis, instead replacing them with parts that would ensure safety and reliability. Although this resulted in significant performance limitations, such caution was necessary to prevent the unanticipated activation of any heretofore unknown features that may have been engineered with Ascian assistance. He also incorporated a pilot recognition system into the design, enabling only those personally chosen by Cid to man the G-Warrior.

G-Warrior

A modified version of the Ultima Warrior, the G-Warrior is inferior to its predecessor in terms of sheer power, but the inclusion of manipulator "hands" allows for the usage of additional armaments, such as the aethersaber. On its back are mounted boosters that use the same technology as Garlond Ironworks' airships, allowing for low-altitude flight and combat over open water, albeit within a short range. It was piloted by the Warrior of Light and deployed off the coast of Werlyt, securing victory in the battle against the Sapphire Weapon.



G-Savior

A modified G-Warrior, this warmachina has been fitted with a suite of specialized equipment designed solely for the purpose of capturing Weapons. Its high-powered field generator ensures containment of any target within close proximity, but the difficulty lies in surviving the initial approach—a problem solved by subduing the enemy from a distance with a volley of concussive missiles. Should a target within the containment field continue to resist, a small detachment of troops can deploy from the cargo bay and engage the enemy in close-range combat on the unit's upper deck.

The bulky attachments to the G-Savior's back hinder its maneuverability, but the Ironworks considers this a fair trade-off for the vast improvements to its overall firepower and flight range.

Upon commencement of the operation to capture the Diamond Weapon, the G-Warrior Mark II was assembled using replica parts manufactured by an expert in the field—who insistently eschewed the Garlond Ironworks color scheme in favor of a warmer palette. After being outfitted as a G-Savior, it was deployed to the battlefield forthwith.

ELITE CLAN NUTSY MARKS

The formal practice of hunting elite marks exists even across the rift, perhaps suggested to the people of the First by the Crystal Exarch during his early days in the shard. In any case, a battle-mad organization known as Clan Nutsy is presently in charge of managing and assigning bills to prospective hunters.

LAKELAND

RANK B La Velue

In the words of Clan Nutsy, La Velue is "a right bastard of a wolverine," known for attacking smallfolk and devouring livestock. The beast is not only vicious, but also cunning—able to size up an opponent and go to ground if he thinks himself overmatched. More than a few eager Nutters made the mistake of pursuing this wily mark like common prey, and paid the ultimate price for it.

RANK B Itzpapalotl

Called Itzpapalotl by the Ronkans, this monstrously large butterfly feasts on the blood of the living. Although one might be tempted to underestimate it on account of its delicate appearance, records state that it once attacked a Crystarium outpost and claimed the lives of several men and women.

La Velue

Itzpapalotl

Nuckelavee

Nariphon

RANK A Nuckelavee

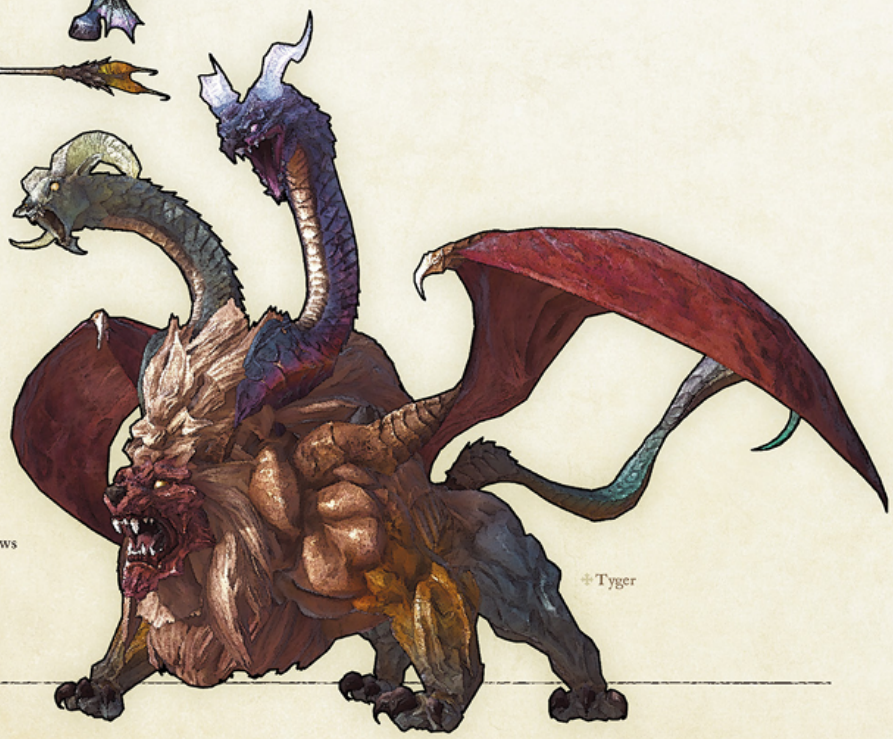
The Kingdom of Rainbows is populated with fae folk who delight in tormenting mortals, often with fatal results. One such faerie is believed to have made its way into Lakeland, where stories tell of an otherworldly horse which loiters by the shore and attempts to lure curious folk into the water. Though most likely a Fuath wielding glamours, its true origin is still a matter of debate. The locals simply call it Nuckelavee, and leave it well enough alone.

RANK A Nariphon

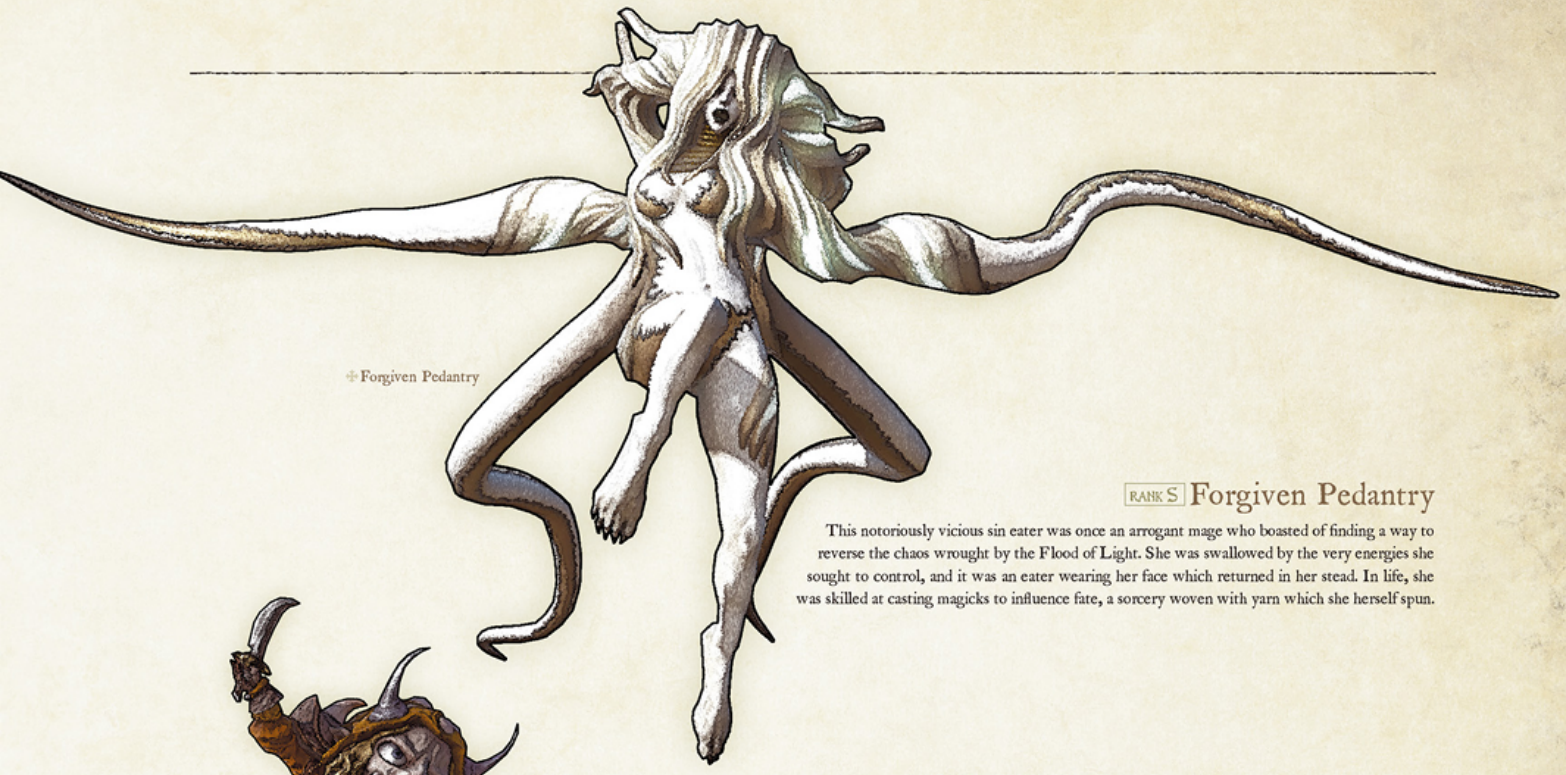
Lakeland legend suggests that, sometimes, fair maidens do grow on trees. Naturalists have suggested—among other disturbing hypotheses—that the tale is, in all likelihood, a wild misinterpretation following the sighting of a man-eating plant mid-meal, rather than proof of miraculous botanical birth. Whatever the truth of the matter, the fiendish seedkin bearing the name Nariphon is very much real.

RANK S Tyger

Described as a creature come from another world, this mark is a fearsome chimeric beast that was first seen in the days following the Flood of Light. The earliest account says that when the doors of the tower that stands at the center of the Crystarium first opened, Tyger came barreling forth like a shot from a cannon. Since its appearance, it has devoured livestock and attacked hapless travelers, though it shows a clear preference for the flesh of poultry.



Tyger



Forgiven Pedantry

RANK S Forgiven Pedantry

This notoriously vicious sin eater was once an arrogant mage who boasted of finding a way to reverse the chaos wrought by the Flood of Light. She was swallowed by the very energies she sought to control, and it was an eater wearing her face which returned in her stead. In life, she was skilled at casting magicks to influence fate, a sorcery woven with yarn which she herself spun.

Li'l Murderer

RANK A Li'l Murderer

Hobgoblins are clever enough to use tools, but lack the patience and foresight for farming. Building is not in their nature, but thievery and destruction most certainly are—behavior which has seen them in constant conflict with Kholusia's other inhabitants. Li'l Murderer is one of their worst examples, a cunning liar and scoundrel who has relieved countless innocents of their belongings, and often their lives as well.

RANK A Huracan

General Ran'jit's familiar, Gukumatz, was a creature born of forbidden foreign magicks passed down from general to general. Such entities are sustained by their master's aether, and thus usually perish alongside them—but it would appear there are exceptions. Ran'jit's father commanded a servant known as Huracan, yet when the man was slain by a sin eater, the familiar somehow survived, and has since been seen on several occasions roaming the countryside alone.

Huracan

Indomitable

RANK B Indomitable

This mark, registered for the hunt by a resident of Amity, is a Gogg-built mining automaton that malfunctioned, and has since been attacking anything and everything that moves. Considering the long-standing rivalry between the dwarven factions, some suspect that its sudden and indiscriminate hostility was the result of deliberate sabotage.

Coquecigrue

RANK B Coquecigrue

Among the rails which roam the wilds surrounding Wright, Coquecigrue may be likened to a king of sorts. Highly aggressive and territorial, this cloudkin and its flock have driven away or simply slaughtered nearly all other competing species, and in recent years, they've even been known to attack travelers and residents of Gatetown.

Amh Araeng

Worm of the Well

RANK B Worm of the Well

The story of this mark begins with a fisherman who was visiting Malikah's Well. Thinking it would make for fine bait, he caught a small-but-lively little worm swimming about in the sand, but it squirmed right out of his hands and fell into the depths of the reservoir. It was some years later when the notorious Worm of the Well made its first appearance, and folk speculated that it was the very same creature, grown fat and strong on the fish down below.

RANK B Juggler Hecatomb

When Nuvy's Leavings was still bustling with activity, there were many tales told of ghosts haunting the tunnels. Some thought them the shades of miners crushed in a cave-in, while others claimed them the revenants of overworked laborers. The prevailing theory, however, is based on the discovery of an old tome belonging to a mage of Nabaath Areng. In its pages, he writes of a failed experiment which he abandoned in the mine—a misshapen fiend that has presumably been the origin of numerous unexplained sightings...and disappearances.

Juggler Hecatomb

Maliktender

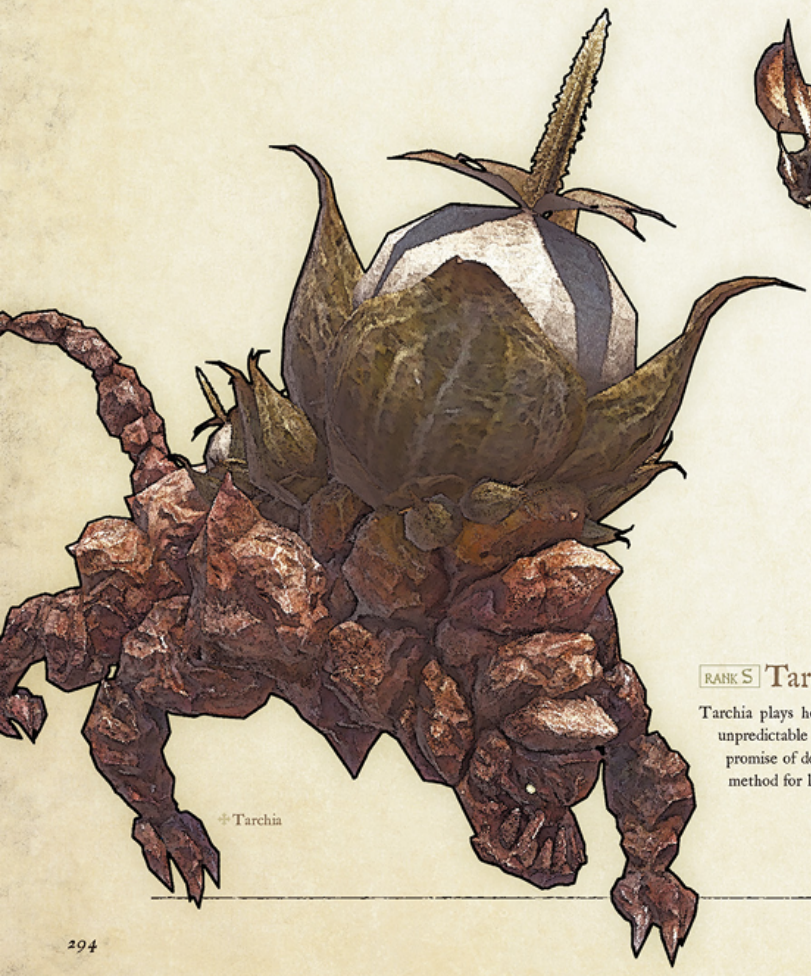
RANK A Maliktender

In the old tongue of Nabaath Areng, "malik" is the word for "king," and one needs only a glimpse of this colossal gigantender to understand how it earned its name. Scholars say the species can live for more than two hundred years in the right conditions, meaning the towering Maliktender may have been shambling about since before the Flood.

RANK A Sugaar

"Listen to what your elders say, or Sugaar will come and spirit you away." A common tale of the sort told by parents to frighten their children into behaving. Yet it is just such ordinary folklore that survived the devastation of the Flood, passed down from one generation to the next, while other, less simple traditions withered and died. So when a particularly large sibilus was seen wandering Amh Araeng, it is no surprise that people drew inspiration for its name from the old demon lizard of legend.

Sugaar



Tarchia

RANK S Tarchia

Tarchia plays host to parasitic vegetation that feeds off the saichania's aether, resulting in erratic, unpredictable behavior. This makes the creature difficult to track, but it is said to be sensitive to the promise of death—likely drawn by the potential release of aetherial energy. Thus, the most effective method for luring it out is to stage an explosively loud demise.

Aglaope

RANK S Aglaope

Aglaope's tale is a popular parable of the Voeburtites, about a fae creature of surpassing beauty, whose voice was as the tinkling of bells...and the pixie who envied them so. Said pixie wanted nothing more than to resemble the object of their admiration, and so they used their magicks over and again until they had achieved the impossible. When the glamoured pixie's "friends" saw the result, they mocked them for their huge and hideous appearance. Thus was the pixie Aglaope instilled with terrible hatred, and ever after did they roam the land in search of small and delicate things to destroy.

RANK A The Mudman

The fae folk's penchant for transforming lost travelers and trespassers into leafmen is well known. On this occasion, however, a pixie's whim changed a leafman into something new. Not to be mistaken for the monstrosities born of neglected golems in the Source, this mudman may instead be a casualty of an overabundance of care, if rumors that the pixie in question had been attempting to restore the leafman to her original portly Mystel form can be believed.

The Mudman

O Poorest Pauldia

RANK A O Poorest Pauldia

About a year ago, a party of scavengers ventured into old Voeburtite ruins. They discovered a hidden passage that led deep underground to a secret gaol, and in one of its cells found a horrible beast bound in chains. Pauldia, the name of one of Voeburt's last princesses, had been carved into a sign. Nearer to the fiend, writ in blood on the walls, was a message: "Blinded by my lust for the throne, I heeded a traitor's honeyed words. I was a pawn in his grand design and paid the price. I beg only for the selfsame mercy my elder sister received..."

Domovoi

Vulpangue

RANK B Domovoi

There was a pixie who couldn't bear to be without company, and so it used its magicks to fashion a constant companion—Domovoi. The construct loved its master and was forever at their side, until the pixie had the misfortune to cross paths with a sin eater. Unable to comprehend what had happened, Domovoi still wanders Il Mheg, searching in vain for the one who gave it life.

RANK B Vulpangue

Records of Vulpangue were kept in the annals of the Kingdom of Voeburt. Their naturalists described it as a serpent of unusual size and docile temperament that subsisted on a diet of bugs and butterflies. One day, however, it swallowed a pixie by mistake and learned a taste for the fae folk. Ingesting prey brimming with powerful magicks has wrought a terrible transformation, changing the once-placid creature into a fearsome predator.

The Rak'tika Greatwood

Mindmaker

RANK B Mindmaker

The carnivorous tomatl will masquerade as an earthen vessel, only to burst forth and pierce its unsuspecting quarry with pointed tentacles. It then injects them with digestive acids before consuming the liquefied flesh. Mindmaker is a particularly large specimen of tomatl, whose name supposedly arose from its habit of devouring the heads of its prey first—and the speculation that it grows wiser with each brain thus ingested.

RANK B Pachamama

Pachamama is a scalekin of Ronkan legend—the harvest goddess Yx'Anpa made flesh—who claimed the Greatwood as her home. It was a regal creature of pure divinity through which the essence of life itself flowed, and the soil which drank deep of her blood was believed to yield an endless bounty. Many warriors sought to lay her low, for the slayer of Pachamama would be afforded much glory and the deed celebrated for generations to come.

Pachamama

RANK A Grassman

There are many Ronkan legends that have been passed down through the ages, including one which speaks of a great colossus. Now, spurred by the discovery of massive tracks, there are whispers this colossus walks the Greatwood once more. The more practical hunters and scholars, however, suspect the footprints belong to one of the last remaining apemen, most of whom did not survive the coming of the sin eaters.

RANK A Supay

Some time ago, younglings were vanishing from Slitherbough without a trace. The villagers thought them taken by the Children of the Everlasting Dark, but eventually a scout witnessed the true culprit in action. Of the countless rails that call the Greatwood home, Supay is the largest and most formidable. Unlike its brethren, it feeds not on plants but on flesh and blood, its name inherited from a bird of Ronkan legend whose mournful song heralds death and doom.

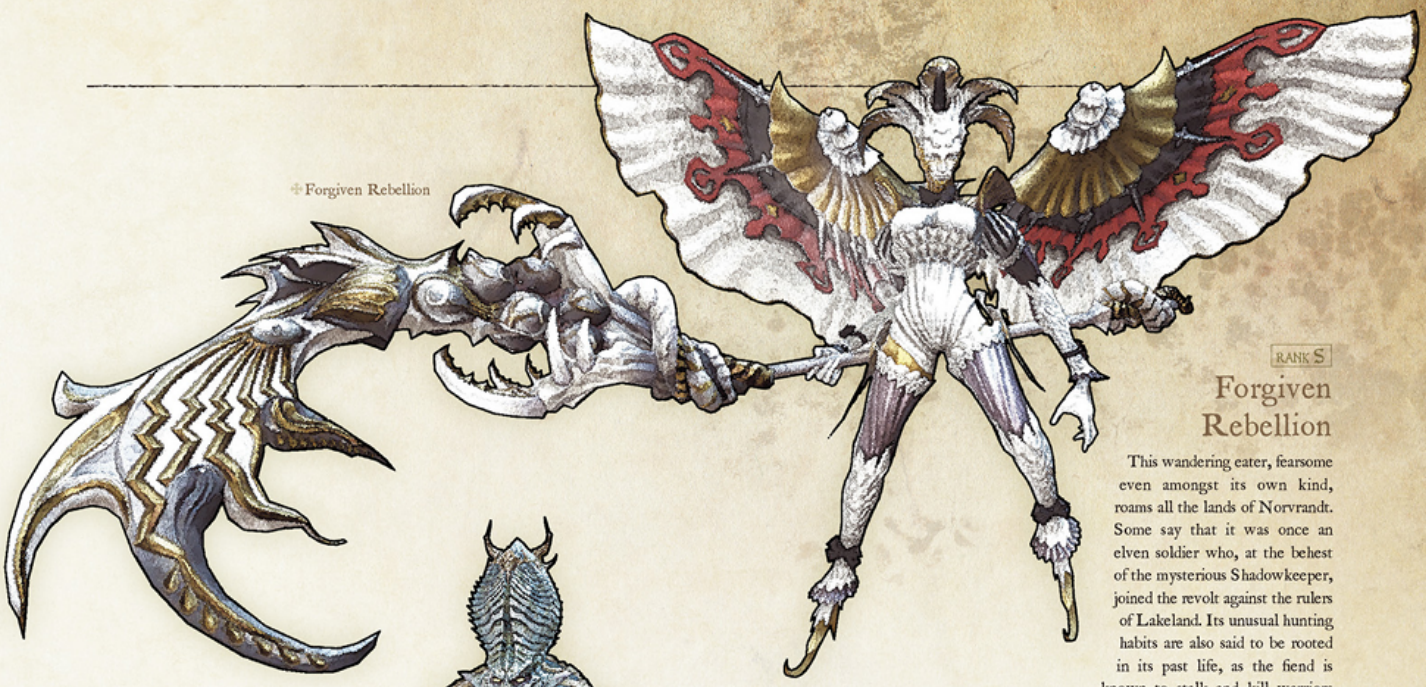
Grassman

Supay

Ixtab

RANK S Ixtab

Ancient records tell of an exalted Ronkan priestess named Ixtab, a penitent woman and proud patriot. So fervent was her faith that she consigned her mortal flesh to flame, and in death rose anew, her soul eternally bound to the Greatwood. For thousands upon thousands of years has she watched over these lands. Should one intrude upon her home and by their deeds prove themselves a significant threat to peace and tranquility, she will appear to redress the balance.



Forgiven Rebellion

RANK S

Forgiven Rebellion

This wandering eater, fearsome even amongst its own kind, roams all the lands of Norvrandt. Some say that it was once an elven soldier who, at the behest of the mysterious Shadowkeeper, joined the revolt against the rulers of Lakeland. Its unusual hunting habits are also said to be rooted in its past life, as the fiend is known to stalk and kill warriors of proven renown—a predilection that has spelled doom for more than a few veteran Nutters.

Gunitt

RANK S

Gunitt

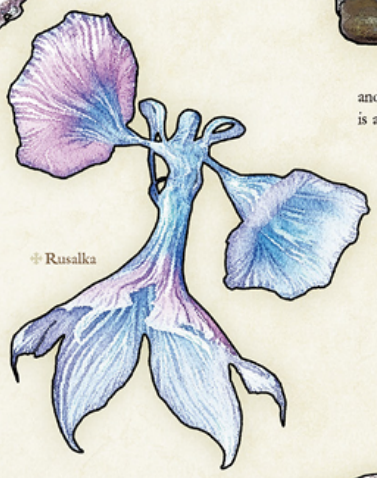
Gunitt was a typical tiny Kholusian dwarf, until one day he spied a Galdjent three times his size and decided to make himself tall or die trying. The tales say he amassed a fortune, then paid a visit to a Nu Mou hermit who made his dreams come true. In his greed, however, he reneged on his part of the deal, and fled before the hermit could protest. The hermit retaliated by cursing Gunitt for his avarice, sinking his ship and transforming him into a twisted fiend. Consigned to the bottom of the sea, Gunitt is said to wander to this day, his insatiable nature forcing him to contend with any denizen of the depths even larger than he.

Baal

RANK A

Baal

An Ondo legend tells of the temperamental Baal, a dagon-born fiend that sows chaos if angered and invites calm if appeased. Most simply try to keep a wide berth, but when the fabled cleansing hour is at hand, it is said that all creatures of the sea must bow to Baal or be destroyed.



Rusalka

RANK A

Rusalka

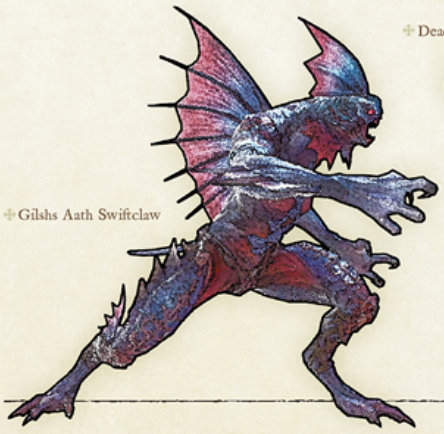
According to the merchant logs, the east-west trade routes produced no shortage of shipwrecks, but that of a royal flagship carrying a foreign queen was a special kind of tragedy. Rusalka's soul is said to have lingered, restless and regretful, her bewitching beauty and hypnotic voice since guiding a hundred hapless sailors to their watery graves.

Deacon

RANK B

Deacon

Though the tradition was lost with the coming of the Flood, the Ondo once worshipped a great crab, Deacon. It was a venerated being that was meant to guide the faithful unto glory everlasting, supposedly through preparation for the advent of an even more venerated being. The nature of said god remains unclear, as it appears that what Deacon mostly did was stumble about like a drunken sailor and lure would-be predators close enough to crush them in its mighty claws.



Gilshs Aath Swiftclaw

RANK B

Gilshs Aath Swiftclaw

Gilshs Aath Swiftclaw is a master fisherman of the benthos who brings in his catch with his bare hands. A feat to be admired, but for his choice of bait: other fishermen. Swiftclaw has been known to drag poor fools straight from the decks of their Eulmoran boats, and for his crimes now finds himself registered as a Clan Nutsy mark.

ELITE MARKS OF THE GLEANERS' GUILDSHIP

As Sharlayan's hunt bill system is borrowed from that of Eorzea, those familiar with the latter will have little trouble understanding the former. Eager hunters should bear in mind, however, that Sharlayan bills are posted by the gleaners' guildship—and therefore generally require the careful collection of samples from target creatures, rather than their wholesale obliteration.

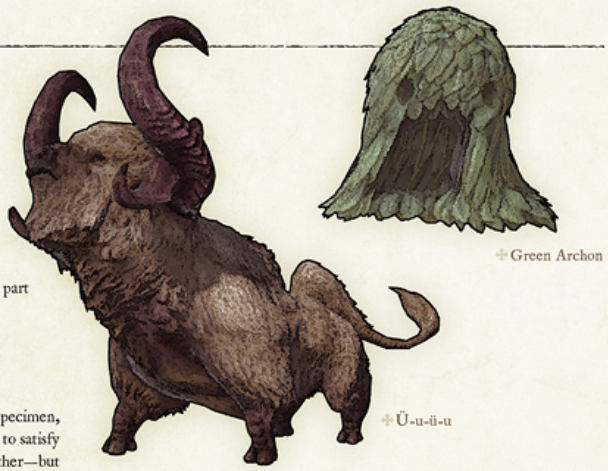
LABYRINTHOS

RANK B Ü-u-ü-u

This dzo—a variety of yakow native to the Azim Steppe—was rehomed in Labyrinthos as part of an experimental animal husbandry program. Perhaps sensing it was soon destined for the dinner table, it broke free of captivity and has been rampaging through the facility ever since. It responds to "ü-u-ü-u": the call of the Xaelan dzo herders and, due to some confusion on the part of the gleaners that acquired it, the name by which it has come to be known.

RANK B Green Archon

Genomoi typically prey upon small animals that draw near them for shade. This particular specimen, however, has grown enormous with its insatiable appetite, and mice and the like no longer do aught to satisfy its hunger. The name "green Archon" gives most would-be hunters pause—for one reason or another—but those who would consider approaching nonetheless should beware its carnivorous wiles.



Green Archon

Ü-u-ü-u

RANK A Hulder

Hulder, named for the beautiful creature of northern folklore, was unearthed as a seed during the excavation of Labyrinthos. Confronted with this specimen that had slumbered beneath their city for millennia, Sharlayan's researchers, naturally, planted it and watered away. They were delighted to see it take root and grow—until the mature seedkin possessed them with its bewitching song, leaving them unable to do aught but dance frenetically the whole day long.

RANK A Storsie

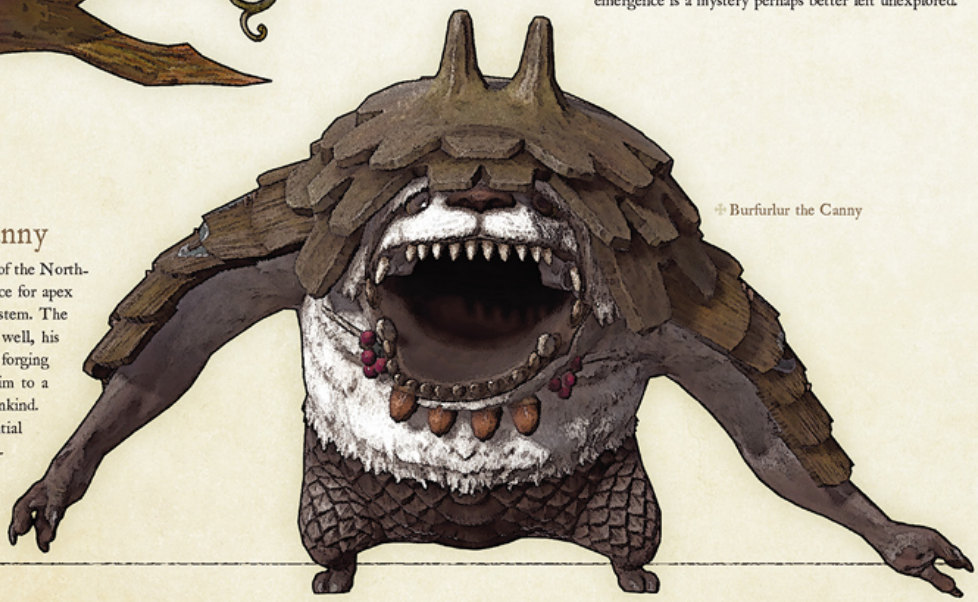
One day, for reasons known to none but themselves, two mischievous trolls captured a nascent serpent and hurled it headlong into one of Labyrinthos's climate-regulating elemental reactors. A few weeks passed before the poor creature slithered out of the facility, having increased exponentially in both size and wrath due to overexposure to the aspected aether within. What happened to the trolls following Storsie's emergence is a mystery perhaps better left unexplored.

Hulder

Storsie

RANK S Burfurlur the Canny

Trolls have long inhabited the wilder parts of the Northern Empty, and thus were the natural choice for apex predators to maintain Labyrinthos's ecosystem. The wizened Burfurlur fulfills this role all too well, his unusually keen mind and resourcefulness in forging armor from tree bark having catapulted him to a predatory pinnacle typically reserved for mankind. As such, he has been classified an essential specimen for ongoing research into the intelligence of trolls, but further study is rather difficult whilst he's still roaming free, taking bites out of researchers.



Burfurlur the Canny

RANK S Sphatika

Though best known for savagely preying on unsuspecting Thavnairians with aid of their whiplike tongues, pisaca also have the nightmarish advantage of nigh-impenetrable metalloid scales. Those of Sphatika, named rather euphemistically for quartz, are believed to be particularly robust, and thus it is little surprise that they have garnered the persistent interest of the Faculty of Engineering.

Sphatika

Sugriva

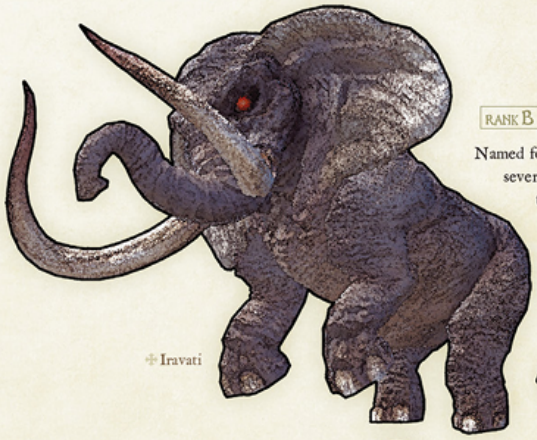
RANK A Sugriva

Sugriva once led a pack of wolves in the north of Thavnair, within the dense jungle of Vanaspati. Though by all accounts a truly enormous specimen, he was successfully ousted by the previous alpha, and has migrated south to wreak havoc in his exile. The people want for someone willing to slay the beast—and a Studium professor of biology wants for a vibrant pelt—so to its hunters does the gleaners' guildship appeal.

RANK A Yilan

The traditional language of Thavnair's Au Ra once used the word "yilan" to mean "snake," though this particular creature is more of a "scaly quadrupedal monstrosity" as far as the common tongue is concerned. Equally dangerous in water and on land, Yilan emits aether from its photophores to crush its prey into a diminutive form better for swallowing whole—which goes a long way toward explaining why the Faculty of Medicine has asked that it be indisputably dead upon delivery.

Yilan



Iravati

RANK B Iravati

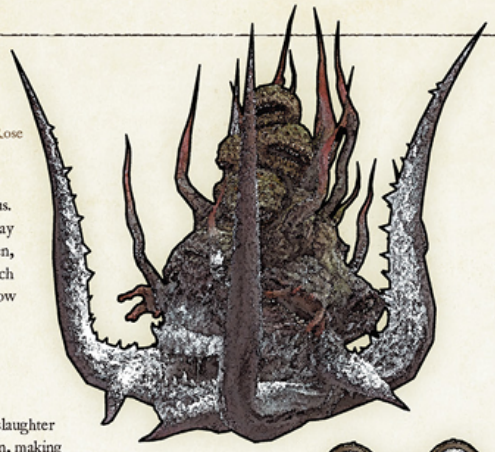
Named for a medicinal plant in the old tongue of the Arkasodara, Iravati grew inordinately powerful after menacing several alchemists and subsequently downing half the Great Work's supply of potions and elixirs. The professors of the Studium's Faculty of Medicine were ecstatic to hear of this—but have requested the wild beast be tamed ere they incorporate it into their study of the effect alchemical potations have on animals, as few are willing to stare down a rampaging gaja.

Vajrakumara

RANK B Vajrakumara

Thavnair is home to a plethora of unusual fauna, but perhaps none so unique as the vajralangula, which use their tails to pluck and display colorful fruit in an effort to attract potential mates. In their quest to develop a deeper understanding of this evolutionary quirk, Sharlayan naturalists have set their sights on Vajrakumara, a particularly aggressive specimen in its youthful prime.

Garlemald



Emperor's Rose

RANK B Emperor's Rose

A massive morbol from Dalmasca, the Emperor's rose came to Garlemald as an offering to Solus zos Galvus. The creature escaped its greenhouse in the imperial botanical gardens some few years ago and made its way to the frigid Eblan Rime, where the Garleans believed it had perished. It was with great surprise, then, that they discovered the creature had not only adapted to the extreme cold but begun to propagate. Much to the dismay of those charged with sample collection, there is only one means by which to find out how the jungle-born seedkin managed such a feat.

RANK B Warmonger

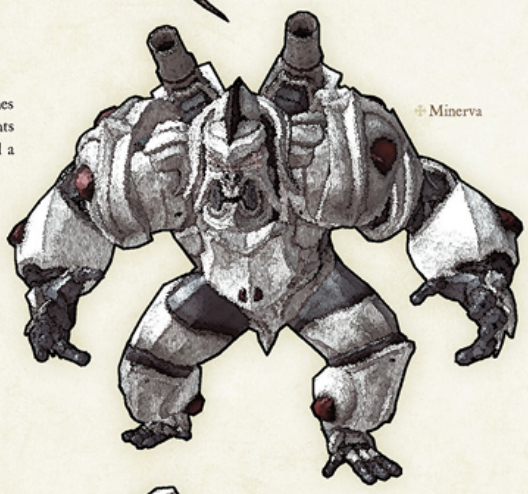
Developed at the Enceladeum, this cutting-edge piece of autonomous magitek is programmed to ruthlessly slaughter whomsoever it determines to be "the enemy." Alas, it is not particularly discriminating in said determination, making it difficult and likely unwise to retrieve in an operational state—a fact that has done little to deter the Sharlayan engineers demanding to study it.

Warmonger

Aegeiros

RANK A Aegeiros

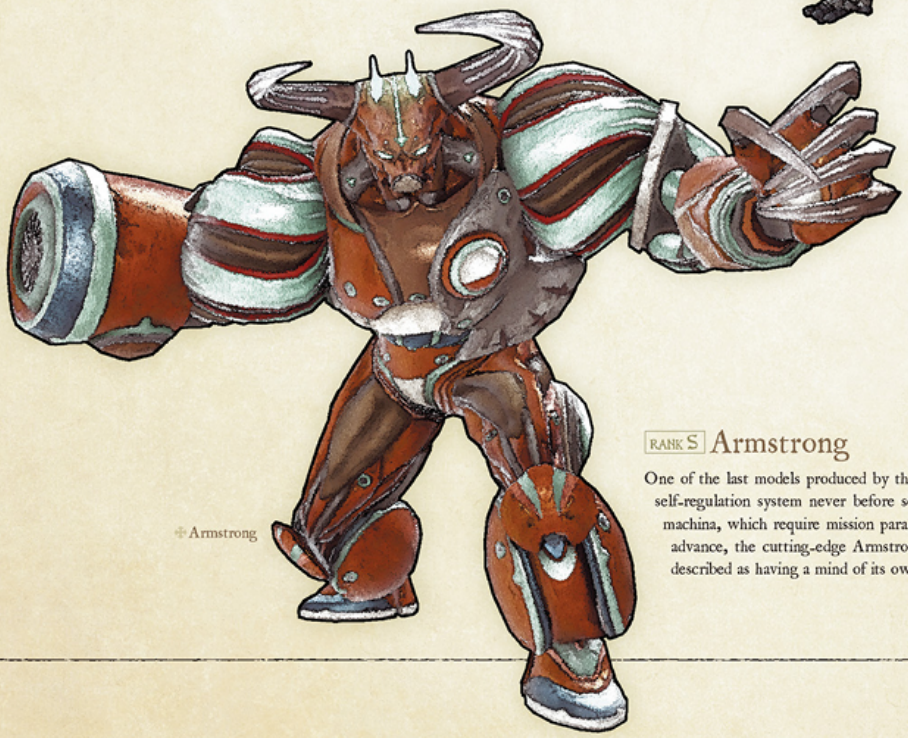
The capability to guarantee healthy crops despite extreme climes is vital in both cultivating untamed reaches and ensuring stability for already established populaces. Thus did the Studium's biologists set their sights on the study of Aegeiros, with bark so resistant to cold that it thrives in the most frigid of climes—and a concerning penchant for hunting would-be hunters, including the Eblan Rime's massive bears.



Minerva

RANK A Minerva

Parts harvested from the warmachina Minerva would be of great help in Studium engineers' mission to develop a machine capable of operating in freezing temperatures. Those tasked with the acquisition would do well to note, however, that although the machine was affectionately named after its creator's daughter, it is in fact an advanced model of magitek avenger, and thus significantly more murderous than the average lass.



Armstrong

RANK S Armstrong

One of the last models produced by the Enceladeum, Armstrong was designed with a self-regulation system never before seen in the Empire's machina. Unlike standard machina, which require mission parameters and combat protocols be programmed in advance, the cutting-edge Armstrong is highly autonomous—and indeed has been described as having a mind of its own.

Genesis Rock

RANK B Genesis Rock

Eorzean naturalists will be familiar with the phoebad, a variety of golem born of a surfeit of aether in mineral formations, and similar creatures arising from aetherial agglutination in heavy snowfall. Given that the moon is reported to have life-sustaining aether of its own, it stands to reason that at least one such species of soulkin would be present upon the lunar surface—a species which Sharlayan's self-proclaimed xenobiologist Chrysielle has taken the advance liberty of dubbing the "genesis rock."

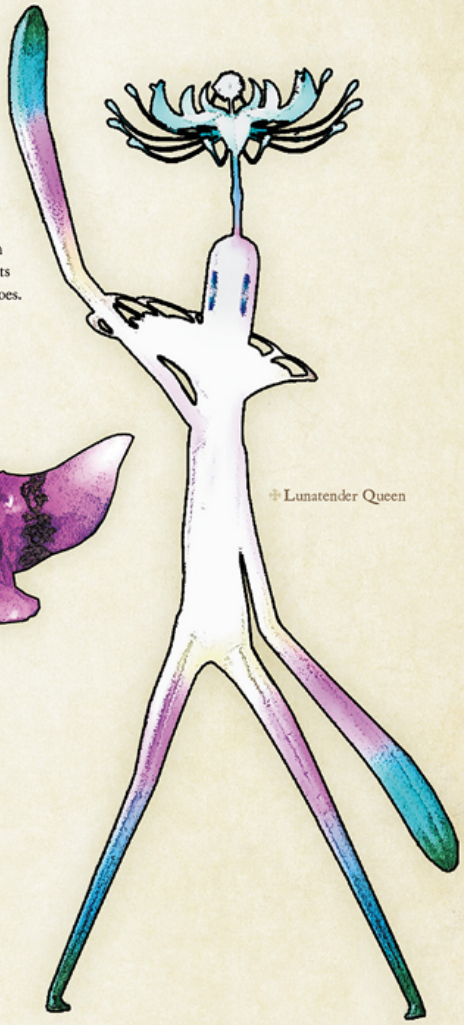
RANK B Daphnia Magna

On rare-yet-terrifying occasion, volcanoes erupt in pillars of smoke that reach beyond the clouds. Ever imaginative, xenobiologist Chrysielle theorizes that such pillars may have once carried particularly hardy organisms to the very heavens, leading to the evolution of a species of heat- and pressure-resistant invertebrates upon the lunar surface. She also speculates that said creatures would be of unusual size, though the basis for this conjecture remains unclear.

Daphnia Magna

RANK A Lunatender Queen

In most cases, falling stars observed in the night sky are meteors formed of stone, metals, and minerals from the cosmos. Though they do often burn to nothing during their journey, the largest survive to impact our own star's surface, creating an explosive burst of debris. Should a particularly tenacious seed, such as that of a sabotender, be ferried moonward within such ejecta, one could imagine it finding means to grow and thrive within its strange new environment. Sharlayan's one and only xenobiologist certainly does.

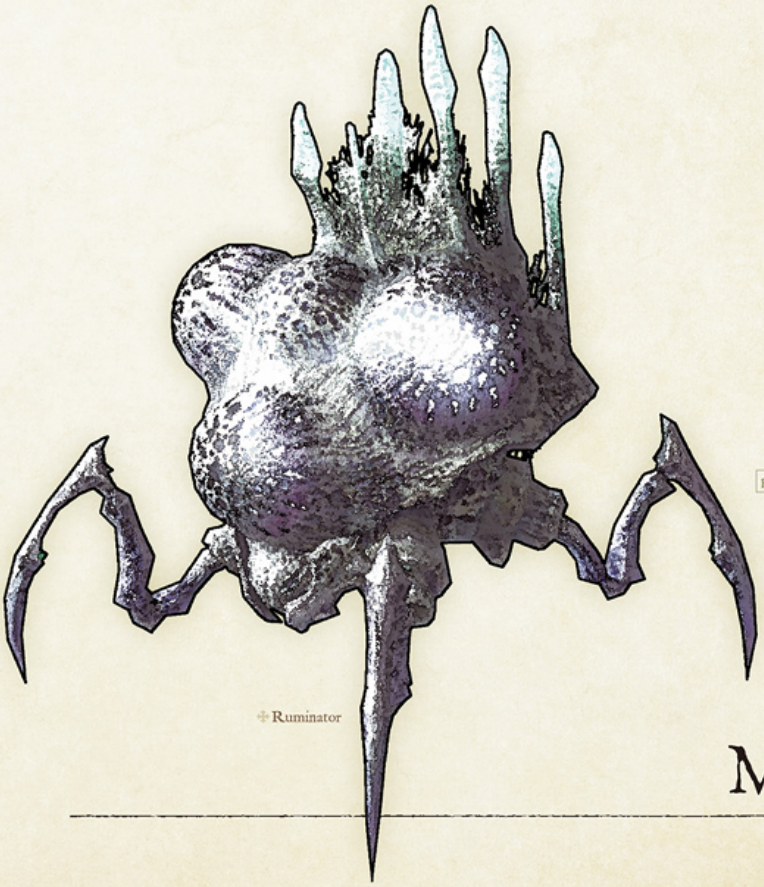


Lunatender Queen

RANK A Mousse Princess

Summoning a high-ranking voidsent to our plane requires a vast amount of aether be manipulated to tear a hole in the veil. Infrequently, however, a tear forms naturally, creating a planar fissure through which the likes of low-ranking voidsent squirm their way into our world. Should such an event occur on the moon, the voidsent in question may find a dearth of habitable bodies, and thus resort to dwelling in an amorphous lump of lunar soil regardless of its typical preferences. Perhaps on the off chance that this would be rude—and thus unwise—to call attention to, however, xenobiologist Chrysielle has proposed the euphemistic nomenclature "mousse princess" for such a being.

Mousse Princess



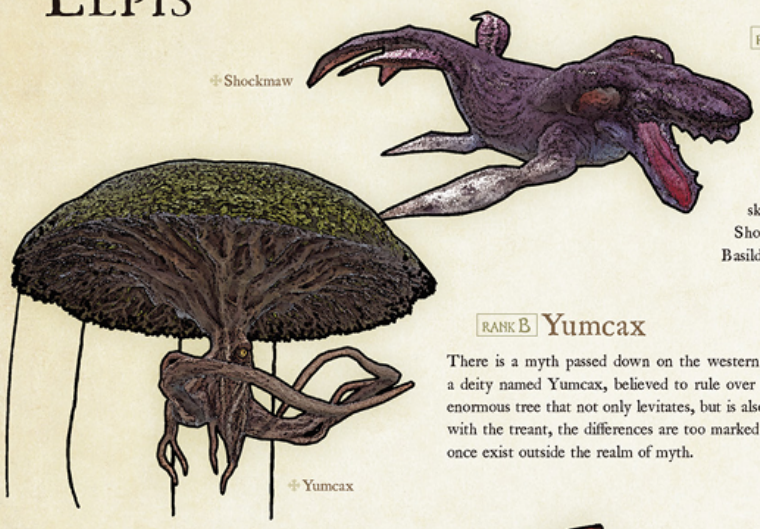
Ruminator

RANK S Ruminator

Whether the result of scouring sun or the harsh chill of darkness, it is a grim and barren face the moon shows those observing from below. Certain organisms, however, may be suited to its harsh climes nevertheless. Myriad fungi, for instance, are deceptively resilient. Much as this sounds like utterly baseless speculation, it is the xenobiology community's relentless contention that over centuries of being subject to trying lunar conditions, fungi have developed both sentience and a means of communicating with others in their colony to alert one another of imminent threats.

Mare Lamentorum

Elpis

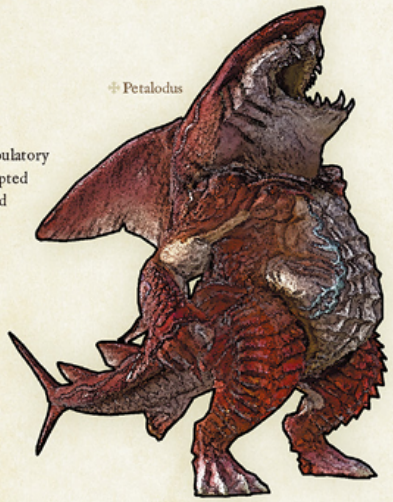


RANK B Shockmaw

Legends of a great whale that roams the skies have been passed down from generation to generation the world over. Bismarck, the white whale worshipped by the Vanu Vanu and said to dwell amongst Abalathia's clouds, is merely the best-known example. Did such tales originate solely in the realm of imagination—ancient peoples shuddering at the sight of a vast wavekin and imagining what horrors would reign should one take to the skies? Or did, in the distant past, creatures such as the south sea isles' legendary Shockmaw truly exist? Inquiring minds—that of scholar of comparative mythology Basildere in particular—need to know.

RANK B Yumcax

There is a myth passed down on the western continent oft known as the New World that tells of a deity named Yumcax, believed to rule over agriculture. In this legend, Yumcax is described as an enormous tree that not only levitates, but is also possessed of a singular eye. Despite certain similarities with the treant, the differences are too marked to ignore—yet Basildere asserts that Yumcax, too, did once exist outside the realm of myth.



RANK A Petalodus

Per Basildere's research, the ambulatory wavekin rumored to have disrupted Moonfire Faire festivities in Vylbrand have mythological precedent in the Nymian legend of the petalodus. Though the scholarly mind balks at the idea of sharks parading about on two legs, if such creatures can be proven to have existed in any age, there may be some truth to the tales.

RANK A Gurangatch

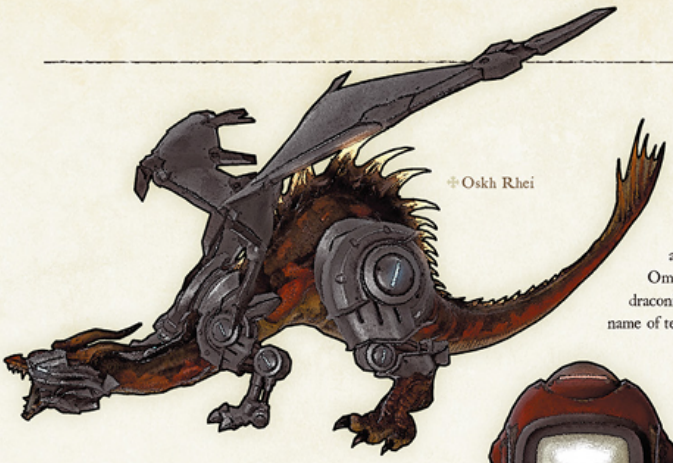
According to Allagan tomestones of mythology, Meracydians once whispered of a spirit by the name of Gurangatch. This shade resembled a crocodile in all but its ability to roam the land on two legs—making it likely a mere cautionary tale designed to warn the unwary of semiaquatic predators. Some, however, are quick to point out the dearth of definitive proof that such a creature did *nor* exist...

RANK S Ophioneus

Ophioneus is a multi-headed serpent of the sort featured in many an ancient legend across the star. Though once thought to be inspired by the hydra—a draconic creature bred artificially by the Allagans—this theory was disproven with the discovery of Ophioneus legends predating the Allagan Empire itself. Though the true source of the tales remains unclear, the possibility that such a creature once existed cannot be denied. Particularly if one does not wish to endure several bells' worth of comparative mythology lectures.

RANK S Ker

One of the more prominent sorts of myth is the cautionary tale, meant to terrify the listener into prudence. For instance, it is said that Ker appears on the battlefield to feast upon the souls of the dead, hunting down the living she lays eyes upon unto the ends of the earth—that naught but a swift demise awaits those who dream of glory. Basildere postulates, however, that this warning is not merely mythological: Ker may instead be an ashkin that could re-emerge at any moment, heedless of the intervening millennia. Those who wish to err on the side of caution in the face of this disturbing possibility are advised to keep one eye open for spirits in reddened rags appearing at battle's end, for these are Ker's shrouds, in search of new prey for their mistress.



Oskh Rhei

RANK B Oskh Rhei

Consider how the Allagan Empire deployed Omega to capture the dreadwyrm Bahamut, and the mighty clash between Omega and Shinryu at Baelsar's Wall. According to Chrysielle, the hidden through line connecting these incidents may be age-old conflict between the dragons and Omega's mechanical civilization—a conflict that began far across the sea of stars. Given Omega's reported proclivity for self-improvement, it seems relatively logical to surmise that any draconic captives in such a conflict would have been subject to mechanical experimentation in the name of technological advancement.

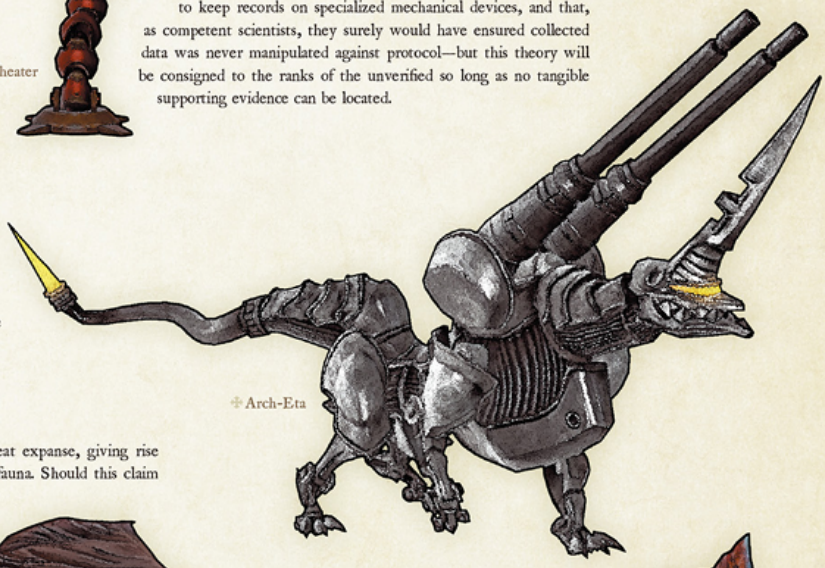
Level Cheater

RANK B Level Cheater

If Omega was created by a civilization hailing from the depths of the sea of stars—as suggested by Allagan records—said civilization would be unimaginably technologically advanced. Xenobiologist Chrysielle asserts that it would be "inconceivable" for a race of this nature not to keep records on specialized mechanical devices, and that, as competent scientists, they surely would have ensured collected data was never manipulated against protocol—but this theory will be consigned to the ranks of the unverified so long as no tangible supporting evidence can be located.

RANK A Arch-Eta

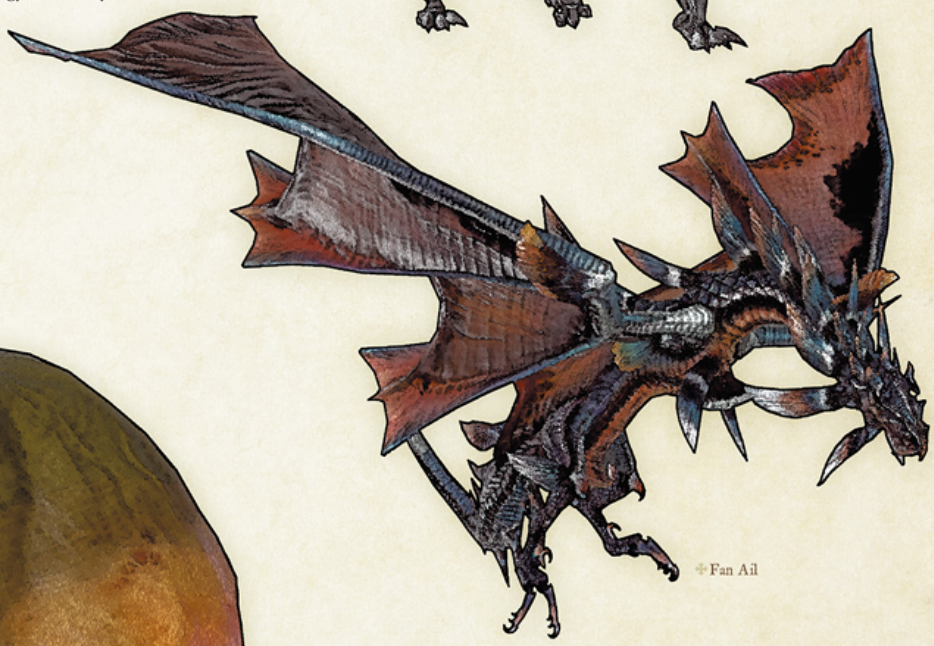
Living organisms are defined by reproductive capabilities, the ability to evolve and adapt, and survival instincts or mechanisms. Ergo, even a machine such as Omega might be classified as a living organism, assuming it satisfies the aforementioned conditions. True proof of this assertion, however, would require the study of an earlier link in its species' evolutionary chain from Omega's home star, if it still exists.



Arch-Eta

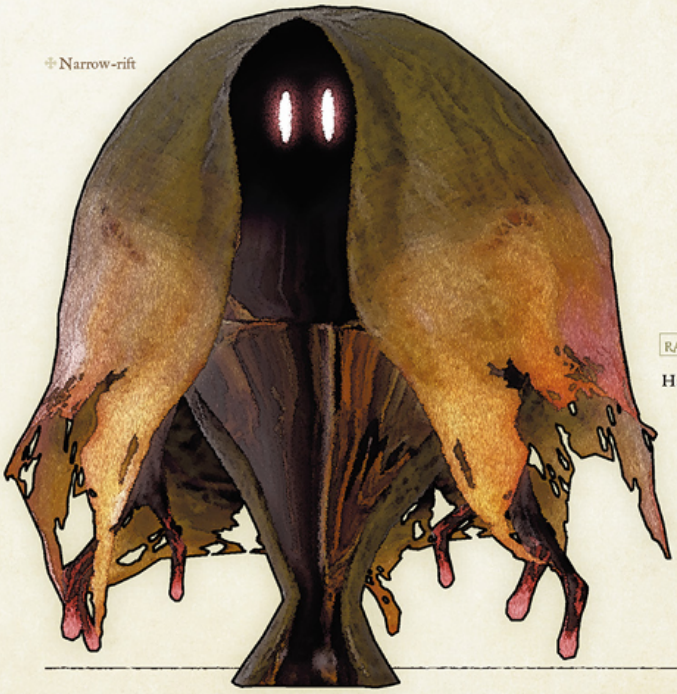
RANK A Fan Ail

Scion reports indicate that Midgardsormr did once travel the great expanse, giving rise to the tentatively entertained theory that dragons are in fact xenofauna. Should this claim be bolstered by empirical proof, the xenobiology community's acceptance in scientific circles could increase significantly. Indeed, we may someday even see it grow to a membership of greater than one, assuming Chrysielle ceases threatening to feed those who demonstrate even slight skepticism to the venerable residents of Dravania.



Fan Ail

Narrow-rift



RANK S Narrow-rift

Having developed without contact to the people of Etheirys or its environment, sentient life hailing from other stars would naturally display cultural, intellectual, and indeed physical differences to the myriad races of our star. When considering the chronic back pain that oft plagues those who walk on two legs, however, Chrysielle began to wonder if any race throughout the sea of stars had found a means to transcend similar mortal trials, perhaps by becoming purely intellectual in substance—a xenobiological theory that has sparked rare interest among the greater academic community.

Encyclopædia Eorzea

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